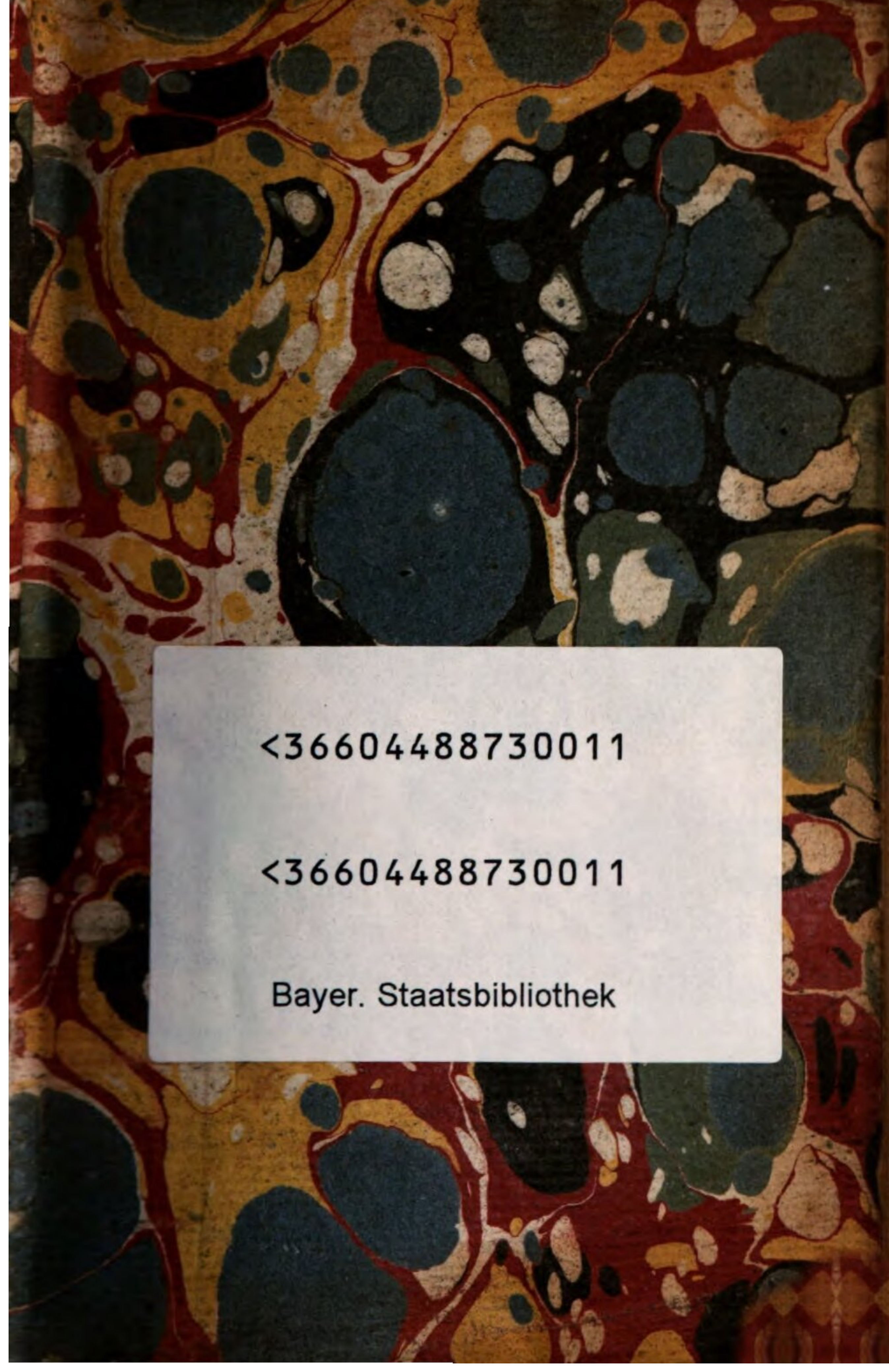






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L E T T E R S,

WRITTEN BY

JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

A N D

SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS.

FROM THE YEAR 1703 TO 1740.

PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS;

W I T H

NOTES EXPLANATORY AND HISTORICAL,

BY JOHN HAWKESWORTH, LL. D.

T H E S I X T H E D I T I O N.

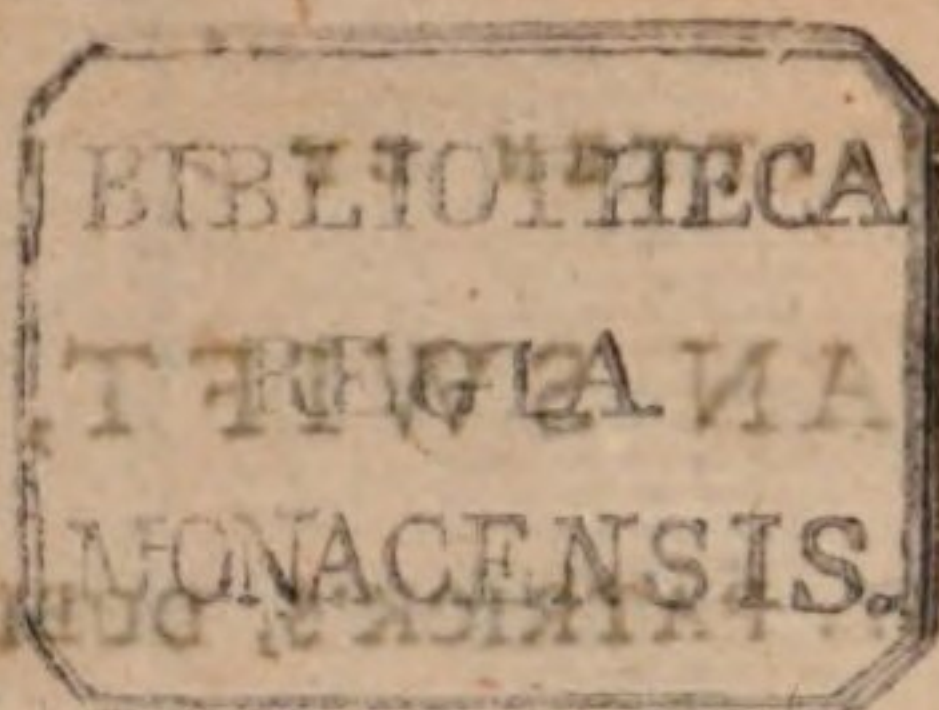
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L O N D O N:

Printed for T. DAVIES, in Russel-street, Covent-garden;
R. DAVIS, in Piccadilly; L. DAVIS and C. REYMERS,
in Holborn; and J. DODSLEY, in Pall-mall.

M DCC LXVII.

L E T T E R S



JONATHAN

DEAN OF

AND

SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS

FROM THE YEAR 1703 TO 1740.

PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS

WITH

NOTES EXPLANATORY AND HISTORICAL

BY JOHN HAWKESWORTH, LL.D.

THE SIXTH EDITION.

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R. Davis, in Pall-mall; J. Davis and C. Rymers,
in Holborn; and J. Dossary, in Pall-mall.

M DCC LXXII.

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L E T T E R CCLXXVIII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Amesbury, Nov. 8, 1730.

SO you are determined never to write to me again; but, for all that, you shall not make me hold my tongue. You shall hear from me (the post-office willing) whether you will or no. I see none of the folks you correspond with, so that I am forced to pick up intelligence concerning you, as I can; which hath been so very little, that I am resolved to make my complaints to you as a friend, who I know loves to relieve the distressed: and in the circumstances I am in, where should I apply, but to my best friend? Mr. *Pope* indeed, upon my frequent enquiries, hath told me, that the letters, which are directed to him, concern me as much as himself: but what you say of yourself, or of me, or to me, I know nothing at all. Lord *Carteret* was here yesterday, on his

return from the *Isle of Wight*, where he had been a shooting, and left seven pheasants with us. He went this morning to the *Bath*, to lady *Carteret*, who is perfectly recovered. He talked of you three hours last night, and told me, that you talk of me. I mean, that you are prodigiously in his favour, as he says; and, I believe, that I am in yours; for I know you to be a just and equitable person, and it is but my due. He seemed to take to me, which may proceed from your recommendation; though, indeed, there is another reason for it, for he is now out of employment, and my friends have been generally of that sort: for I take to them, as being naturally inclined to those who can do no mischief. Pray do you come to *England* this year? He thinks you do. I wish you would; and so does the duchess of *Queensberry*. What would you have more to induce you? Your money cries, come spend me; and your friends cry, come see me. I have been treated barbarously by you. If you knew how often I talk of you, how often I think of you, you would now and then direct a letter to me, and I would allow Mr. *Pope* to have a share in it. In short, I don't care to keep any man's money, that serves me so. Love or money I must have; and if you will not let me have the comfort of the one, I think I must endeavour to get a little comfort by spending some of the other. I must beg, that you will call at *Amesbury*, in your way to *London*;

London; for I have many things to say to you; and I can assure you, you will be welcome to a three pronged fork. I remember your prescription, and I do ride upon the downs; and, at present I have no asthma. I have killed five brace of partridges, and four brace and an half of quails: and I do not envy either Sir *Robert*, or *Stephen Duck*, who is the favourite poet of the court*. I hear sometimes from Mr. *Pope*, and from scarce any body else. Were I to live ever so long, I believe I should never think of *London*; but I cannot help thinking of you. Were you here, I could talk to you, but I would not for you†; you shall have all your share of talk, which was never allowed you at *Twickenham*. You know this was a grievance you often complained of; and so, in revenge, you make me write all, and answer nothing. I beg you to make my compliments to Dr. *Delany*. I am, dear Sir, yours most affectionately,

J. GAY.

I ended the letter as above, to go to the duchess, and she told me I might go down, and come a quarter of an hour hence. I had

* *Stephen Duck* was a poor thrasher, who having written some verses, they were shewed to the late queen, who made him her library-keeper at *Richmond*. He afterwards took orders, and was preferred to a living, but growing melancholy, he at last drowned himself.

† Mr. *Gay* was reserved in his conversation.

a design to have asked her to sign the invitation, that I have made you. As I don't know how much she may have to say to you, I think it will be prudent to leave off, that she may not be stinted for want of room. So much I will say, that, whether she signs it, or no, both the duke and duchess would be very glad you would come to *Amesbury*; and you must be persuaded, that I say this without the least private view. For, what is it to me whether you come or not; for I can write to you, you know.

Postscript by the Duchefs of Q——.

I would fain have you come. I can't say you'll be welcome; for I don't know you, and perhaps I shall not like you; but if I do not (unless you are a very vain person) you shall know my thoughts as soon as I do myself.

C. Q.

L E T T E R CCLXXIX.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Indorsed, "November, 1730."

THE passage in Mr. *Pope's* letter about your health does not alarm me: both of us have had the distemper these thirty years. I have found that steel, the warm gums, and the *Bath*, all do good in it. Therefore, first take the vomit

A;

A; then, every day, the quantity of a nutmeg in a morning, of the electuary marked B; with five spoonfuls of the tincture marked D. Take the tincture, but not the electuary, in the afternoon. You may take one of the pills marked C, at any time (when you are troubled with it) or thirty of the drops marked E, in any vehicle, even water. I had a servant of my own, that was cured merely with vomiting. There is another medicine not mentioned, which you may try; the pulvis rad. Valerianæ sylvestris, about a scruple of it twice a day. How came you to take it into your head, that I was queen's physician? When I am so, you shall be a bishop, or any thing you have a mind to. *Pope* is now the great reigning poetical favourite. Your lord lieutenant * has a mind to be well with you. Lady *Betty Germain* complains you have not wrote to her since she wrote to you. I have shewed as much civility to Mrs. *Barber* as I could, and she likewise to me. I have no more paper, but what serves to tell you, that I am, with great sincerity, your most faithful humble servant,

J. ARBUTHNOT.

I recommended Dr. *Helsbam* to be physician to the lord lieutenant. I know not what effect it will have.

* The duke of *Dorset*,

A.

℞ Pulv. rad. ipocacoanæ, ʒ.

B.

℞ Conserv. flavedin. aurant. absynth. Rom.
ana ʒvi. rubigin. Martis in pollin. redact.
ʒiij. syrup e succo kermes, q. f.

C.

℞ Af. foetid. ʒij. tinctur. castor. q. f. fiant
pilulæ xxiv.

D.

℞ Cortic. Peruviani elect. rubigin. Martis
ana ʒj. digere tepide in vini alb. Gallic.
℥ ij per 24 horas: postea fiat colatura.

E.

℞ Sp. cor. cerv. sp. lavendul. tinctur.
castor. ana ʒij misce*.

* As these receipts may possibly be useful to some person troubled with the Dean's complaint of giddiness, Dr. *Arbutnot*'s receipt of bitters, for strengthening the stomach, is added.

Take of zadoary root one drachm; galangal and Roman wormwood, of each two drachms; orange-peel, a drachm; lesser cardamon seeds, two scruples. Infuse all this in a quart of boiling spring-water for six hours: strain it off, and add to it four ounces of greater compound wormwood water.

L E T T E R CCLXXX.

The Earl of C——D to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Hague, Dec. 15. N. S. 1730.

YOU need not have made any excuses to me for your solicitation: on the contrary, I am proud of being the first person, to whom you have thought it worth your while to apply since those changes, which, you say, drove you into distance and obscurity. I very well know the person you recommend to me, having lodged at his house a whole summer at *Richmond*. I have always heard a very good character of him, which alone would incline me to serve him; but your recommendation, I can assure you, will make me impatient to do it. However, that he may not again meet with the common fate of court-suitors, nor I lie under the imputation of making court promises, I will exactly explain to you how far it is likely I may be able to serve him.

When first I had this office*, I took the resolution of turning out no-body; so that I shall only have the disposal of those places, that the death of the present possessors will procure me. Some old servants, that have served me long and faithfully, have obtained the pro-

* 'Of lord steward of the king's household, in which he succeeded the duke of *Devon*, appointed lord lieutenant of *Ireland*.'

mises of the first four or five vacancies; and the early solicitations of some of my particular friends have tied me down for about as many more. But, after having satisfied these engagements, I do assure you, Mr. *Launcelot* shall be my first care. I confess, his prospect is more remote than I could have wished it; but as it is so remote, he won't have the uneasiness of a disappointment, if he gets nothing; and if he gets something, we shall both be pleased.

As for his political principles, I am in no manner of pain about them. Were he a *Tory*, I would venture to serve him, in the just expectation, that should I ever be charged with having preferred a *Tory*, the person, who was the author of my crime, would likewise be the author of my vindication. I am, with real esteem, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

C———.

LETTER CCLXXXI.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Amesbury, Dec. 6, 1730.

BOTH your letters, to my great satisfaction, I have received. You were mistaken as to my being in town; for I have been here ever since the beginning of *May*. But the best way is to direct your letters always to the duke's house in *London*; and they are sent hither by his

his porter. You say, we deserve envy: I think, we do; for I envy no man, either in town or out of it. We have had some few visitors, and every one of them such, as one would desire to visit. The duchess is a more severe check upon my finances than ever you were; and I submit, as I did to you, to comply to my own good. I was a long time, before I could prevail with her to let me allow myself a pair of shoes with two heels; for I had lost one, and the shoes were so decayed, that they were not worth mending. You see by this, that those, who are the most generous of their own, can be the most covetous for others. I hope you will be so good to me, as to use your interest with her (for, whatever she says, you seem to have some) to indulge me with the extravagance suitable to my fortune.

The lady you mention, that dislikes you, hath no discernment. I really think, you may safely venture to *Amesbury*, though indeed the lady here likes to have her own way as well as you; which may sometimes occasion disputes: and, I tell you before-hand, that I cannot take your part. I think her so often in the right, that you will have great difficulty to persuade me, that she is in the wrong. Then, there is another thing, that I ought to tell you, to deter you from this place; which is, that the lady of the house is not given to shew civility to those she does not like. She speaks
her

her mind, and loves truth. For the uncommonness of the thing, I fancy, your curiosity will prevail over your fear; and you will like to see such a woman. But I say no more, till I know whether her grace will fill up the rest of the paper.

The Duchess of Q——.

Write I must, particularly now, as I have an opportunity to indulge my predominant passion of contradiction. I do, in the first place, contradict most things Mr. *Gay* says of me, to deter you from coming here; which if you ever do, I hereby assure you, that, unless I like my own way better, you shall have yours; and in all disputes you shall convince me, if you can. But, by what I see of you, this is not a misfortune, that will always happen; for I find you are a great mistaker. For example, you take prudence for imperiousness: 'tis from this first, that I determined not to like one, who is too giddy-headed for me to be certain whether or no I shall ever be acquainted with. I have known people take great delight in building castles in the air; but I should chuse to build friends upon a more solid foundation. I would fain know you; for I often hear more good likeable things than 'tis possible any one can deserve. Pray, come, that I may find out something wrong; for I, and, I believe, most women, have an in-

con-

conceivable pleasure to find out any faults, except their own. Mr. *Cibber* is made poet laureat. I am, Sir, as much your humble servant as I can be to any person I don't know,

C. Q.

P. S. Mr. *Gay* is very peevish that I spell and write ill; but I don't care: for neither the pen nor I can do better. Besides, I think you have flattered me, and such people ought to be put to trouble.

Mr. GAY's Postscript.

Now I hope you are pleased, and that you will allow for so small a sum as 200*l.* you have a lumping pennyworth.

L E T T E R CCLXXXII.

Lady B—— G——— to Dr. SWIFT.

Dec. 24, 1730.

SINCE you, with a modest assurance, affirm you understand and practise good manners better than any other person in either kingdom, I wish you would therefore put into very handsome terms my excuse to dean *Swift*, that I have not answered his letter that I received before the last. For even prebendary *Head* assured my brother *Harry*, that he, in all form and justice, took place of a colonel, as being major-

major-general in the church; and therefore you need not have called a council to know, whether you or I were to write last; because, as being but a poor courtesy lady, I can pretend to no other place but what other people's goodness gives me. This being settled, I ought not to have writ again; but however, I fear I should have been wrong enough to have desired the correspondence to be kept up, but that I have been ill for a fortnight, and of course lazy, and not in a writing mood.

First, as to Mrs. *Barber*, as I told you before, so I tell you the same again, that, upon your recommendation, I shall be very glad to serve her, though I never did see her; and as I had not your letter till I went from *Tunbridge*, she passed unmarked by me in the crowd; nor have I met with her since. She writ to me to present ——'s poems to the duke and duchess of *Dorset*. I answered her letter, and obeyed her commands. And as to her own, I shall most willingly subscribe; though I am of the opinion, we ladies are not apt to be good poets, especially if we can't spell: but that is by the way of inviolable secret between you and me. So much for this letter. Now to your last epistle, for which it seems I am to give you thanks, for honouring me with your commands. Well, I do so, because this gets a proof, that, after so many years acquaintance, there is one, that will take my word; which is a certain sign, that I have not
often

often broke it. Therefore behold the consequence is this ; I have given my word to the duke of *Dorset*, that you would not so positively affirm this fact concerning Mrs. *Fox*, without knowing the certain truth, that there is no deceit in this declaration of trust. And though it has been recommended to him, as you say, he never did give any answer to it, nor designed it, till he was fully satisfied of the truth ; and even then, I believe, would not have determined to have done it, because it is an easy way of securing a place for ever to a family ; and were this to be an example, be it so many pence, or so many pounds, for the future they would be inheritances.

So now, not to shew my power with his grace (in spite of his dependents, who may cast their eyes on it) for that I dare affirm there never will be need of, where justice or good-nature is necessary ; but to shew you his dependence on your honour and integrity, he gives me leave to tell you, it shall certainly be done ; nor does this at all oblige you to give the thanks you seem so desirous to have ; for at any time, whensoever you have any business, service, or request to make to his grace of *Dorset* (whether my proper business or no) till you two are better acquainted with one another's merits, I shall be very glad to shew how sincerely I am your friend and faithful humble servant.

LETTER CCLXXXIII.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, Feb. 9, 1730.

AMONG the many compliments I have received from my friends on the birth of my son, I assure you none gave me greater pleasure than the kind letter you honoured me with on the occasion. When you were last in *England*, your stay was so short, that I scarce had time, and very few opportunities, to convince you how great a desire I had to bear some share of your esteem; but, should you return this summer, I hope you will continue longer among us. Lord *Bolingbroke*, lord *Bathurst*, *Pope*, myself, and others of your friends, are got together in a country neighbourhood, which would be much enlivened, if you would come and live among us. Mrs. *Pulteney* joins with me in the invitation, and is much obliged to you for remembering her. She bid me tell you, that she is determined to have no more children, unless you will promise to come over, and christen the next. You see how much my happiness, in many respects, depends upon your promise. I have always desired *Pope*, when he wrote to you, to remember my compliments; and I can assure you with the greatest truth, though you have much older acquaintances, that you have not in *England* a friend that loves and honours you more than I do,

I do, or can be, with greater sincerity, than I
am, your most humble and obedient servant,
W. PULTENEY.

P. S. If any of our pamphlets (with which we abound) are ever sent over to *Ireland*, and you think them worth reading, you will perceive how low they are reduced in point of argument on one side of the question. This has drove certain people to that last resort of calling names. Villain, traitor, seditious rascal, and such ingenious appellations, have frequently been bestowed on a couple of friends of yours. Such usage has made it necessary to return the same polite language; and there has been more *Billingsgate* stuff uttered from the press * within these two months, than ever was known before. Upon this Dr. *Arbuthnot* has wrote a very humorous treatise †, which he shewed me this morning; wherein he proves, from many learned instances, that this sort of alter-

* ' Among the pamphlets published within that period, was one intitled, *Sedition and Defamation displayed, in a Letter to the Author of the Craftsman*, published Jan. 1730-31.' It was generally, tho' falsely, imputed to lord *Harvey*.

† ' Probably that published in the *Miscellaneous Works of the late Dr. Arbuthnot*, Vol. I. p. 40. Printed at *Glasgow*, in 1731. The title of the Piece is, *A brief Account of Mr. John Gunglicut's Treatise concerning the Altercation or Scolding of the Ancients.*'

cation is ancient, elegant, and classical; and that what the world falsely imagines to be polite, is truly *Gothic* and barbarous. He shews how the gods and goddesses used one another; dog, bitch, and whore, were pretty common expressions among them: kings, heroes, ambassadors, and orators, abused one another much in the same way; and he concludes, that it is a pity this method of objurgation should be lost. His quotations from *Homer*, *Demosthenes*, *Æschines*, and *Tully*, are admirable, and the whole is very humorously conducted. I take it for granted he will send it you himself as soon as it is printed.

LETTER CCLXXXIV.

Lady B—— G——— to Dr. SWIFT.

Feb. 23, 1730-1.

NOW were you in vast hopes you should hear no more from me, I being slow in my motions: but don't flatter yourself; you began the correspondence, set my pen a-going, and God knows when it will end; for I had it by inheritance from my father, ever to please myself when I could; and though I don't just take the turn my mother did of fasting and praying; yet to be sure that was her pleasure too, or else she would not have been so greedy of it. I don't care to deliver your message
this

this great while to lieutenant *Head*, he having been dead these two years. And though he had, as you say, a head, I loved him very well; but, however, from my dame *Wadgar's** first impression, I have ever had a natural antipathy to spirits.

I have not acquaintance enough with Mr. *Pope*, which I am sorry for, and expect you should come to *England*, in order to improve it. If it was the queen, and not the duke of *Grafton*, that picked out such a laureat†, she deserves his poetry in her praise.

Your friend Mrs. *Barber* has been here. I find she has some request; but neither you nor she has yet let it out to me what it is; for certainly you cannot mean That, by subscribing to her book; if so, I shall be mighty unhappy to have you call That a favour. For surely there is nothing so easy as what one can do one's self, nor any think so heavy as what one must ask other people for; though I don't mean by this, that I shall ever be unwilling, when you require it; yet shall be much happier, when it is in my own power to shew, how sincerely I am my old friend's most faithful humble servant.

Mrs. *Floyd* is much yours; but dumber than ever, having a violent cold.

* The deaf housekeeper at lord *Berkeley's*.

† Colley Cibber.

L E T T E R CCLXXXV.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

March 20, 1730-1.

I Think it is above three months since I wrote to you, in partnership with the duchess. About a fortnight since I wrote to you from *Twickenham*, for Mr. *Pope* and myself. He was then disabled from writing by a severe rheumatic pain in his arm; but is pretty well again, and at present in town. Lord *Oxford*, lord *Bathurst*, he, and I dined together yesterday at *Barnes*, with old *Jacob Tonson*, where we drank your health. I am again, by the advice of physicians, grown a moderate wine-drinker, after an abstinence of above two years; and now look upon myself as qualified for society as before.

I formerly sent you a state of the accounts between us. Lord *B——* hath this day paid me your principal and interest. The interest amounted to 12*l.* and I want your directions how to dispose of the principal, which must lie dead, till I receive your orders. I had a scheme of buying two lottery tickets for you, and keeping your principal intire. And as all my good fortune is to come, to shew you that I consult your advantage, I will buy two more for myself, and then you and I will go halves in the ten thousand pounds. That there will be a lottery is certain: the scheme is not yet declared,

declared, but I hear it will not be the most advantageous one; for we are to have but 3% per cent.

I solicit for no court favours, so that I propose to buy the tickets at the market price, when they come out, which will not be these two or three months. If you do not like to have your money thus disposed of; or if you like to trust to your own fortune, rather than to share in mine, let me have your orders; and at the same time, tell me what I shall do with the principal sum.

I came to town the 7th of *January* last, with the duke and duchess, about business, for a fortnight. As it depended upon others, we could not get it done till now. Next week we return to *Amesbury*, in *Wiltshire*, for the rest of the year; but the best way is always to direct to me at the duke's, in *Burlington-gardens*, near *Piccadilly*. I am ordered by the duchess to grow rich in the manner of Sir *John Cutler*. I have nothing, at this present writing, but my frock that was made at *Salisbury*, and a hob perriwig. I persuade myself that it is shilling-weather as seldom as possible; and have found out, that there are few court-visits that are worth a shilling. In short, I am very happy in my present independency. I envy no man; but have the due contempt of voluntary slaves of birth and fortune. I have such a spite against you, that I wish you may long for my company, as I do for yours. Though
you

you never write to me, you cannot make me forget you; so that if it is out of friendship you write so seldom to me, it doth not answer the purpose. Those who you like should remember you, do so whenever I see them. I believe they do it upon their own account; for I know few people who are solicitous to please or flatter me. The duchess sends you her compliments, and so would many more, if they knew of my writing to you.

L E T T E R CCLXXXVI.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

April 11, 1731.

THE fortune of the person you interested yourself in, amounts to at present (all debts paid) above three thousand four hundred pounds; so that, whatever other people think, I look upon him, as to fortune, to be happy; that is to say, an independent creature. I have been in expectation, post after post, to have received your directions about the disposal of your money. I left that sum, with 200*l.* of my own, in Mr. *Hoare's* hands, at my coming out of town. If I hear nothing from you, I shall do with it, as I do with my own. I made you a proposal about purchasing lottery tickets, in partnership with myself; that is to say, four tickets between us. This can be done with the overplus, the interest-money
I have

I have received ; but in this I will do nothing, till I hear from you.

I am now got to my residence at *Amesbury*, getting health, and saving money. Since I have got over the impediment to a writer, water-drinking, if I can persuade myself that I have any wit, and find I have inclination, I intend to write ; though as yet, I have another impediment : for I have not provided myself with a scheme. Ten to one but I shall have a propensity to write against vice, and who can tell how far that may offend ? But an author should consult his genius, rather than his interest, if he cannot reconcile them. Just before I left *London*, I made a visit to Mrs. *Barber*. I wish I could any ways have contributed to her subscription. I have always found myself of no consequence, and am now of less than ever ; but I have found out a way, in one respect, of making myself of more consequence, which is by considering other people of less. Those who have given me up, I have given up ; and in short, I seek after no friendships, but am content with what I have in the house. They have subscribed, and I proposed it before *Jo. Taylor*, who, upon hearing she was a friend of yours, offered his subscription, and desired his compliments to you. I believe she hath given you an account that she hath some prospect of success from others recommendations to those I know ; and I have not been wanting upon all occasions to put in
my

my good word, which I fear avails but little. Two days ago I received a letter from Dr. *Arburthnot*, which gave me but a bad account of Mr. *Pope's* health. I have writ to him; but have not heard from him since I came into the country. If you knew the pleasure you gave me, you would keep your contract of writing more punctually; and especially you would have answered my last letter, as it was a money affair, and you have to do with a man of business.

Your letter was more to the duchess than to me; so I now leave off, to offer her the paper.

Postscript by the DUCHESS.

It was Mr. *Gay's* fault that I did not write sooner; which if I had, I should hope you would have been here by this time; for I have to tell you, all your articles are agreed to; and that I only love my own way, when I meet not with others whose ways I like better. I am in great hopes that I shall approve of yours; for to tell you the truth, I am at present a little tired of my own. I have not a clear or distinct voice, except when I am angry; but I am a very good nurse, when people don't fancy themselves sick. Mr. *Gay* knows this; and he knows too how to play at backgammon. Whether the parson of the parish can, I know not; but if he cannot hold his tongue, I can.

can. Pray set out the first fair wind, and stay with us as long as ever you please. I cannot name my fixed time, that I shall like to maintain you and your equipage; but if I don't happen to like you, I know I can so far govern my temper, as to endure you for about five days. So come away directly; at all hazards you'll be allowed a good breathing time. I shall make no sort of respectful conclusions; for till I know you, I cannot tell what I am to you.

Mr. GAY's Postscript.

The direction is to the duke of *Queensbury's*, in *Burlington-gardens, Piccadilly*. Now I have told you this, you have no excuse from writing but one, which is coming; get over your law-suit, and receive your money.

The duchess adds, "he shall not write a word more from *Amesbury*, in *Wiltshire*. Your groom was mistaken; for the house is big enough, but the park is too little*."

* The letters of Dr. Swift, which are answered by the duchess of *Queensbury* and Mr. Gay, may be found in *Pope's works*, Vol. X.

L E T T E R CCLXXXVII.

Lord B. ——— to Dr. SWIFT.

April 19, 1731.

I Never designed to have wrote to you any more, because you bantered and abused me so grossly in your last. To flatter a man, from whom you can get nothing, nor expect any thing, is doing mischief for mischief-sake, and consequently highly immoral. However, I will not carry my resentments so far, as to stand by and see you undone, without giving you both notice and advice. Could any man but you think of trusting *John Gay* with his money? None of his friends would ever trust him with his own, whenever they could avoid it. He has called in the 200^l. I had of yours; I paid him both principal and interest. I suppose by this time he has lost it. I give you notice, you must look upon it as annihilated.

Now as I have considered your deanry brings you in little or nothing, and that you keep servants and horses, and frequently give little neat dinners, which are more expensive than a few splendid entertainments; besides which, you may be said to water your flock with *French* wine, which altogether must consume your substance in a little while; I have thought of putting you in a method that may retrieve your affairs. In the first place, you must turn off all your servants, and sell your

horses (I will find exercise for you). Your whole family must consist of only one sound wholesome wench. She will make your bed, and warm it; besides washing your linen, and mending it, darning your stockings, &c. But, to save all expence in house-keeping, you must contrive some way or other that she should have milk; and I can assure you, it is the opinion of some of the best physicians, that womens milk is the wholesomest food in the world.

Besides, this regimen, take it altogether, will certainly temper and cool your blood. You will not be such a *boutefeu*, as you have been, and be ready, upon every trifling occasion, to set a whole kingdom in a flame. Had the *Drapier* been a milk-sop, poor *Wood* had not suffered so much in his reputation and fortune. It will allay that fervour of blood, and quiet that hurry of spirits, which breaks out every now and then into poetry, and seems to communicate itself to others of the chapter. You would not then encourage *Delaney* and *Stopford* in their idleness, but let them be as grave as most of their order are with us. I am convinced they will sooner get preferment then, than in the way they now are. And I shall not be out of hopes of seeing you a bishop in time, when you live in that regular way, which I propose. In short, in a few years, you may lay up money enough to buy even the bishopric of *Durham*. For if you

keep cows instead of horses in that high-walled orchard, and cultivate by your own industry a few potatoes in you garden, the maid will live well, and be able to sell more butter and cheese than will answer her wages. You may preach then upon your temperance with a better grace than now, that you are known to consume five or six hogsheads of wine every year of your life. You will be mild and meek in your conversation, and not frighten parliament-men, and keep even lord-lieutenants in awe. You will then be qualified for that slavery, which the country you live in, and the order you profess, seem to be designed for. It will take off that giddiness in your head, which has disturbed yourself and others. The disputes between Sir *Arthur** and my lady will for the future be confined to prose, and an old thorn may be cut down in peace, and warm the parlour chimney, without heating the heads of poor innocent people, and turning their brains.

You ought to remember what St. *Austin*

* Sir *Artbur Acheson*, at whose seat, in a village called *Market-Hill* in *Ireland*, the Dean sometimes made a long visit. The dispute between Sir *Arthur* and my lady, here alluded to, is whether *Hamilton's* bawn (a place near the house, inclosed with mud or stone walls, to keep the cattle from being stolen in the night) should be turned into a barrack, or a malt-house? The *Old Thorn* is that cut down at *Market-Hill*, the subject of a little poem written by *Swift*, vol. vii. p. 121, 141. edit. 1754.

says,

says, *Poesis est vinum dæmonum*. Consider the life you now lead: you warm all that come near you with your wine and conversation, and the rest of the world with your pen dipped deep in St. *Austin's vinum dæmonum*.

So far for your soul's health. Now as to the health of the body, I must inform you, that part of what I prescribe to you is the same which our great friar *Bacon* prescribed to the pope, who lived in his days. Read his *Cure of old Age, and Preservation of Youth*, chap. the 12th. You used to say, that you found benefit from riding. The *French*, an ingenious people, use the word *chevaucher*, instead of *monter à cheval*, and they look upon it as the same thing in effect.

Now, if you will go on after this, in your old ways, and ruin your health, your fortune, and your reputation, it is no fault of mine. I have pointed out the road, which will lead you to riches and preferment; and that you may have no excuse from entering into this new course of life, upon pretence of doubting whether you can get a person properly qualified to feed you, and compose your new family, I will recommend you to *John Gay*, who is much better qualified to bring increase from a woman, than from a sum of money. But if he should be lazy (he is so fat, that there is some reason to doubt him) I will without fail supply you myself, that you may be under no disappointments. *Bracon* says, *Conjunctio maris et fæminæ*

est jure naturæ. Vide Coke upon Littleton. Calvin's case 1st vol. Reports.

This I fend you from my closet at *Rich-kings**, where I am at leisure to attend serious affairs; but when one is in town, there are so many things to laugh at, that it is very difficult to compose one's thoughts, even long enough to write a letter of advice to a friend. If I see any man serious in that crowd, I look upon him for a very dull or designing fellow. By the bye, I am of opinion, that folly and cunning are nearer allied than people are aware of. If a fool runs out his fortune, and is undone, we say, the poor man has been outwitted. Is it not as reasonable to say of a cunning rascal, who has lived miserably, and died hated and despised, to leave a great fortune behind him, that he has outwitted himself? In short, to be serious about those trifles, which the majority of mankind think of consequence, seems to me to denote folly; and to trifle with those things, which they generally treat ludicrously, may denote knavery. I have observed that, in comedy, the best actor plays the part of the droll, whilst some scrub rogue is made the hero, or fine gentleman. So in this farce of life, wise men pass their time in mirth, whilst fools only are serious. Adieu.

Continue to be merry and wise; but never turn serious, or cunning.

* 'A seat of his lordship's, in *Buckinghamshire*.'

LETTER CCLXXXVIII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Amesbury, April 27, 1731.

YOURS, without a date, I received two days after my return to this place from *London*, where I stayed only four days. I saw Mr. *Pope*, who is much better: I dined with him at lord *Oxford's*, who never fails drinking your health, and is always very inquisitive after every thing that concerns you. Mr. *Pulteney* had received your letter, and seemed very much pleased with it; and I thought you too very much in the favour of the lady. Sir *William Wyncham*, whom you will hear hath buried lady *Catherine*, was at *Dawley* in great affliction. Dr. *Arbutnot* I found in good health and spirits. His neighbour, Mr. *Lewis*, was gone to *Bath*. Mrs. *Patty Blount* I saw two or three times, who will be very much pleased when she knows you so kindly remember her. I am afraid Mrs. *Howard* will not be so well satisfied with the compliments you send her. I breakfasted twice with her at Mrs. *Blount's*, and she told me that her indisposition had prevented her answering your letter. This she desired me to tell you, that she would write to you soon; and she desires you will accept of her compliments, in the mean time, by me. You should consider circumstances before you censure. It will be too long for a letter to make her apology; but

when

when I see you, I shall convince you that you mistake her *. The day before I left *London*, I gave orders for buying two *South Sea* or *India* bonds for you, which carry 4*l.* *per cent.* and are as easily turned into ready money as bank-bills; which, by this time, I suppose, is done.

Whenever you come to *England*, if you will put that confidence in me, to give me notice, I will meet you at your landing-place, and conduct you hither. You have experience of me as a traveller, and I promise I will not drop you on the road for any visit whatever. You tell me of thanks I have not given. I don't know what to say to people who are continually laying one under obligations: my behaviour to you shall convince you that I am very sensible of them, though I never once mention them. I look upon you as my best friend and counsellor. I long for the time when we shall meet and converse together. I will draw you into no great company, beside those I live with. In short, if you insist upon it, I will give up all great company for yours. These are conditions that I can hardly think you will insist upon, after your declarations to the duchess, who is more and more impatient to see you; and all my fear is, that you will give up me for her, which, after my ungallant de-

* See a further defence of this lady, in the letters of lady B—— G——, cccx. cccxiv.

claration, would be very ungenerous. But we will settle this matter together, when you come to *Amesbury*. Afterall, I find I have been saying nothing; for speaking of her, I am talking as if I were in my own power. You used to blame me for over-solicitude about myself. I am now grown so rich, that I don't think myself worth thinking on; so that I will promise you never to mention myself, or my own affairs, but you owed it all to the inquisitiveness of your friendship, and ten to one but you will every now and then draw me in to talk of myself again. I sent you a gross state of my fortune already. I have not room to draw it out in particulars. When you come over, the duchess will state it to you. I have left no room for her to write, so that I will say nothing till my letter is gone; but she would not forgive me, if I did not send her compliments.

LETTER CCLXXXIX.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

June 5, 1731.

I Fanny you have comforted yourself a long time with the hopes of hearing no more; but you may return your thanks to a downright fit of the gout in my foot, and as painful a rheumatism that followed immediately after in my arm, which bound me to my good behaviour. So you may perceive I should make a sad nurse to Mr. *Pope*, who finds the effects of age and
a crazy

a crazy carcase already. However, if it is true what I am informed, that you are coming here soon, I expect you should bring us together; and if he will bear me with patience, I shall hear him with pleasure.

I don't know what number of chaplains the duke of *Dorset* intends to carry over; but, as yet, I have heard of but one that he has sent, and he is as worthy, honest, sensible a man, as any I know, Mr. *Brandreth*, who I believe was recommended to your acquaintance. I believe you will find by my writing, that it is not quite easy to me, so I will neither tease you, nor trouble myself longer, who am most sincerely your faithful humble servant,

E. G.

LETTER CCXC.

Duchess of — and Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

The DUCHESS.

July 18, 1731.

YOU are my dear friend, I am sure, for you are hard to be found; that you are so, is certainly owing to some evil genius. For if you say true, this is the very properest place you can repair to. There is not a head here upon any of our shoulders that is not, at sometimes, worse than yours can possibly be at the worst; and not one to compare with yours when at best, except your friends are your sworn

sworn liars. So in one respect, at least, you will find things just as they could be wished. It is farther necessary to assure you, that the duchess is neither healthy nor young; she lives in all the spirits she can, and with as little grandeur as she can possibly. She too, as well as you, can scold, and command; but she can be silent, and obey, if she pleases; and then for a good nurse, it is out of dispute but she must prove an excellent one, who has been so experienced in the infirmities of others, and of her own. As for talking nonsense, provided you do it on purpose, she has no objection; there is some sense in nonsense, when it does not come by chance. In short, I am very sure, that she has set her heart upon seeing you at this place. Here are women enough to attend you, if you should happen not to approve of her. She has not one fine lady belonging to her, or her house. She is impatient to be governed, and is chearfully determined that you shall quietly enjoy your own will and pleasure as long as ever you please.

Mr. G A Y.

You shall ride, you shall walk, and she will be glad to follow your example: and this will be doing good at the same time to her and yourself. I had not heard from you so long, that I was in fears about you, and in the utmost impatience for a letter. I had flattered myself

self your law-suit was at an end, and that your own money was in your own pocket; and about a month ago, I was every day expecting a summons to *Bristol*. Your money is either getting or losing something; for I have placed it in the funds. For I am grown so much a man of business, that is to say, so covetous, that I cannot bear to let a sum of money lie idle. Your friend Mrs. *Howard* is now countess of *Suffolk*. I am still so much a dupe, that I think you mistake her. Come to *Amesbury*, and you and I will dispute this matter; and the duchess shall be judge. But I fancy you will object against her; for I will be so fair to you as to own, that I think she is of my side; but, in short, you shall chuse any impartial referee you please. I have heard from her; Mr. *Pope* hath seen her; I beg you will suspend your judgment till we talk over this affair together; for I fancy, by your letter, you have have neither heard from her, or seen her, so that you cannot at present be as good a judge as we are. I'll be a dupe for you at any time, therefore I beg it of you, that you would let me be a dupe in quiet.

As you have had several attacks of the giddiness you at present complain of, and that it hath formerly left you, I will hope at this instant you are perfectly well; though my fears were so very great, before I received your letter, that I may probably flatter myself, and think you better than you are. As to my being
a ma-

a manager for the duke, you have been misinformed. Upon the discharge of an unjust steward, he took the administration into his own hands. I own I was called in to his assistance, when the state of affairs was in the greatest confusion. Like an ancient *Roman*, I came, put my helping hand to set affairs right, and as soon as it was done, I am retired again as a private man.

The DUCHESS.

What you imagined you heard her say, was a good deal in her stile: it was a thousand to one she had not said so; but I must do her the justice to say, that she did not, either in thought or word. I am sure she wants to be better acquainted with you, for which she has found out ten thousand reasons, that we'll tell you, if you come.

Mr. GAY.

By your letter, I cannot guess whether we are like to see you or no. Why might not the *Amesbury* downs make you better?

The DUCHESS.

DEAR SIR,

Mr. *Gay* tells me, I must write upon his line for fear of taking up too much room. It was his fault that I omitted my duty in his last letter.

letter, for he never told me one word of writing to you, till he had sent away his letter. However, as a mark of my great humility, I shall be ready and glad to ask your pardon upon my knees, as soon as ever you come, though not in fault. I own this is a little mean-spirited, which I hope will not make a bad impression, considering you are the occasion. I submit to all your conditions, so pray come; for I have not only promised myself, but Mr. *Gay* also, the satisfaction to hear you talk as much nonsense as you can possibly utter.

Mr. G A Y.

You will read in the *Gazette* of a friend of yours, who hath lately had the dignity of being disgraced * ; for he and every body, except five or six, look upon it in the same light. I know, were you here, you would congratulate him upon it. I have no scheme at present, either to raise my fame or fortune. I daily reproach myself for my idleness. You know one cannot write when one will. I think and reject: one day or other, perhaps, I may think on something that may engage me to write. You and I are alike in one particular (I wish to be so in many;) I mean,

* ‘ *William Pulteney*, Esq; who, on the 1st of July, 1731, was, by order of king *George II.* struck out of the list of the privy-council, and put out of all the commissions of the peace,’

that we hate to write upon other folks hints. I love to have my own scheme, and to treat it in my own way. This, perhaps, may be taking too much upon myself, and I may make a bad choice ; but I can always enter into a scheme of my own with more ease and pleasure than into that of any other body. I long to see you ; I long to hear from you ; I wish you health ; I wish you happiness ; and I should be very happy myself to witness that you enjoyed my wishes.

L E T T E R CCXCI.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

August 2, 1731.

I Am indebted to you, my reverend Dean, for a letter of a very old date : the expectation of seeing you from week to week, which our friend *Gay* made me entertain, hindered me from writing to you a good while ; and I have since deferred it by waiting an opportunity of sending my letter by a safe hand. That opportunity presents itself at last, and Mr. *Ecklin* will put this letter into your hands.

You will hear from him, and from others, of the general state of things in this country, into which I returned, and where I am confined for my sins. If I entertained the notion, which by the way I believe to be much older than popery, or even than Christianity, of making up an account with heaven, and de-

manding the balance in blifs, or paying it by good works and sufferings of my own, and by the merits and sufferings of others, I should imagine that I had expiated all the faults of my life, one way or other, since my return into *England*. One of the circumstances of my situation, which has afflicted me most, and which afflicts me still so, is the absolute inutility I am of to those whom I should be the best pleased to serve. Success in serving my friends would make me amends for the want of it in diserving my enemies. It is intolerable to want it in both, and yet both go together generally.

I have had two or three projects on foot for making such an establishment here as might tempt you to quit *Ireland*. One of them would have succeeded, and would have been agreeable in every respect, if engagements to my lady's kinsman (who did not, I suppose, deserve to be your clerk) had not prevented it. Another of them cannot take place, without the consent of those, who would rather have you a dean in *Ireland*, than a parish priest in *England*; and who are glad to keep you where your sincere friend, my late lord *Oxford*, sent you. A third was wholly in our power; but when I inquired exactly into the value, I found it less than I had believed; the distance from those parts was great; and besides all this, an unexpected and groundless dispute about the right of presentation (but still such a dispute as

as the law must determine) had arisen. You will please to believe, that I mention these things for no other reason than to shew you how much those friends deserve you should make them a visit at least, who are so desirous to settle you amongst them. I hope their endeavours will not be always unsuccessful.

I received, some time ago, a letter from Dr. *Delaney*; and very lately Mr. *Pope* sent me some sheets, which seem to contain the substance of two sermons of that gentleman's. The *Philosophia prima* is above my reach, and especially when it attempts to prove, that God has done, or does so and so, by attempting to prove, that doing so and so is essential to his attributes, or necessary to his design; and that the not doing so and so would be inconsistent with the former, or repugnant to the latter. I content myself to contemplate what I am sure he has done, and to adore him for it in humble silence. I can demonstrate, that every cavil which has been brought against the great system of the world, physical and moral, from the days of *Democritus* and *Epicurus* to this day, is absurd; but I dare not pronounce why things are made as they are, state the ends of infinite wisdom, and shew the proportion of the means *.

* Yet this appears to have been the attempt of Mr. *Pope*, in his *Essay on Man*, in which he professes to have adopted lord *Bolingbroke*'s principles,

“Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend;”

and

Dr. *Delaney*, in his letter to me, mentioned some errors in the critical parts of learning, which he hoped he had corrected, by shewing the mistakes, particularly of Sir *John Marsham*, on whose authority those errors were built. Whether I can be of use to him, even in this part, I know not; for having fixed my opinion long ago concerning all ancient history and chronology, by a careful examination into the first principles of them, I have ever since laid that study totally aside. I confess, in the letter I writ lately to the doctor, notwithstanding my great respect for Sir *John Marsham*, that his authority is often precarious, because he leans often on other authorities, which are so. But to you I will confess a little more; I think, nay, I know, that there is no possibility of making any system of that kind, without doing the same thing; and that the defect is in the subject, not in the writer. I have read the writings of some who differ from him; and of others who undertook particularly to refute him. It seems plain to me, that this was the case. All the materials of this sort of learning are disjointed and broken. Time has contributed to render them so, and the unfaithfulness of those who have transmitted them down to us, particularly of that vile fel-

and which lord *Bolingbroke*, in a subsequent part of this very letter says, was undertaken at his instigation; approving at the same time, of the first three books, which he had seen and considered.

low *Eusebius* *, has done even more than time itself. By throwing these fragments into a different order, by arbitrary interpretations (and it is often impossible to make any others) in short, by a few plausible guesses for the connection and application of them, a man may, with tolerable ingenuity, prove almost any thing by them. I tried formerly to prove, in a learned dissertation, by the same set of authorities, that there had been four *Assyrian* monarchies; that there had been but three; that there had been but two; that there had been but one; and that there never had been any. I puzzled myself, and a much nobler man than myself, the friend to whom I lent the manuscript, and who has, I believe, kept it. In short, I am afraid that I shall not be very useful to Dr. *De laney*, in making remarks on the work he is about. His communication of this work may be useful, and I am sure it will be agreeable to me. If you and he are still in *Ireland*, pray give my best services to him; but say no more than may be proper of all I have writ to you.

I know very well the project you mean, and about which you say, that *Pope* and you have often teased me. I could convince you, as he is convinced, that a publication of any

* ‘ The learned bishop of *Cæsarea*, in the fourth century, in his *Chronicon*, published by *Joseph Scaliger*, with notes, at *Leyden*, in 1606, folio, and reprinted at *Amsterdam*, with great additions to the notes, in 1658.’

thing of that kind would have been wrong on many accounts, and would be so even now. Besides, call it pride if you will, I shall never make, either to the present age or to posterity, any apology for the part I acted in the late queen's reign *. But I will apply myself very seriously to the composition of just and true relations of the events of those times, in which both I, and my friends, and my enemies must take the merit, or the blame, which an authentic and impartial deduction of facts will assign to us. I will endeavour to write so as no man could write, who had not been a party in those transactions, and as few men would write, who had been concerned in them. I believe I shall go back, in considering the political interests of the principal powers in *Europe*, as far as the *Pyrennean* treaty; but I shall not begin a thread of history till the death of *Charles* the second of *Spain*, and the accession of queen *Anne* to the throne of *England*. Nay, even from that time downwards, I shall render my relations more full, or *plurima*, the word is father *Paul's*, just as I have or have not a stock of authentic materials. These shall regulate my work, and I will nei-

* This probably alludes to a tract called *Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism*, &c. of which lord *Bolingbroke* permitted a few copies to be taken for his particular friends, and which afterwards found its way into the world by Mr. *Pope's* means. *Gent. Mag.* Vol. XIX. p. 195, 196.

ther indulge my own vanity, nor other mens curiosity, in goin one step farther than they carry me. You see, my dear *Swift*, that I open a large field to myself ; with what success I shall expatiate in it, I know as little as I know whether I shall live to go through so great a work ; but I will begin immediately, and will make it one principal business of the rest of my life. This advantage at least I shall reap from it, a great advantage it will be, my attention will be diverted from the present scene. I shall grieve less at those things which I cannot mend ; I shall dignify my retreat, and shall wind up the labours of my life in serving the cause of truth.

You say, you could easily shew, by comparing my letters for twenty years past, how the whole system of my philosophy changes by the several gradations of life. I doubt it. As far as I am able to recollect, my way of thinking has been uniform enough for more than twenty years. True it is, to my shame, that my way of acting has not been always conformable to my way of thinking. My own passions, and the passions and interests of other men still more, have led me aside. I launched into the deep before I had loaded ballast enough. If the ship did not sink, the cargo was thrown over-board. The storm itself threw me into port. My own opinion, my own desires, would have kept me there ; the opinion, the desires of others sent me to sea again. I did.
and

and blamed myself for doing what others, and you among the rest, would have blamed me, if I had not done. I have paid more than I owed to party, and as much at least as was due to friendship. If I go off the stage of public life, without paying all I owe to my enemies, and to the enemies of my country, I do assure you the bankruptcy is not fraudulent. I conceal none of my effects.

Does *Pope* talk to you of the noble work, which, at my instigation, he has begun in such a manner, that he must be convinced by this time I judged better of his talents than he did? The first epistle, which considers man, and the habitation of man, relatively to the whole system of universal being. The second, which considers him in his habitation, in himself, and relatively to his own particular system. And the third, which shews how an universal cause works to one end, but works by various laws; how man, and beast, and vegetable are linked in a mutual dependency, parts necessary to each other, and necessary to the whole; how human societies were formed; from what spring true religion and true policy are derived; how God has made our greatest interests and our plainest duty indivisibly the same. These three epistles, I say, are finished. The fourth he is now intent upon. It is a noble subject; he pleads the cause of God. I use *Seneca's* expression against that famous charge which atheists in all ages have brought, the

the supposed unequal dispensations of providence ; a charge which I cannot heartily forgive your divines for admitting *. You admit it indeed for an extreme good purpose, and you build on this admission the necessity of a future state of rewards and punishments. But what if you should find that this future state

* To prove that the dispensations of providence in the present state are not unequal, is certainly very desirable ; but there is reason to fear, that those who blame divines for admitting an inequality, have not succeeded in the attempt.

The philosophers, both ancient and modern, who have endeavoured to justify the ways of God to man, by proving that happiness does not consist in externals, in order to shew that his dispensations are equal, have yet placed happiness in virtue chiefly, as a principle of active benevolence.

“ Happier as kinder in each due degree,

“ And height of bliss, but height of charity.”

Now there seems to be an inconsistency between these two principles, of which they are not aware.

It may reasonably be asked, what virtue, as a principle of active benevolence, has to bestow ? Can it bestow upon others any thing more than externals ? If not, it either has not the power of communicating happiness, or happiness is to be communicated in externals. If it has not the power of communicating happiness, it is indeed a mere name ; the subject receives nothing ; the agent gives nothing. The bliss of charity is founded on a delusion ; on the false supposition of a benefit communicated by externals, which externals cannot communicate. If happiness can be communicated by externals, and consequently is dependent upon them, and these externals are unequally distributed, how is the dispensation of Providence, with respect to happiness in the present state, equal ?

will

will not account for God's justice * in the present state, which you give up in opposition to the atheist? Would it not have been better to defend God's justice in this world, against these daring men, by irrefragable reasons, and to have rested the other point on revelation? I do not like concessions made against demonstration, repair or supply them how you will. The epistles I have mentioned will compose a first book; the plan of the second is settled. You will not understand by what I have said, that *Pope* will go so deep into the argument, or carry it so far as I have hinted. You inquire so kindly after my wife, that I must tell you something of her. She has fallen upon a remedy, invented by a surgeon abroad, and which has had great success in cases similar to hers. This remedy has visibly attacked the original cause of all her complaints, and has abated, in some degree, by one gentle and uniform effect, all the grievous and various symptoms. I hope, and surely with reason, that she will receive still greater benefit from this method of cure, which she will resume as soon as the great heat is over. If she recovers, I shall not, for her sake, abstract myself from the world, more than I do at present in this place. But if she should be taken from me, I should most certainly yield to that strong de-

* *i. e.* Will not reconcile the present unequal distribution of the divine justice.

fire which I have long had, of secluding myself totally from the company and affairs of mankind; of leaving the management even of my private affairs to others; and of securing, by those means, for the rest of my life, an uninterrupted tenor of philosophical quiet.

I suppose you have seen some of those volumes of scurrility which have been thrown into the world against Mr. P—— and myself, and the *Craftsman*, which gave occasion to them. I think it is the sense of all my friends, that the person who published the *Final Answer** took a right turn, in a very nice and very provoking circumstance. To answer all the falsties, misrepresentations, and blunders, which a club of such scoundrels, as *Arnold*, *Concanen*, and other pensioners of the minister, crouded together, would have been equally tedious and ridiculous, and must have forced several things to be said. To have explained some points, and to have stopped at others, would have given strength to that impertinent suggestion, Guilt alone is silent in the day of inquiry. It was therefore right to open no part of the scene of the late queen's reign, nor submit the passages of her administration, and

* This pamphlet was written by lord Bolingbroke, in his own vindication, in 1731. It is intituled, *A Final Answer to the Remarks on the Craftsman's Vindication of his two honourable Patrons; and to all the Libels which have come, or may come, from the same Quarter, against the Person last mentioned in the Craftsman of the 22d of May.*

the conduct of any of her ministers, to the examination of so vile a tribunal. This was still the more right, because, upon such points as relate to subsequent transactions, and as affect me singly, what the *Craftsman* had said was justified unanswerably; and what the remarker had advanced, was proved to be infamously false. The effect of this paper has answered the design of it; and, which is not common, all sides agree, that the things said ought to have been said. The public writers seem to be getting back from these personal altercations to national affairs, much against the grain of the minister's faction. What the effect of all this writing will be, I know not; but this I know, that when all the information which can be given is given; when all the spirit which can be raised is raised, it is to no purpose to write any more. Even you men of this world have nothing else to do, but to let the ship drive till she is cast away, or till the storm is over. For my own part, I am neither an owner, an officer, nor a foremast man. I am but a passenger, said my lord *Carbury*.

It is well for you I am got to the end of my paper; for you might else have a letter as long again from me. If you answer me by the post, remember whilst you are writing, that you write by the post. Adieu, my reverend friend.

L E T.

L E T T E R CCXCII.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

Drayton, Sept. 7, 1731.

TO shew how strictly I obey your orders, I came from the duchess of *Dorset's* country-house to my own, where I have rid and walked as often as the weather permitted me. Nor am I very nice in that ; for, if you remember, I was not bred up very tenderly, nor a fine lady ; for which I acknowledge myself exceedingly obliged to my parents : for had I that sort of education, I should not have been so easy and happy as I thank God I now am. As to the gout, indeed, I do derive it from my ancestors ; but I may forgive even that, since it waited upon me no sooner ; and especially since I see my elder and two younger brothers so terribly plagued with it ; so that I am now the only wine-drinker in my family ; and, upon my word, I am not increased in that since you first knew me.

I am sorry you are involved in law-suits ; it is the thing on earth I most fear. I wish you had met with as complaisant an adversary as I did ; for my lord *Peterborow* plagued Sir *John* * all his life-time ; but declared, if ever he gave the estate to me, he would have done with it ; and accordingly has kept his word, like an honourable man.

* Husband to lady B—— G——.

VOL. III.

F

I hope.

I hope I shall soon hear of the duke and duchess of *Dorset*'s safe landing ; and I do not question the people of *Ireland*'s liking them as well as they deserve. I desire no better for them ; for if you don't spoil him there, which I think he has too good sense to let happen, he is the most worthy, honest, good-natur'd, great-soul'd man that ever was born. As to the duchess, she is so reserved, that perhaps she may not be at first so much admired ; but, upon knowledge, I will defy any body upon earth with sense, judgment, and good-nature, not only not to admire her, but must love and esteem her as much as I do, and every one else does, that is really acquainted with her. You know him a little, so for his own sake you must like him ; and till you are better acquainted with them both, I hope you will like them for mine. Your friend *Biddy* * is just the same as she was ; laughs sedately, and makes a joke flily. And I am, as I ever was, and hope I ever shall be, your most sincere friend, and faithful humble servant,

E— G—

* Mrs. Biddy Floyd.

L E T.

L E T T E R CCXCIII.

The Countess of ——— to Dr. SWIFT*.

S I R,

Hampton-Court, Sept. 25, 1731.

YOU seem to think that you have a natural right to abuse me, because I am a woman, and a courtier. I have taken it as a woman and as a courtier ought, with great resentment, and a determined resolution of revenge. The number of letters that have been sent, and thought by many to be yours (and thank God they were all silly ones) has been a fair field to execute it. Think of my joy to hear you suspected of folly; think of my pleasure when I entered the list for your justification! Indeed I was a little disconcerted to find Mr. *Pope* took the same side; for I would have had the man of wit, the dignified divine, the *Irish Drapier*, have found no friend but the silly woman and the courtier. Could I have preserved myself alone in the list, I should not have despaired, that this monitor of princes,

* Three letters recommending Mrs. *Barber*, the wife of a tradesman in *Ireland* who had failed, to the queen, in order to forward a subscription for some poems, were forged in the Dean's name, and sent to her majesty. The Dean wrote an account of the fraud, and a justification of himself, to the countess of S——, in a letter, to which this is an answer. See one of the counterfeit letters, and the Dean's to lady S——, in the volumes published by Mr. *Deane Swift*.

this *Irish* patriot, this excellent man at speech and pen, should have closed the scene under suspicion of having a violent passion for Mrs. Barber and lady M—or : Mrs. Haywood* has writ the progress of it. Now, to my mortification, I find every body inclined to think that you had no hand in writing those letters; but I every day thank Providence that there is an epitaph in *St. Patrick's* cathedral†, that will be a lasting monument of your imprudence. I cherish this extremely; for, say what you can to justify it, I am convinced I shall as easily argue the world into a belief of a courtier's sincerity, as you (with all your wit and eloquence) will be able to convince mankind of the prudence of that action. I expect to hear, if peace shall ensue, or war continue between us. If I know but little of the art of war, you see I do not want courage; and that has made many an ignorant soldier fight successfully. Besides, I have a numerous body of light-armed troops to bring into the field, who, when single, may be as inconsiderable as a *Lilliputian*, yet ten thousand of them embarrassed captain *Gulliver*. If you send honourable articles, they shall be signed. I insist that you own you have been unjust to me; for I have never forgot you; for I have made

* Mrs. Haywood, a well-known writer of scandal in novels.

† On the duke of Schomberg. See the letter, to which this is an answer, in Mr. Deane Swift's collect.

others send my compliments, because I was not able to write myself. If I cannot justify the advice I gave you from the success of it, I gave you my reasons for it: and it was your business to have judged of my capacity by the solidity of my arguments. If the principle was false, you ought not to have acted upon it. So you have been only the dupe of your own ill judgment, and not my falsehood. Am I to send back the crown and the plaid, well packed up, in my own character, and continue very truly and very much your humble servant,

—————

L E T T E R CCXCIV.

Lady B———— G———— to Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 4, 1731.

I Believe in my conscience, that though you had answered mine before, the second was never the less welcome. So much for your topscript, not postscript; and in very sincere earnest I heartily thank you for remembering me so often. Since I came out of the country, my riding days are over; for I never was for your *Hyde-Park* courses, although my courage serves me very well at a hand gallop in the country for six or seven miles, with one horseman, and a ragged lad, a labourer's boy, that is to be cloathed when he can run fast enough to keep up with my horse, who has yet only proved his dexterity by escaping from school.

school. But my courage fails me for riding in town, where I should have the happiness to meet with plenty of your very pretty fellows, that manage their own horses, to shew their art; or that think a postilion's cap, with a white frock, the most becoming dress. These and their grooms I am most bitterly afraid of; because, you must know, if my complaisant friend, your presbyterian housekeeper*, can remember any thing like such days with me, that is a very good reason for me to remember that time is past; and your toupees would rejoice to see a horse throw an ancient gentlewoman.

I am sorry to hear you are no wiser in *Ireland* than we *English*; for our birth-day was as fine as hands could make us; but I question much whether we all paid ready money. I mightily approve of my duchess's being dressed in your manufacture†; if your ladies will follow her example in all things, they cannot do amiss. And I dare say, you will soon find,

* In a former edition, the editor, through mistake, supposed the presbyterian housekeeper to be Mrs. *White-way*. This was a great oversight; Mrs. *Brent*, the housekeeper, being mentioned as such in several of the Dean's letters. Mrs. *White-way* was his near relation, who never lived in his house, but frequently visited him, and especially in the latter part of his life.

† The duchess also appeared at the castle in *Dublin*, wholly clad in the manufactures of *Ireland*, on his majesty's birth-day in 1753, when the duke was a second time lord lieutenant.

that the more you know of them both, the better you will like them; or else *Ireland* has strangely depraved your taste, and that my own vanity will not let me believe, since you still flatter me.

Why do you tantalize me! Let me see you in *England* again, if you dare, and chuse your residence, summer or winter, *St. James's Square*, or *Drayton*. I defy you in all shapes; be it dean of *St. Patrick's* governing *England* or *Ireland*, or politician *Drapier*. But my choice should be the parson in lady *Betty's* chamber. Make haste then, if you have a mind to oblige your ever sincere and hearty old friend.

LETTER CCXCV.

Mr. GAY and the Duke of _____ to
Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 8, 1731.

FOR about this month or six weeks past, I have been rambling from home, or have been at what I may not improperly call other homes, at *Dawley*, and at *Twickenham*; and I really think, at every one of my homes you have as good a pretension as myself. For I find them all exceedingly disappointed by the law-suit that has kept you this summer from us. Mr. *Pope* told me that affair was now over; that you have the estate which was your security; I wish you had your own money; for I wish
you

you free from every engagement that keeps us from one another. I think you decyphered the last letter we sent you very judiciously. You may make your own conditions at *Amesbury*, where I am at present ; you may do the same at *Dawley* ; and *Twickenham*, you know, is your own. But if you rather chuse to live with me (that is to say, if you will give up your right and title) I will purchase the house you and I used to dispute about over-against *Ham* walks, on purpose to entertain you. Name your day, and it shall be done. I have lived with you, and I wish to do so again in any place, and upon any terms. The duchess does not know of my writing ; but I promised to acquaint the duke the next time I wrote to you, and, for aught I know, he may tell the duchess, and she tell Sir *William Wyndham*, who is now here ; and, for fear they should all have something to say to you, I leave the rest of the paper till I see the duke.

The D U K E.

Mr. *Gay* tells me, you seem to doubt what authority my wife and he have to invite a person hither, who, by agreement, is to have the government of the place during his stay ; when at the same time it does not appear, that the present master of these demesnes hath been consulted in it. The truth of the matter is this : I did not know whether you might not
have

have suspected me for a sort of a pert coxcomb, had I put in my word in the late correspondence between you and my wife. Ladies (by the courtesy of the world) enjoy privileges not allowed to men; and in many cases, the same thing is called a favour from a lady, which might perhaps be looked upon as an impertinence from a man. Upon this reflection I have hitherto refrained from writing to you, having never had the pleasure of conversing with you otherwise; and as that is a thing I most sincerely wish, I would not venture to meddle in a negociation that seemed to be in so fair a way of producing that desirable end. But our friend *John* has not done me justice, if he has never mentioned to you how much I wish for the pleasure of seeing you here; and though I have not till now avowedly taken any steps towards bringing it about, what has passed conducive to it has been all along with my privacy and consent; and I do now formally ratify all the preliminary articles and conditions agreed to, on the part of my wife, and I will undertake to the due observance of them. I depend upon my friend *John* to answer for my sincerity. I was not long at court. I have been a country gentleman for some time.

*Pall manus sub linus darque dds sive nig ig
gnipite gnaros.*

L E T T E R CCXCVI.

Lady B———— G———— to Dr. SWIFT.

Jan. 11, 1731-2.

IT is well for Mr. *Pope* your letter came as it did, or else I had called for my coach, and was going to make a thorough search at his house; for that I was most positively assured that you were there in private, the duke of *Dorset* can tell you. *Non credo* is all the *Latin* I know, and the most useful word upon all occasions to me. However, like most other people, I can give it up for what I wish; so for once I believed, or at least went half way in what I hoped was true, and then, for the only time, your letter was unwelcome. You tell me you have a request, which is purely personal to me: *non credo* for that; for I am sure you would not be so disagreeable as not to have made it, when you know 'tis a pleasure and satisfaction to me to do any thing you desire, by which you may find you are not *sans consequence* to me.

I met with your friend Mr. *Pope* the other day. He complains of not being well, and indeed looked ill. I fear that neither his wit or sense do arm him enough against being hurt by malice; and that he is too sensible of what fools say: the run is much against him
on

on the duke of *Chandois's* * account; but I believe their rage is not kindness to the duke, but they are glad to give it vent with some tolerable pretence. I wish your presence would have such a miraculous effect as your design on Mrs. *Biddy's* † speech: you know formerly her tongue was not apt to run much by inclination; but now every winter is kept still *per force*, for she constantly gets a violent cold, that lasts her all the winter. But as to that quarrelsome friend of the duke of *Dorset's*, I will let her loose at you, and see which can get the better. Miss *Kelly* was a very pretty girl when she went from hence, and the beaux shew their good taste by liking her. I hear her father is now kind to her; but if she is not mightily altered, she would give up some of her airs and equipage to live in *England*.

Since you are so good as to inquire after my health, I ought to inform you I never was better in my life than this winter. I have escaped both head-achs and gout; and that yours may not be endangered by reading such a long letter, I will add no more, but bid adieu to my dear Dean,

E—— G——.

* It was said that Mr. *Pope* intended the character of *Timon*, in his epistle on the use of riches in works of taste, addressed to the earl of *Burlington*, for the duke of *Chandois*.

† Mrs. *Biddy Floyd*.

LETTER CCXCVII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, Jan. 18, 1731-2.

IT is now past nine o'clock. I deferred sitting down to write to you, in expectation to have seen Mr. *Pope*, who left me two or three hours ago to try to find lord *Burlington*, within whose walls I have not been admitted this year and half; but for what reason I know not. Mr. *Pope* is just this minute come in, but had not the good luck to find him; so that I cannot give you any satisfaction in the affair you writ last about. He designs to see him to-morrow; and if any thing can be done, he says you shall hear from him.

By the beginning of my letter you see how I decline in favour; but I look upon it as my particular distinction, that as soon as the court gains a man, I lose him. It is a mortification I have been used to, so I bear it as a philosopher should. The letter which you writ to me and the duke I received, and Mr. *Pope* shewed me that directed to him, which gave me more pleasure than all the letters you have writ since I saw you, as it gives me hopes of seeing you soon.

Were I to acquaint the duke and duchess of my writing, I know that they would have something to say to you, and perhaps would prevent my sending the letter this post, so I
chuse

chuse to say nothing about it. You are in great favour and esteem with all those that love me, which is one great reason that I love and esteem them.

Whenever you will order me to turn your fortune into ready money, I will obey you; but I chuse to leave it where it is, till you want it, as it carries some interest; though it might be now sold to some advantage, and is liable to rises and falls with the other stocks. It may be higher as well as lower; so I will not dispose of it till I hear from you. I am impatient to see you, so are all your friends. You have taken your resolution, and I shall henceforth every week expect an agreeable surprize. The bellman rings for the letter, so I can say no more.

LETTER CCXCVIII.

Lady B— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

Feb. 23, 1731-2.

I Like to know my power (if it is so) that I can make you uneasy at my not writing; tho' I shan't often care to exert it, lest you should grow weary of me and my correspondence; but the slowness of my answers does not come from the emptiness of my heart, but the emptiness of my head; and that you know is nature's fault, not mine. I was not learned enough to know *non credo* has been so long in fashion; but every day convinces me more of

the necessity of it, not but that I often wish against myself; as *per* example, I would fain believe you are coming to *England*, because most of your acquaintance tell me so; and yet turn, and wind, and sift your letters to find any thing like it being true; but instead of that, there I find a law-suit, which is a worse tie by the leg than your lameness. And pray what is “this hurt above my heel?” Have you had a fellow-feeling with my lord lieutenant * of the gout, and call it a sprain as he does? who has lain † so long and often to disguise it, that I verily think he has not a new story left. Does he do the same in *Ireland*; for there I hoped he would have given a better example?

I find you are grown a horrid flatterer, or else you could never have thought of any thing so much to my taste as this piece of marble you speak of for my sister *Penelope* ‡,

* The duke of *Dorset*.

† This seems to be humorously made the participle of *lie*, *mentior*.

‡ Lady *Penelope Berkeley* died in *Dublin*, whilst her father was in the government, and was interred in *St. Andrew's* church under the altar. No monument was erected to her memory till about this time, when *Dr. Swift* caused a plate of black marble to be fixed in the wall over the altar-piece, with this inscription;

“Underneath lieth the body of the lady
 “*Penelope Berkeley*, daughter of the right
 “honourable *Charles* earl of *Berkeley*. She
 “died *September* the 3d, 1699.”

which

which I desire may be at my expence. I cannot be exact, neither as to the time, nor year, but she died soon after we came there, and we did not stay quite two years, and were in *England* some months before king *William* died. I wish I had my dame *Wadgar's*, or Mr. *Ferrers's* memorandum head, that I might know whether it was at the time * of gooseberries.

Surely your *Irish* air is very bad for darts; if Mrs. *Kelly's* are blunted already, make her cross father let her come over, and we won't use her so in *England*. If my duchess † sees company in a morning, you need not grumble at the hour; it must be purely from great complaisance, for that never was her taste here, though she is as early a riser as the generality of ladies are: and, I believe, there are not many dressing-rooms in *London*, but mine, where the early idle come.

Adieu abruptly; for I will have no more formal humble servants, with your whole name at the bottom, as if I was asking you your catechism.

* In the petition of *Frances Harris* to the lords justices, upon losing her purse, there are these verses,

“ Yes, says she, the steward I remember, when I was
“ at my lady *Sbrewsbury's*,

“ Such a thing as this happened just about the
“ time of gooseberries.”

This steward, was Mr. *Ferrers*; and dame *Wadgar*, was the old deaf housekeeper in lord *Berkeley's* family, when he was one of the lords justices of *Ireland*.

† The duchess of *Dorset*.

LETTER CCXCIX.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Indorsed.

"Received April 12, 1732."

I Hope this unlucky accident of hurting your leg will not prevent your coming to us this spring, though you say nothing about it. All your friends expect it, and particularly my landlord and landlady, who are my friends as much as ever; and I should not think them so, if they were not as much yours. The downs of *Amesbury* are so smooth, that neither horse or man can hardly make a wrong step, so that you may take your exercise with us with greater security. If you prevail with the duchess, to ride and walk with you, you will do her good; but that is a motive I could never prevail with her to comply with. I wish you would try whether your oratory could get over this difficulty. General *Dormer*, Sir *Clement Cottrell*, and I, set out to-morrow morning for *Rousham*, in *Oxfordshire*, to stay ten days or a fortnight. The duchess will undertake to recommend the lords of her acquaintance to attend Mr. *Ryves*, his cause, if it should come on before our return: the duke will do the same. Her grace too hath undertaken to answer your letter. I have not disposed of your *South-Sea* bonds; there is a year's interest due at *Lady-day*. Where I to
dispose

dispose of them at present, I should lose a great deal of the premium I paid for them: perhaps they may fall lower, but I cannot prevail with myself to sell them. The rogueries that have been discovered in some other companies, I believe, make them all have less credit. I find myself dispirited for want of having some pursuit. Indolence and idleness are the most tiresome things in the world. I begin to find a dislike to society. I think I ought to try to break myself of it, but I cannot resolve to set about it. I have left off almost all my great acquaintance, which saves me something in chair-hire, though in that article the town is still very expensive. Those who were your old acquaintance, are almost the only people I visit; and indeed, upon trying all, I like them best. Lord Cornbury refused the pension that was offered him; he is chosen to represent the university of Oxford (in the room of Mr. Bromley) without opposition. I know him, and I think he deserves it. He is a young nobleman of learning and morals, which is so particular, that I know you will respect and value him; and, to my great comfort, he lives in our family. Mr. Pope is in town, and in good health. I lately passed a week with him, at Twickenham. I must leave the rest to the duchess; for I must pack up my shirts, to set out to-morrow, the 14th of March, the day after I received your letter. If you would advise the duchess to

confine me four hours a day to my own room, while I am in the country, I will write ; for I cannot confine myself as I ought.

L E T T E R CCC.

Lady B— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

London, May 13, 1732.

I Am sorry my writing should inconvenience your eyes ; but I fear, it is rather my stile, than my ink, that is so hard to be read : however, if I do not forget myself, I will enlarge my hand to give you the less trouble. Their graces are at last arrived in perfect health, in spite of all their perils and dangers, though I must own, they were so long in their voyage, that they gave me an exceeding heart-ach ; and, if that would be any hindrance, they shall never have my consent to go back to *Ireland*, but remain here, and be only king of *Knowle* and *Drayton** ; and I do not think it would be worse for him, either in person or pocket. I dare say, he won't need a remembrancer's office for any thing you have spoken to him about ; but however, I will not fail in the part you have set me.

I find you want a strict account of me, how I pass my time. But first, I thank you for the nine hours out of the twenty-four you

* *Knowle*, a fine old seat of the duke of *Dorset's*, near *Seven Oaks*, in *Kent*.

allowed

allowed me for sleeping; one or two of them, I do willingly present you back again. As to quadrille, though I am, generally speaking, a constant attendant on it every day, yet I will most thankfully submit to your allowance of time; for when complaisance draws me on farther, it is with great yawnings, and a vast expence of my breath, in asking, Who plays? Who's called? And, what's trumps? If you can recollect any thing of my former way of life, such as it was, so it is. I never loved to have my hands idle; they were either full of work, or had a book; but as neither sort was the best, or most useful, so you will find forty years have done no more good to my head, than they have to my face. Your old friend *Biddy** is much your humble servant, and could she get rid of her cough, her spleen would do her and her friend no harm; for she loves a fly sedate joke, as well as ever you knew her do. The duke and duchess are just come in, who both present their service to you, and will take it as a favour, if you will bestow any of your time that you can upon lord *George*†.

Adieu, for the duchess, the countess of S——, Mr. *Charden*, and I, are going to quadrille.

* Mrs. *Biddy Floyd*.

† Lord *George Sackville* was at this time a student in the university of *Dublin*.

L E T T E R C C C I.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, May 19th, 1732.

T O-morrow we set out for *Amesbury*, where I propose to follow your advice, of employing myself about some work next winter. You seemed not to approve of my writing more fables. Those I am now writing, have a prefatory discourse before each of them, by way of epistle, and the morals of them most are of the political kind; which makes them run into a greater length than those I have already published. I have already finished fifteen or sixteen; four or five more would make a volume of the same size as the first. Though this is a kind of writing that appears very easy, I find it is the most difficult of any I ever undertook. After I have invented one fable, and finished it, I despair of finding out another; but I have a moral or two, which I wish to write upon. I have also a sort of scheme to raise my finances by doing something for the stage: with this, and some reading, and a great deal of exercise, I propose to pass my summer. I am sorry it must be without you. Why can't you come and faunter about the downs a horseback, in the autumn, to mark the partridges for me to shoot for your dinner? Yesterday I received your letter, and notwithstanding your reproaches of laziness,

laziness, I was four or five hours about business, and did not spend a shilling in a coach or chair. I received a year's interest on your two bonds, which is 8%. I have four of my own. I have deposited all of them in the hands of Mr. Hoare, to receive the half year's interest at Michaelmas. The premium of the bonds is fallen a great deal since I bought yours. I gave very near 6% on each bond, and they are now sold for about 50s. Everything is very precarious, and I have no opinion of any of their public securities; but, I believe, the parliament next year intend to examine the *South-Sea* scheme. I do not know whether it will be prudent to trust our money there till that time. I did what I could to assist Mr. Ryves; and I am very glad that he hath found justice. Lord Bathurst spoke for him and was very zealous on bringing on his cause. The duchess intended to write in my last letter, but she set out all on a sudden, to take care of lord Drumlanrig*, who was taken ill of the small pox at Winchester school. He is now perfectly well recovered (for he had a favourable kind) to the great joy of our family. I think she ought, as she intends, to renew her correspondence with you at Amesbury. I was at Dawley on Sunday. Lady Bolingbroke continues in a very bad state of health, but still retains her spirits. You are

* Her son.

always remembered there with great respect and friendship. Mrs. *Pope* is so worn out with old age, but without any distemper, that I look upon her life as very uncertain. Mr. *Pope's* state of health is much in the same way as when you left him. As for myself, I am often troubled with the cholic. I have as much inattention, and have, I think, lower spirits than usual, which I impute to my having no one pursuit in life. I have many compliments to make you from the duke and duchess, and lords *Bolingbroke*, *Bathurst*, Sir *William Wyndham*, Mr. *Pulteney*, Dr. *Arbuthnot*, Mr. *Lewis*, &c. Every one of them is disappointed in your not coming among us. I have not seen dean *Berkeley*, but have read his book *, and like many parts of it; but in general think, with you, that it is too speculative, at least for me. Dr. *Delaney* I have very seldom seen; he did not do me the honour to advise with me about any thing he hath published †. I like your thoughts upon this sort of writing, and I should have advised

* ‘*Alciphron: Or, The Minute Philosopher.* Printed at London, in 1732, in two volumes 8vo.’

† ‘He published at London, in this year 1732, in two vol. 8vo. *Revelation examined with Candour: Or, a fair Inquiry into the Sense and Use of the several Revelations expressly declared, or sufficiently implied, to be delivered to Mankind from the Creation, as they were found in the Bible. By a professed Friend to an honest Freedom of Thought in religious Inquiries.*’

him as you did, though I have lost his good opinion. I write in very great haste; for I have many things to do before I go out of town. Pray make me as happy as you can, and let me hear from you often. But I am still in hopes to see you, and will expect a summons one day or other to come to *Bristol*, in order to be your guide at *Amesbury*.

L E T T E R CCCII.

Lady CATHERINE JONES to Dr. SWIFT.

June 15, 1732.

THE return of my humble thanks to Mr. Dean, by the date it bears, looks more like a slumber of gratitude, than the quick sense of that rare virtue which I owe to you, Sir, for the trouble you have so willingly undertaken, in executing what I so much desired; since the manner you have done it in, answers my wishes in every respect. The proposal you made, I acquainted my sister *Kildare*, and niece *Fanny Coningsby* with; for being but one part of the family, I cannot act farther than they will consent, which is, that they will settle twenty shillings *per* year, that you may never be liable to any more trouble upon the same occasion*.

* The repairs of her grandfather archbishop Jones's monument in *St. Patrick's* cathedral. See her letter dated *June 11, 1729*. This lady, and the late earl of *Burling-*

I need not inform you, Mr. Dean, that the world teaches us, that relations and friends look like two different species: and, though I have the honour to be allied to my lord *Burlington*, yet since the death of my good father and his, the notice he takes of me, is, as if I was a separated blood; or else, I am vain enough to say, we are sprung from one ancestor, whose ashes keep up a greater lustre than those who are not reduced to them.

I cannot conclude without saying, that were I worthy in any way to have the pleasure of seeing dean *Swift*, I do not know any passion, even envy would not make innocent, in my ambition of seeing the author of so much wit and judicious writing, as I have had the advantage of. Your most humble and obliged servant,

CATHERINE JONES.

Your opinion of Mr. *French* is just, and his due.

LETTER CCCIII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

July 18, 1732.

I Write this letter, in hopes that *Pope*, a man scattered in the world (according to the *French* phrase) will soon procure me an opportunity of conveying it safely to you, my reverend

Burlington, were second cousins, being both lineally descended from the first earl of *Corke*.

dean.

dean. For my own part, half this wicked nation might go to you, or half your nation might come to us, and the whole migration be over before I knew any thing of the matter. My letter will concern neither affairs of state, nor of party; and yet I would not have it fall into the hands of our ministers; it might pass in their excellent noddles for a piece of a plot against themselves, if not against the state, or, at least it might furnish them with an opportunity of doing an ill-natured, and disappointing a good natured thing; which being a pleasure to the malicious and the base, I should be sorry to give it on any occasion, and especially on this, to the *par nobile fratrum* *.

After this preamble, I proceed to tell you, that there is in my neighbourhood, in *Berkshire*, a clergyman, one Mr. *Talbot*, related to the solicitor-general, and protected by him. This man has now the living of *Burfield* †, which the late bishop of *Durham* held before, and, for aught I know, after he was bishop of *Oxford*. The living is worth 400*l.* per ann. over and above a curate paid, as Mr. *Correy*, a gentleman who does my business in that country, and who is a very grave authority, assures me. The parsonage house is extremely good, the place pleasant, and the air excellent, the distance from *London* a little day's

* ‘ Sir Robert *Walpole*, and his brother *Horace*. ’

† ‘ A rectory in *Berkshire*. ’

journey, and from hence (give me leave to think this circumstance of some importance to you) not much above half a day's, even for you, who are not a great jockey. Mr. *Talbot* has many reasons, which make him desirous to settle in *Ireland* for the rest of his life, and has been looking out for a change of preferments some time. As soon as I heard this, I employed one to know whether he continued in the same mind, and to tell him, that an advantageous exchange might be offered him, if he could engage his kinsman to make it practicable at court. He answered for his own acceptance, and his kinsman's endeavours. I employed next some friends to secure my lord *Dorset*, who very frankly declared himself ready to serve you in any thing, and in this, if you desired it. But he mentioned a thing, at the same time, wholly unknown to me, which is, that your deanry is not the nomination of the crown, but in the election of the chapter. This may render our affair perhaps more easy; more hard, I think, it cannot be; but in all cases, it requires other measures to be taken. One of these I believe must be, to prepare Dr. *Hoadley*, bishop of *Salisbury*, if that be possible, to prepare his brother the archbishop of *Dublin*. The light, in which the proposition must be represented to him, and to our ministers (if it be made to them) is this, that though they gratify you, they gratify you in a thing advantageous to them-

themselves, and silly in you to ask. I suppose it will not be hard to persuade them, that it is better for them you should be a private parish priest in an *English* county, than a dean in the metropolis of *Ireland*, where they know, because they have felt, your authority and influence. At least, this topic is a plausible one for those who speak to them, to insist upon, and, coming out of a whig's mouth, may have weight. Sure I am, they will be easily persuaded, that quitting power for ease, and a greater for a less revenue, is a foolish bargain, which they should by consequence help you to make.

You see now the state of this whole affair, and you will judge better than I am able to do, of the means to be employed on your side of the water: as to those on this, nothing shall be neglected. Find some secure way of conveying your thoughts and your commands to me; for my friend has a right to command me arbitrarily, which no man else upon earth has. Or rather, dispose of affairs so as to come hither immediately. You intended to come some time ago. You speak, in a letter *Pope* has just now received from you, as if you still had in view to make this journey before winter. Make it in the summer, and the sooner the better. To talk of being able to ride with stirrups, is trifling: get on Pegasus, bestride the hippogryph, or mount the white nag in the *Revelations*. To be serious; come

any, how, and put neither delay nor humour in a matter which requires dispatch and management. Though I have room, I will not say one word to you about *Berkeley's* * or *De-lany's* books †, some part of the former is hard to be understood; none of the latter is to be read. I propose, however, to reconcile you to metaphysics, by shewing how they may be employed against the metaphysicians; and that whenever you do not understand them, no-body else does, no not those who write them.

I know you are inquisitive about the health of the poor woman who inhabits this place: it is tolerable, better than it has been in some years. Come and see her; you shall be nursed, fondled, and humoured. She desires you to accept this assurance, with her humble service. Your horses shall be grazed in summer, and fothered in winter; and you and your man shall have meat, drink, and lodging. Washing I can't afford, Mr. dean, for I am grown saving. Thanks to your sermon about frugality.

* ' *Alciphron: Or, the Minute Philosopher.*'

† ' *Revelation examined with Candour.*'

L E T T E R CCCIV.

Lady B—— G——— to Dr. SWIFT.

Drayton, July 19, 1732.

I Believe you won't wonder at my long silence, when I tell you, that Mrs. *Floyd** came ill here, but that she kept pretty much to herself; and ever since she has been here, till within these two or three days, I have had no hopes of her life. You may easily guess what I must have suffered for a so long tried, prudent, useful, agreeable companion and friend. And, God knows, she is now excessively weak, and mends but slowly: however, I have now great hopes, and I am very good at believing what I heartily wish. As I dare say, you will be concerned for her, you may want to know her illness, but that is more than I can tell you. She has fancied herself in a consumption a great while: but though she has had the most dreadful cough I ever heard in my life, all the doctors said, it was not that; but none of them did say what it was. The doctor here, who is an extraordinary good one (but lives fourteen long miles off) has lately been left ten thousand pounds, and now hates his business; he says, it is a sharp humour that falls upon her nerves, sometimes on her stomach and bowels; and indeed what he has given her, has, to appearance, had much better effect than the mil-

* Mrs. *Biddy Floyd*,

lions of things she has been forced to take. After this, you will not expect, I should have followed your orders, and ride, for I have scarcely walked; although I dare not be very much in her room, because she constrained herself to hide her illness from me.

The duke and duchess of *Dorset* have not been here yet, but I am in hopes they will soon. I don't know whether you remember Mrs. *Crowther* and Mrs. *Acourt*: they and Mr. *Parfode* are my company; but as I love my house full, I expect more still. My lady — talks of making me a short visit. I have been so full of Mrs. *Floyd*, that I had like to have forgot to tell you, that I am such a dunder-head, that I really do not know what my sister *Pen's* age was, but I think, she could not be above twelve years old. She was the next to me, but whether two or three years younger I have forgot; and what is more ridiculous, I do not exactly know my own, for my mother and nurse used to differ upon that notable point. And I am willing to be a young lady still, so will not allow myself to be more than forty-eight next birth-day; but if I make my letter any longer, perhaps you will wish I never had been born. So adieu, dear Dean.

L E T T E R CCCV.

Mr. GAY and the Duchefs of ——— to Dr.
SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Amesbury, July 24, 1732.

AS the circumstances of our money affairs are altered, I think myself obliged to acquaint you with them as soon as I can; which if I had not received your letter last post, I should have done now. I left your two *South-Sea* bonds, and four of my own, in Mr. *Hoare's* hands, when I came out of town, that he might receive the interest for us, when due; or, if you should want your money, that you might receive it upon your order. Since I came out of town, the *South-Sea* company have come to a resolution to pay off 50 *per cent.* of their bonds, with the interest of the 50 *per cent.* to *Michaelmas* next. So that there is now half of our fortunes in Mr. *Hoare's* hands at present, without any interest going on. As you seem to be inclined to have your money remitted to *Ireland*, I will not lay out the sum that is paid into his hands in any other thing, till I have your orders. I cannot tell what to do with my own. I believe I shall see Mr. *Hoare* in this country very soon; for he hath an house not above six miles from us, and I intend to advise with him; though, in the present situation of affairs, I expect to be left to take my own way. The remaining 50 *per cent.*

cent. were it to be sold at present, bears a premium. I do not know whether I write intelligibly upon the subject. I cannot send you the particulars of your account, though I know I am in debt to you for interest, besides your principal; and you will understand so much of what I intend to inform you, that half of your money is now in Mr. *Hoare's* hands without any interest. So since I cannot send you the particulars of your account, I will now say no more about it.

I shall finish the work I intended this summer; but I look upon the success in every respect to be precarious. You judge very right of my present situation, that I cannot propose to succeed by favour; and I don't think, if I could flatter myself that I had any degree of merit, much could be expected from that unfashionable pretension.

I have almost done every thing I proposed in the way of fables; but have not set the last hand to them. Though they will not amount to half the number, I believe they will make such another volume as the last. I find it the most difficult task I ever undertook; but have determined to go through with it; and, after this, I believe I shall never have courage enough to think any more in this way. Last post I had a letter from Mr. *Pope*, who informs me, he hath heard from you; and that he is preparing some scattered things of yours and his for the press. I believe I shall not see him till the

the winter; for, by riding and walking, I am endeavouring to lay in a stock of health, to squander in the town. You see, in this respect, my scheme is very like the country gentlemen in regard to their revenues. As to my eating and drinking, I live as when you knew me; so that in that point we shall agree very well in living together; and the duchess will answer for me, that I am cured of inattention; for I never forget any thing she says to me.

The DUCHESS here takes up the rest of the line.

For he never hears what I say, so cannot forget. If I served him the same way, I should not care a farthing ever to be better acquainted with my *Tunbridge* acquaintance, whom, by my attention to him, I have learned to set my heart upon. I began to give over all hopes, and from thence began my neglect. I think this a very philosophical reason, though there might be another given. When fine ladies are in *London*, it is very genteel and allowable to forget their best friends; which, if I thought modestly of myself, must needs be you, because you know little of me. Till you do more, pray don't persuade Mr. *Gay*, that he is discreet enough to live alone; for I do assure you he is not, nor I either. We are of great use to one another; for we never flatter nor contradict, but when it is absolutely necessary,

cessary, and when we do, it is to some purpose; particularly the first agrees mightily with our constitutions. If ever we quarrel, it will be about a piece of bread and butter; for somebody is never sick, except he eats too much. He will not quarrel with you for a glass or so; for by that means he hopes to gulp down some of that forty millions of schemes that hindered him from being good company. I would fain see you here, there is so fair a chance that one of us must be pleased; perhaps both, you with an old acquaintance, and I with a new one: it is so well worth taking a journey for, that if the mountain will not come to *Mahomet*, *Mahomet* must go to the mountain. But before either of our journies are settled, I desire you would resolve me one question, whether a man, who thinks himself well where he is, should look out for his house and servants before 'tis convenient, before he grows old, or before a person, with whom he lives, pulls him out by the sleeve in private (according to oath) and tells him, they have enough of his company? He will not let me write one word more, but that I have a very great regard for you, &c.

The duke is very much yours, and will never leave you to your wine*. Many thanks

* When the Dean was with Mr. Pope at *Twickenham*, he used to desert them soon after supper, with, "Well, gentlemen, I leave you to your wine."

for your drum—— I wish to receive your congratulations for the other boy, you may believe——.

LETTER CCCVI.

Mrs. CÆSAR * to Dr. SWIFT.

Aug. 6, 1732.

PERmit me to congratulate you upon the return of Mrs. *Barber*, with thanks for pleasures enjoyed in her company; for had she not come recommended by the dean of St. *Patrick's*, likely I had passed her by unheeded, being apt to follow a good author, in shunning those of my own coat. But hold; I must look if it runs not from corner to corner, which I more fear than length. For *Pope* says, Though sometimes he finds too many letters in my words, never too many words in my letters. So, with Mr. *Cæsar's* and my best wishes, thou worthy, witty, honest Dean, farewell.

M. ADELMAR CÆSAR.

* Wife to the treasurer of the navy during lord *Oxford's* administration, in the reign of queen *Anne*.

L E T T E R CCCVII.

LADY WORSLEY * to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Aug. 6, 1732.

I flatter myself, that if you had received my last letter, you would have favoured me with an answer; therefore I take it for granted it is lost.

I was so proud of your commands, and so fearful of being supplanted by my daughter, that I went to work immediately, that her box might not keep her in your remembrance, whilst there was nothing to put you in mind of an old friend, and humble servant. But Mrs. Barber's long stay here (who promised me to convey it to you) has made me appear very negligent. I doubt not but you think me unworthy of the share you once told me I had in your heart. What if I am a great-grandmother, I can still distinguish your merit from all the rest of the world; but it is not consistent with your good breeding to put me in mind of it; therefore I am determined not to use my interest with Sir Robert for a living in the *Isle of Wight*, though nothing else could reconcile me to the place. But if I could make you archbishop of *Canterbury*, I should forget my resentments for the sake of the flock,

* Frances lady Worsley, wife of Sir Robert Worsley, Bart. and mother of lady Carteret, wife of John lord Carteret, afterwards earl Granville,

who

who very much want a careful shepherd. Are we to have the honour of seeing you, or not? I have fresh hopes given me; but I dare not please myself too much with them, lest I should be again disappointed. If I had it as much in my power as my inclination to serve Mrs. Barber, she should not be kept thus long attending; but I hope her next voyage may prove more successful. She is just come in, and tells me you have sprained your foot, which will prevent your journey till the next summer; but assure yourself the *Bath* is the only infallible cure for such an accident. If you have any regard remaining for me, you'll shew it by taking my advice; if not, I'll endeavour to forget you, if I can. But, till that doubt is cleared, I am, as much as ever, the Dean's obedient humble servant,

F. WORSLEY.

L E T T E R CCCVIII.

Mr. GAY and the Duchefs of ——— to Dr.
SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Amesbury, Aug. 28, 1732.

MR. Hoare hath a hundred and odd pounds of yours in his hands, which you may have whenever you will please to draw upon me for it. I know I am more indebted to you, I mean, besides the *South-Sea* bond of a hundred, that still subsists; but I cannot tell you exactly how your account stands till I go to town. I

have money of my own too in Mr. *Hoare's* hands, which I know not at present how to dispose of. I believe I shall leave it without interest till I go to town, and shall then be at the same loss how to dispose of it as now. I have an intention to get more money next winter; but I am prepared for disappointments, which I think it is very likely I shall meet with; yet as you think it convenient and necessary that I should have more than I have, you see I do what I can to oblige you. If my designs should not take effect, I desire you will be as easy under it as I shall be; for I find you so solicitous about me, that you cannot bear my disappointments as well as I can. If I don't write intelligibly to you, it is because I would not have the clerks of the post-office know every thing I am doing. If you would come here this summer, you might, with me, have helped to have drank up the duke's wine, and saved your money. I am grown so saving of late, that I very often reproach myself with being covetous; and I am very often afraid that I shall have the trouble of having money, and never have the pleasure of making use of it. I wish you could live among us; but not unless it could be to your ease and satisfaction. You insist upon your being minister of *Amesbury*, *Dawley*, *Twickenham*, *Risking*, and a prebendary of *Westminster*. For your being minister in those places, I cannot promise you; but I know you might have a good living in every

every one of them. Gambadoes I have rid in, and I think them a very fine useful invention; but I have not made use of them since I left *Devonshire*. I ride and walk every day to such excess, that I am afraid that I shall take a surfeit of it. I am sure, if I am not better in health after it, it is not worth the pains. I say this, though I have this season shot nineteen brace of partridges. I have very little acquaintance with our vicar; he doth not live among us, but resides in another parish. And I have not played at backgammon with any body since I came to *Amesbury*, but lady *Harold*, and lady *Bateman*. As Dr. *Delaney* hath taken away a fortune from us *, I expect to be recommended in *Ireland*. If authors of godly books are intitled to such fortunes, I desire you would recommend me as a moral one; I mean, in *Ireland*, for that recommendation would not do in *England*.

The DUCHESS begins.

The duchess will not lend you two or three thousand pounds to keep up your dignity, for reasons to *Strada dal Poe*; but she had much rather give you that, or ten thousand pounds more, than lay it out in a fine petticoat, to make herself respected.

I believe, for all you give Mr. *Gay* much

* The doctor married Mrs. *Tennison*.

good advice, that you are a very indiscreet person yourself, or else you would come here to take care of your own affairs; and not be so indiscreet, as to send for your money over to a place where there is none. Mr. *Gay* is a very rich man; for I really think he does not wish to be richer; but he will, for he is doing what you bid him; though, if it may not be allowed, he will acquire greater honour, and less trouble. His covetousness, at present, is for health, which he takes so much pains for, that he does not allow himself time to enjoy it. Neither does he allow himself time to be either absent or present. When he began to be a sportsman, he had like to have killed a dog; and now every day I expect he will kill himself, and then the bread and butter affair can never be brought before you. It is really an affair of too great consequence to be trusted in a letter; therefore pray come on purpose to decide it. If you do, you will not hear how familiar I am with goody *Dobson*; for I have seen goody *Dobson* play at that with so ill a grace, that I was determined never to risque any thing so unbecoming. I am not beloved, neither do I love any creature, except a very few, and those for not having any sort of merit, but only because it is my humour. In this rank Mr. *Gay* stands first, and yourself next, if you like to be respected upon these conditions. Now do you know me? He
stands

stands over me, and scolds me for spelling ill; and is very peevish (and sleepy) that I do not give him up the pen; for he has yawn'd for it a thousand times. We both once heard a lady (who at that time we both thought well of) wish that she had the best living in *England* to give you. It was not I; but I do wish it with all my heart, if Mr. Gay does not hang out false lights for his friend.

Mr. GAY goes on here.

I had forgot to tell you, that I very lately received a letter from *Twickenham*, in which was this paragraph: “ *Motte* and another idle fellow, “ I find, have been writing to the Dean, to “ get him to give them some copy-right, “ which surely he will be not so indiscreet as “ to do, when he knows my design, and has “ done these two months and more. Surely “ I should be a properer person to trust the “ distribution of his works with, than so “ common a bookseller. Here will be no- “ thing but the ludicrous and little things; “ none of the political, or any things of consequence, which are wholly at his own disposal. But, at any rate, it would be silly in him to give a copy-right to any, which can only put the manner of publishing them hereafter out of his own and his friend’s power into that of mercenaries.”

I really think this is a very useful precaution, considering how you have been treated by these sort of fellows.

The duke is fast asleep, or he would add a line.

L E T T E R CCCIX.

Sir WILLIAM FOWNES to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Island-Bridge, Sept. 9, 1732.

IT has been the observation of travellers (as I have been frequently told) that, in all the countries they have seen, they never met with fewer public charitable foundations than in this kingdom.

Private charities, no doubt, will have their reward ; but public are great incitements : and good examples often draw others on, though grudgingly ; and so a good work be done, no matter who are the workmen.

When I was lord-mayor, I saw some miserable lunatics exposed, to the hazard of others, as well as themselves. I had six strong cells made at the workhouse for the most outrageous, which were soon filled ; and by degrees, in a short time, those few drew upon us the solicitations of many, till by the time the old corporation ceased, we had, in that house, forty and upwards. The door being opened, interest soon made way to let in the foolish, and such like, as mad folks. These grew a needless charge upon us, and had that course gone on,

on, by this time the house had been filled with such. The new corporation got rid of most of these by death, or the care of friends, and came to a resolution not to admit any such for the future; and the first denial was to a request of the earl of *Kildare*, which put a full stop to all farther applications. As I take it, there are, at this time, a number of objects which require assistance; and probably may be restored, if proper care could be taken of them. There is no public place for their reception, nor private undertakers, as about *London*. Friends and relations here would pay the charge of their support and attendance, if there were a place for securing such lunatics.

I own to you, I was for some time averse to our having a public *Bedlam*, apprehending we should be overloaded with numbers, under the name of mad. Nay, I was apprehensive our case would soon be like that in *England*; wives and husbands trying who could first get the other to *Bedlam*. Many, who were next heirs to estates, would try their skill to render the possessor disordered, and get them confined, and soon run them into real madness. Such like consequences I dreaded, and therefore have been silent on the subject till of late. Now I am convinced that regard should be had to those under such dismal circumstances; and I have heard the primate and others express their concern for them; and no doubt but very sufficient subscriptions may be had to
see

set this needful work on foot. I should think it would be a pleasure to any one, that has any intention this way, to see something done in their life-time, rather than leave it to the conduct of posterity. I would not consent to the proceeding on such a work in the manner I have seen our poor-house and Dr. *Stevens's* hospital, *viz.* to have so expensive a foundation laid, that the expence of the building should require such a sum, and so long a time to finish, as will take up half an age.

My scheme for such an undertaking should be much to this effect :

First, I would have a spot of ground fixed on, that should be in a good open air, free from the neighbourhood of houses ; for the cries and exclamations of the outrageous would reach a great way, and ought not to disturb neighbours : which was what you did not think of, when you mentioned a spot in a close place, almost in the heart of the city. There are many places in the out-skirts of the city I can name, very proper.

Next to the fixing of a proper spot, I would, when that is secured, (which should be a good space) have it well inclosed with a high wall, the cost of all which must be known. Then I would have the cells of the *Royal Hospital Infirmary*, lately made for mad people, be examined, how convenient, and how in all points they are adapted to the purpose, with the cost of these cells, which I take to be six or eight pounds..

pounds. Then I would proceed to the very needful house for the master and the proper servants. Then another building, to which there should be a piazza for a stone gallery, for walking dry; and out of that, several lodging cells for such as are not outrageous, but melancholy, &c. This may be enlarged in length, or by a return; and over head the same sort of a gallery, with little rooms or cells, opening the doors into the gallery; for, by intervals, the objects affected may be permitted to walk at times in the galleries.

This is according to the custom of *Lonaon*. Annexed to the master's house must be the kitchen and offices.

This proceeding may be so contrived, as to be enlarged from time to time, as there shall be a fund, and occasion to require the additions. There is no necessity for any plans or architects; but an ordinary capacity may contrive those enlargements. Perhaps there may appear some well-disposed persons, who will say, they will make this enlargement; and, by such helps, they may be sufficiently done to answer all purposes.

It comes just now into my head, that there is a very proper * spot, which I think the chapter of *St. Patrick* let to one *Lee*, a bricklayer,

* The ground here mentioned by Sir *William Forunes* does not belong to the dean and chapter of *St. Patrick's*, but to the corporation of *Vicars coral* in that cathedral.

or builder. It lies back of *Aungier-street* east, comes out of *York-street*, down a place called the *Dunghill*, runs down to the end of *King-street*, facing *William-street*; at the north end of which some alms-houses are built by *Dowling* and others. Also there stands, to the front of the street, a large stone building, called an *Alms-house*, made by *Mrs. Mercer*; though, by the bye, I hear she is weary of her project, and does little in supplying that house, or endowing it. Perhaps the ground may be easily come at from *Lee's* heirs; and, by your application, I know not but *Mrs. Mercer* may give her house up, to promote so good a work. This will go a good way, and being followed by subscriptions, a great and speedy progress may be made, in which I will readily join my interest and labour. If that spot fails, we will pitch upon another. Whatsoever may be your future intentions, don't deny me the consideration of the good your appearance and help may now do. I would not make a step in this affair, if it shall not be agreed, that all matters, which require the consent by votes, shall be determined by the method of a balloting-box, that no great folks, or their speeches, should carry what they please, by their method of scoring upon paper and seeing who marks, &c. too much practised.

If there be nothing in this paper worth your attention, you know how to dispose of it.

it. You have the thoughts of your assured
humble servant,

W. FOWNES.

THE PROPOSAL.

I. That an hospital, called *Bedlam*, be built in the city of *Dublin*, or liberties, for the reception of lunatics from any parts of the kingdom.

II. In order to promote so good a work, let subscriptions be taken in *Dublin*, and in every city and town in the kingdom; and that the chief magistrate of each place be desired to recommend the subscription-paper sent to him for that purpose.

III. That when public notice is given in print, that ground is secured for building the hospital of *Bedlam*, the subscription be collected, and sent to *Dublin*, and paid into the hands of

Query, Mr. *Thorn*, steward to the *Blue-coat* hospital, a very proper person.

IV. That, upon notice given by Mr. *Thorn*, that he has received 200*l.* a meeting shall be held of all subscribers who happen to be in *Dublin*, at a proper time and place.

V. Such persons as subscribe 5*l.* or upwards, to have a vote at such meeting.

VI. That Mr. *Thorn*, giving security, be continued to receive and pay out the money subscribed for one year, and be allowed only
six-pence

six-pence *per* pound, for receiving and paying.

VII. That the money first laid out shall be for the building of six or eight strong cells, for outrageous lunatics to be confined in, and after the form of those made at the infirmary of the *Royal Hospital*.

VIII. That the college of physicians be desired to contribute to this good work, by appointing two or three of their body to be present at the first meeting, and to give their opinion, as to the conveniency of the cells, what boilers are proper to be set up in a kitchen, and what food is proper to be provided for such lunatics.

IX. That near the cells be made a kitchen, small at first, and in such manner, as capable to be enlarged. That over this kitchen be a middle room, and over it a garret, to lodge the cook-maid, and one other maid.

X. That adjoining the kitchen may be made one room, of 18 feet by 18, which may serve for Mr. *Thorn* to attend in, and where the doctors, or any subscribers, may meet on occasion. And over this room another, to serve for a store-room ; and a garret to lodge a porter or two, that must attend the lunatics.

XI. That these buildings be made plain and strong, with as little cost as can be.

XII. That the charge of these be computed separate, and that of the inside necessities ;

so that the work may go on as fast as the subscription fund can be got in.

XIII. That subscribers, at the first meeting, do elect seven of their number, such as are knowing in carrying on of the work, and willing to attend at needful times. That any three or more, at any meeting of the hospital, may give directions for proceeding on the buildings agreed upon to be made at the first meeting of the subscribers; at which first meeting a second meeting may be agreed upon, and so from time to time.

The walling-in of the piece of ground intended for this use may go on as the fund will bear, without obstructing the first useful buildings. And whereas there are lunatics of several kinds, as the melancholy, &c. and some that are unruly by fits, a building must be designed for this sort; the floors not lofty, but made sufficiently airy, twenty feet wide, whereof ten for a gallery, and ten for lodges; each lodge eight or ten feet broad.

Dear Sir,

Herewith you have my thoughts of the affair you mentioned to me. I wish I could prevail on you to patronize it, and lay down your own scheme. I am most confident it cannot fail going on briskly. You have friends and interest enough to set it a going, although there may be some grandees would rather other hands had the conduct of it; yet the

the work speaks so much for itself, they must be ashamed not to contribute, much more to obstruct it.

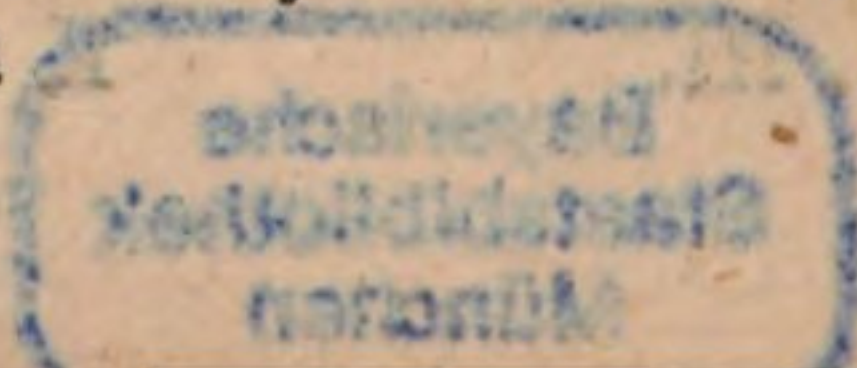
In the paper called *The Proposal*, I have considered the privatest and least expensive way of going to work, avoided public forms, and grandees interposing. *Tom Thorn* by chance I thought upon for that reason, and for preventing jobs, &c. Do what you please with my papers. I am just ditto.

L E T T E R CCCX.

Lady B ——— G ——— to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Nov. 7, 1732.

I Should have answered yours sooner, but that I every day expected another from you, with your orders to speak to the duke; which I should with great pleasure have obeyed, as it was to serve a friend of yours. Mrs. *Floyd* is now, thank God, in as good health as I have seen her these many years, though she has still her winter cough hanging upon her; but that I fear I must never expect she should be quite free from at this time of day. All my trouble with her now is, to make her drink wine enough, according to the doctor's order, which is not above three or four glasses, such as are commonly filled at sober houses; and that she makes so great a rout, with so many faces, that there is nobody that did not know her



her perfectly well, but would extremely suspect she drinks drams in private.

I am sorry to find our taste so different in the same person; and as every body has a natural partiality to their own opinion, so it is surprising to me to find lady S—— dwindle in yours, who rises infinitely in mine, the more and the longer I know her. But you say, you will say no more of courts, for fear of growing angry; and indeed I think you are so already, since you level all without knowing them, and seem to think that none who belongs to a court can act right. I am sure this cannot be really and truly your sense, because it is unjust; and if it is, I shall suspect there is something of your old maxim in it (which I ever admired and found true) that you must have offended them, because you don't forgive. I have been about a fortnight from *Knowle*, and shall next *Thursday* go there again for about three weeks, where I shall be ready and willing to receive your commands, who am most faithfully and sincerely yours.

LETTER CCCXI.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Nov. 16, 1732.

I Am at last come to *London* before the family, to follow my own inventions. In a week or fortnight I expect the family will follow me. You may now draw upon me for your money

as soon as you please. I have some of my own too that lies dead; and I protest I do not know which way at present to dispose of it, every thing is so precarious. I paid Mr. *Lancelot* 12*l.* and pay myself the five guineas you had of me, and have deducted your loss, by paying off one of the *South-Sea* bonds; and I find I have remaining of yours 21*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* And I believe, over and above that sum, there will be more owing to you upon account of interest on the bonds, about four or five pounds. Mr. *Hoare* hath done this for me; but I have not had time to call upon him yet, so that I cannot be more particular. As the money now lies in Mr. *Hoare*'s hands, you see it is ready on demand. I believe you had best give notice when you draw on me for it, that I may not be out of the way. I have not as yet seen Mr. *Pope*, but design in a day or two to go to him, though I am in hopes of seeing him here to-day or to-morrow. If my present project succeeds, you may expect a better account of my own fortune a little while after the holidays; but I promise myself nothing, for I am determined that neither any body else, or myself, shall disappoint me. I wish the arguments made use of to draw you here were every way of more consequence. I would not have you change one comfort of life for another. I wish you to keep every one of those you have already, with as many additional ones as you like. When I sit down

to consider on the choice of any subject, to amuse myself by writing, I find I have a natural propensity to write against vice, so that I don't expect much encouragement; though I really think in justice I ought to be paid for following my own inclination; but the great are ungrateful. Mr. *Pulteney's* young son hath had the small-pox, and is perfectly recovered. He is not in town, but is expected in about a week from the *Bath*. I must answer the letter you writ to the duchess and me, when her grace comes to town; for I know she intended to have a part in it. Why can't you come among us in the beginning of the new year? The company will be then all in town, and the spring advancing upon us every day. What I mean by the company is, those who call themselves your friends, and I believe are so. It is certain the parliament will not meet till the middle of *January*. I have not been idle while I was in the country; and I know your wishes in general, and in particular, that industry may always find its account. Believe me, as I am, unchangeable in the regard, love, and esteem I have for you.

L E T T E R CCCXII.

Mr. ROBERT ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Rouen, Jan. 2, 1732-3.

I Have flattered myself these many years, that
K 3 vapours

vapours or company could have brought you over seas to *Spaw*, or to some such place, and that you would have taken *Paris* in your way; and so I should have had the pleasure of seeing you in some place of my own. I wonder much that a person of so much good humour can let yourself grow old, or die without seeing some other country than your own. I am not quite so wicked as to wish you any real illness to bring you to us, though I should not be sorry that you thought you had need of the change of air. I wish you a happy new year, and many more; and (whatever interest I have against it) good health and prosperity, and every thing that I can wish to one that I much honour and esteem.

I recommend to your friendship and acquaintance the bearer, Mr. *Delamere*. His brother, now dead, has been with you in *Ireland*; and this gentleman deserves from me all the kindness my friends can shew him. Adieu, dear Sir. If I can serve you in any thing, command me always; for I am with great esteem your most humble, and most obedient servant,

ROB. ARBUTHNOT.

L E T.

LETTER CCCXIII.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, Jan. 13. 1732-3.

I Had the pleasure of receiving one from you by Mr. ———*. I thank you for the opportunity it gave of being acquainted with a very agreeable ingenious man. I value him very much for his music, which you gave yourself an air of contemning; and I think I treated him in that way to a degree of surprise.

I have had but a melancholy sorrowful life for some time past, having lost my dear child, whose life, if it had so pleased God, I would willingly have redeemed with my own. I thank God for a new lesson of submission to his will, and likewise for what he hath left me.

We have all had another loss of our worthy and dear friend Mr. Gay†. It was some alleviation of my grief to see him so universally lamented by almost every body, even by those who knew him only by reputation. He was interred at *Westminster-Abbey*, as if he had been a peer of the realm; and the good duke of *Queensberry*, who lamented him as a bro-

* ' Probably the reverend Mr. *Pilkington*, who came over to be chaplain to alderman *Barber*, when lord mayor of *London*.'

† He died *December 4, 1732*.

ther, will set up a handsome monument upon him. These are little affronts put upon vice and injustice, and is all that remains in our power. I believe the *Beggar's Opera*, and what he had to come upon the stage, will make the sum of the diversions of the town for some time to come. *Curll* (who is one of the new terrors of death) has been writing letters to every body for memoirs of his life. I was for sending him some, particularly an account of his disgrace at court, which I am sure might have been made entertaining: by which I should have attained two ends at once, published truth, and got a rascal whipped for it. I was over-ruled in this. I wish you had been here, though I think you are in a better country. I fancy to myself, that you have some virtue and honour left, some small regard for religion. Perhaps Christianity may last with you at least twenty or thirty years longer. You have no companies or stock-jobbing, are yet free of excises; you are not insulted in your poverty, and told with a sneer, that you are a rich and a thriving nation. Every man that takes neither place nor pension is not deemed with you a rogue, and an enemy to his country.

Your friends of my acquaintance are in tolerable good health. Mr. *Pope* has his usual complaints of head-ach and indigestion, I think, more than formerly. He really leads sometimes a very irregular life, that is, lives
with

with superior health and strength. You will see some new things of his, equal to any of his former productions. He has affixed to the new edition of his *Dunciad*, a royal declaration against the haberdashers of points and particles, assuming the title of critics and restorers, wherein he declares, that he has revised carefully this his *Dunciad*, beginning and ending so and so, consisting of so many lines, and declares this edition to be the true reading; and it is signed by *John Barber, major civitatis Londini*.

I remember you, with your friends, who are my neighbours: they all long to see you. As for news, there is nothing here talked of but the new scheme of excise. You may remember that a ministry in the queen's time, possessed of her majesty, the parliament, army, fleet, treasury, confederate, &c. put all to the test, by an experiment of a silly project of the trial of a poor parson*. The same game, in my mind, is playing over again, from a wantonness of power, *Miraberis quam pauca sapientia mundus regitur*. I have considered the grievance of your wine: the friend that designed you good wine, was abused by an agent that he intrusted this affair to. It was not this gentleman's brother, whose name is *Delamere*, to whom shew what friendship you can.

My neighbour, the profeman, is wiser, and more cowardly and despairing than ever. He talks me into a fit of vapours twice or thrice a week. I dream at night of a chain, and rowing in the gallies. But, thank God, he has not taken from me the freedom I have been accustomed to in my discourse (even with the greatest persons to whom I have access) in defending the cause of liberty, virtue, and religion: for the last, I have the satisfaction of suffering some share of the ignominy that belonged to the first confessors. This has been my lot, from a steady resolution I have taken of giving these ignorant impudent fellows battle upon all occasions. My family send you their best wishes, and a happy new year; and none can do it more heartily than myself, who am, with the most sincere respect, your most faithful humble servant.

L E T T E R CCCXIV.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

Feb. 8, 1732-3.

I Received yours of the 8th of *January* but last week, so find it has lain long on the road after the date. It was brought me whilst at dinner, that very lady sitting close to me, whom you seem to think such an absolute courtier*. She knew your hand, and inquired much after

* The countess of S——.

you, as she always does ; but I finding her name frequently mentioned, not with that kindness I am sure she deserves, put it into my pocket with silence and surprize. Indeed, were it in people's power, that live in a court with the appearance of favour, to do all they desire for their friends, they might deserve their anger, and be blamed when it does not happen right to their minds ; but that, I believe, never was the case of any one : and in this particular of Mr. *Gay*, thus far I know, and so far I will answer for, that she was under very great concern that nothing better could be got for him : the friendship upon all other occasions in her own power, that she shewed him, did not look like a double-dealer.

As to that part concerning yourself and her, I suppose it is my want of comprehension, that I cannot find out why she was to blame to give you advice, when you asked it, that had all the appearance of sincerity, good-nature, and right judgment. And if, after that, the court did not do what you wanted, and she both believed and wished they would, was it her fault ? At least, I cannot find out that you have hitherto proved it upon her. And though you say, you lamented the hour you had seen her, yet I cannot tell how to suppose that your good sense and justice can impute any thing to her, because it did not fall out just as she endeavoured, and hoped it would.

As to your creed in politics, I will heartily and sincerely subscribe to it.—That I detest avarice in courts; corruption in ministers; schisms in religion; illiterate, fawning, betrayers of the church in mitres. But at the same time, I prodigiously want an infallible judge, to determine when it is really so: for as I have lived longer in the world, and seen many changes, I know those out of power and place always see the faults of those in, with dreadful large spectacles; and I dare say you know many instances of it in lord *Oxford's* time. But the strongest in my memory is Sir *R——W——*, being first pulled to pieces in the year 1720, because the *South-Sea* did not rise high enough; and since that, he has been to the full as well banged about, because it did rise too high. So experience has taught me, how wrong, unjust, and senseless party factions are; therefore I am determined never wholly to believe any side or party against the other; and to shew that I will not, as my friends are in and out of all sides, so my house receives them all together; and those people meet here, that have and would fight in any other place. Those of them that have great and good qualities and virtues, I love and admire; in which number is lady ——; and I do like and love her, because I believe, and as far as I am capable of judging, know her, to be a wise, discreet, honest, and sincere courtier, who will promise no farther than she can perform, and will

will always perform what she does promise ; so now you have my creed as to her *.

I thought I had told you in my last, at least I am sure I designed it, that I desire you would do just as you like about the monument ; and then it will be most undoubtedly approved by your most sincere and faithful servant.

L E T T E R CCCXV.

The Duchess of ——— to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Feb. 21, 1732-3.

SOON after the death of Mr. *Gay* I found myself more inclined to write to you, than to allow myself any other entertainment. But considering that might draw you into a correspondence that most likely might be disagreeable, I left off all thoughts of this kind, till Mr. *Pope* shewed me your letter to him, which encourages me to hope we may converse together as usual ; by which advantage, I will not despair to obtain in reality some of those good qualities you say I seem to have. I am conscious of only one, that is, being an apt scholar ; and if I have any good in me, I certainly learned it insensibly of our poor friend, as children do any strange language. It is not possible to imagine the loss his death is to me ;

* This spirited defence of lady ———, against a man of *Swift's* ability and disposition, does lady *B. G.* more honour than she would have deserved by writing the best satire against all the courts and courtiers in the world.

but, as long as I have any memory, the happiness of ever having had such a friend can never be lost to me.

As to himself, he knew the world too well to regret leaving it; and the world in general knew him too little to value him as they ought. I think it my duty to my friend to do him the justice to assure you, he had a most perfect and sincere regard for you. I have learned a good deal of his way of thinking on your account; so that if at any time you have any commands in this part of the world, you will do me a pleasure to employ me, as you would him; and I shall wish it could ever be in my power to serve you in any thing essential. The duke of ——— meant to write, if I had not, concerning your money-affairs. We both thought of it, as soon as we could of any thing; and if you will only write word what you would have done with it, great care shall be taken, according to your order. I differ with you extremely, that you are in any likelihood of dying poor or friendless: the world can never grow so worthless. I again differ with you, that it is possible to comfort one's self for the loss of friends, as one does upon the loss of money. I think I could live on very little, nor think myself poor, or be thought so; but a little friendship could never satisfy one, and I could never expect to find such another support as my poor friend. In almost every thing but friends, another of the same name may do

do as well; but friend is more than a name, if it be any thing.

Your letter touched me extremely; it gave me a melancholy pleasure. I feel much more than you wrote, and more than I hope you will continue to feel. As you can give Mr. *Pope* good advice, pray practise it yourself. As you cannot lengthen your friend's days, I must beg you, in your own words, not to shorten your own; for I do full well know by experience, that health and happiness depend on good spirits. Mr. *Pope* is better in both this year, than I have seen him a good while. This you'll believe, unless he has told you what he tells me, that I am his greatest flatterer. I hope that news has not reached you; for nothing is more pleasant than to believe what one wishes. I wish to be your friend; I wish you to be mine; I wish you may not be tired with this; I wish to hear from you soon; and all this in order to be my own flatterer, I will believe.—I never write my name.—I hope you have no aversion to blots.

Since I wrote this, the duke of —— bids me tell you, that if you have occasion for the money, you need only draw upon him, and he will pay the money to your order. He will take care to have the account of interest settled, and made up to you. He will take this upon himself, that you may have no trouble in this affair.

LETTER CCCXVI.

Dr. SWIFT to the Duchess of —.

MADAM,

March 20, 1732-3.

I Had lately the honour of a letter from your grace, which was dated just a month before it came to my hand, and the ten days since I have been much disordered with a giddiness, that I have been long subjected to at uncertain times. This hindered me from an acknowledgement of the great favour you have done me. The greatest unhappiness of my life is grown a comfort under the death of my friend *, I mean my banishment in this miserable country ; for the distance I am at, and the despair I have of ever seeing my friends, further than by a summer's visit, and this so late in my life, so uncertain in my health, and so embroiled in my little affairs, may probably never happen ; so that my loss is not so great as that of his other friends, who had it always in their power to converse with him. But I chiefly lament your grace's misfortune, because I greatly fear, with all the virtues and perfections which can possibly acquire the highest veneration to a mortal creature from the worthiest of human kind, you will never be able to procure another so useful, so sincere, so virtuous, so disinterested, so entertaining, so easy,

* Mr. Gay.

and

and so humble a friend, as that person whose death all good men lament. I turn to your letter, and find your grace hath the same thoughts. Loss of friends hath been called a tax upon long life, and, what is worse, it is then too late to get others, if they were to be had, for the younger ones are all engaged. I shall never differ from you in any thing longer than till you declare your opinion, because I never knew you wrong in any thing, except your condescending to have any regard for me; and therefore all you say upon the subject of friendship I heartily allow. But I doubt you are a perverter; for sure I was never capable of comparing the loss of friends with the loss of money. I think we never lament the death of a friend upon his own account, but merely on account of his friends, or the public, or both; and his, for a person in private life, was as great as possible. How finely you preach to us who are going out of the world, to keep up our spirits, without informing us where we shall find materials! Yet I have my flatterers too, who tell me I am allowed to have retained more spirits than hundreds of others who are richer, younger, and healthier than myself; which, considering a thousand mortifications added to the perfect ill-will of every creature in power, I take to be a high point of merit, as well as an implicit obedience to your grace's commands. Neither are those spirits (such as they be) in the least broken by

the honour of lying under the same circumstances with a certain great person, whom I shall not name, of being in disgrace at court. I will excuse your blots upon paper, because they are the only blots that you ever did, or ever will make, in the whole course of your life. I am content, upon your petition, to receive the duke and your grace for my stewards for that immense sum; and in proper time I may come to thank you, as a king does the commons, for your loyal benevolence. In the mean while, I humbly intreat your grace, that the money may lie where you please, till I presume to trouble you with a bill as my lord duke allows me.

One thing I find, that you are grown very touchy since I lost the dear friend who was my supporter; so that perhaps you may expect I shall be very careful how I offend you in words, wherein you will be much mistaken: for I shall become ten times worse after correction. It seems Mr. *Pope*, like a treacherous gentleman, shewed you my letter, wherein I mention good qualities that you *seem* to have. You have understroked that offensive word, to shew it should be printed in *italic*. What could I say more? I never saw your person since you were a girl, except once in the dark (to give you a bull of this country) in a walk next the *Mall*. Your letters may possibly be false copies of your mind, and the universal, almost idolatrous esteem you have forced from every person

person in two kingdoms, who have the least regard for virtue, may have been only procured by a peculiar art of your own, I mean that of bribing all wise and good men to be your flatterers. My literal mistakes are worse than your blots. I am subject to them, by a sort of infirmity wherein I have a few fellow-sufferers; I mean that my heart runs before my pen, which it will ever do in a greater degree, as long as I am a servant to your grace, I mean to the last hour of my life and senses. I am with the greatest respect and utmost gratitude, Madam, your grace's most obedient, most obliged, and most humble servant.

I desire to present my most humble respects and thanks to my lord duke of ——. For a man of my level, I have as bad a name almost as I desire; and I pray God that those who give it me, may never have reason to give me a better.

L E T T E R CCCXVII.

Lord C———— to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

March 24, 1732-3.

I Had the favour of your letter of the 19th of *February*. A gentleman left it at my door. I have not heard from him since, though he said he would call again, and who he is, I don't know. I shewed it to my wife, and lady *Worsley*, who will not fail to obey your commands,

mands, and tease me if I could be forgetful of your orders, to attend the cause of the city of *Dublin* when it comes into the house. I know by experience how much that city thinks itself under your protection, and how strictly they used to obey all orders fulminated from the sovereignty of *St. Patrick's*. I never doubted their compliance with you in so trivial a point as a * recorder. You can give any one law and capacity in half an hour; and if by chance a rake should get those faculties any other way, you can make the worthy citizens believe he has them not, and you can sustain any machine in a furred gown.

I thank you for the letter by Mr. *Pilking-ton* †. I have seen him twice at a great entertainment at my lord mayor's, where you was the first toast. I like the young man very well, and he has great obligations to you, of which he seems sensible.

I hope Dr. *Delaney* is well, and that you see one another often, and then the doctor won't have leisure to pursue his dissertations ‡, or to answer the reverend prelate on your side, who

* Mr. *Stanard* was about this time chosen recorder of the city of *Dublin*, chiefly at the recommendation of Dr. *Swift*.

† Husband of the celebrated Mrs. *Letitia Pilkington*. Alderman *Barber* was this year lord mayor; and having complimented the Dean with the nomination of his chaplain, the Dean nominated Mr. *Pilking-ton*.

‡ 'Revelation examined with Candour.'

I hear

I hear has answered him. As I have not read the dissertations, so I shall not read the answer; which, I hope, without offence, I may suppose to be your case. If so, I hope you will endeavour to keep me well with the doctor, who took it a little unkindly of me, that I would shut my eyes to such revelation so demonstrated. I have a great esteem for him, to which nothing that he can write upon those subjects can make any addition; and therefore I would run no risques as to altering my opinion of him by reading his books.

That health and prosperity may attend you, is my sincere wish; and I intreat you to believe that I am, with great truth, Sir, your most humble and obedient servant.

The whole family of my ladies send their compliments.

L E T T E R CCCXVIII.

Lord B———— to Dr. SWIFT.

Cirencester, March 29, 1733.

MY MOST DEAR DEAN,

I Am indebted to you for several scraps of paper, which you have sent me; but I waited to receive a letter from you, and then would have returned you an answer as well as I could. I obeyed your commands signified in your *Penultieme*; I attended your cause; your client happened to be in the right, and we are not a little in the wrong, that we gave no costs.
I should

I should have moved for them, but I had distinguished myself in pressing lords to attend, and told so many that I had your commands so to do, that I did not think it proper to take that part upon me, and no-body else would do it; therefore give me leave to tell you, that you are bound in conscience to pay that poor man 100*l*. He would certainly have had that sum, if you had not interposed in that peremptory manner.

As to your last orders, in relation to the *Dublin* cause, I take it for granted you are in the wrong. All corporations of men are perpetually doing injustice to individuals. I will attend it, but am as much prejudiced against them as it is possible, though I know nothing of the man, nor the matter in question. I have often reflected (from what cause it arises I know not) that the majority of a society are honest men, and would act, separately, with some humanity, and according to the rules of morality; yet, conjunctively, they are hard-hearted determined villains. I know physicians, who, if you take them out of their practice, are very good sort of men; but was there ever in the world a consultation of them that tended to any thing else than robbery and murder? Do the body of lawyers think of any thing else, but to plunder and destroy the rest of mankind? In short there is no corporation to be excepted out of this general rule but the two houses of parliament; and
all

all assemblies of divines, wheresoever dispersed through the Christian world. So much for your *Dublin* cause.

Now I must tell you, I want exceedingly to see you here ; and I would have you come just about *Midsummer*. If you come a moment before that time, you will find the parliament sitting, all in a flame about excises ; and go into what company you will, you can hear of nothing else. I reckon by that time we shall separate, and then I come down to this place *en famille*, (where I am now only a sojourner for three days) and you shall be better accommodated than you were last time you was here. I can assure you I have made great alterations ; and to speak modestly, I think, I may say, it is by much the finest place in *England*. What *Ireland* may produce I cannot tell. *Pope* has promised to come down ; and it is time for him to retire, for he has made the town too hot to hold him *.

Poor *John Gay* ! we shall see him no more ; but he will always be remembered, by those who knew him, with a tender concern. I want to know how you do, and what you are doing. I suspect you are grown very idle ; for I have not heard of any production from

* ‘ Probably by the publication of *The first Satire of the second Book of Horace, imitated, in a Dialogue between Alexander Pope, Esq; on the one Part, and his learned Council on the other.* Published in February, 1732-3.’

that fertile brain of yours a great while. And besides, the greatest mark of idleness that I know, is the minding of other people's business. You that used to be employed in supporting or pulling down ministers, in instructing or diverting mankind, in inflaming kingdoms, or pacifying contending parties, now seem to be dwindled into an *Irish* solicitor. I expect to see you in a dirty brown coat, with a little green bag under your arm. However, let me see you. If I cannot laugh with you, as I used to do, I will laugh at you; for I am resolved to laugh as long as I live. So, my dear little pettifogger, adieu.

L E T T E R CCCXIX.

Lord M———— M to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

London, April 7, 1733.

I Hope you will excuse me that I have not answered your letter sooner; but I shall not be backward in obeying your commands, by attending the cause you mentioned, when it comes into the house. I shall not fail speaking to those few lords, I can be so free with, to attend also; and shall rejoice if it should be determined to your satisfaction: and I have good reason to believe it will, being fully convinced, that you can interest yourself in nothing but where justice is uppermost. We have long flattered ourselves with the hopes of having your good company here. I am sure
there

there is no family in this kingdom wishes to see you more than that of the M——'s, who will always have you in remembrance for your health and welfare. I doubt not but you hear from better hands the state of our affairs, in relation to the excising tobacco and wine, therefore shall not trouble you upon that subject; and shall only desire your farther commands wherein I am capable to serve you; assuring you, that I am, with great esteem and faith, Sir, your most faithful and humble servant.

Postscript by lady M——.

SIR,

There are few things in life would give me more joy than to see you again in this part of the world. Let your friends have that pleasure; for in doing it you will oblige a vast number of people; but nobody more, my dear Dean, than your affectionate humble servant.

LETTER CCCXX.

The Duchess of —— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

April 12, 1733.

I Received yours of the 23d of *March*. Perpetual pains in my head have hindered me from writing till this moment; so you see you are not the only person that way tormented. I dare believe there are as many bad heads in

England as in *Ireland*; I am sure none worse than my own; that I am made for pain, and pain for me; for of late we have been inseparable. It is a most dispiriting distemper, and brings on pain of mind, whether real or imaginary, it is all one.

Whilst I had that very sincere good friend, I could sometimes lay open all my rambling thoughts, and he and I often would view and dissect them; but now they come and go, and I seldom find out whether they be right or wrong, or if there be any thing in them. Poor man! he was most truly every thing you could say of him. I have lost, in him, the usefulest limb of my mind. This is an odd expression; but I cannot explain my notion otherwise.

I deny that I am touchy; yet I am going to seem so again, by assuring you my letters are never false copies of my mind. They are often, I believe, imperfections of an imperfect mind; which, however, to do it justice, often directs me better than I act. Though I will not take upon me to declare my way of thinking to be eternally the same; yet whatever I write is at that instant true. I would rather tell a lye than write it down; for words are wind ('tis said); but the making a memorandum of one's own false heart would stare one in the face immediately, and should put one out of countenance. Now, as a proof of my unsettled way of thinking, and of my sincerity,

cerity, I shall tell you, that I am not so much in the wrong as you observed I was in my last: for my regard to you is lessened extremely, since I observed you are just like most other people, *viz.* disobliged at trifles, and obliged at nothings; for what else are bare words? Therefore pray never believe I wish to serve you till you have tried me; till then protestations are bribes, by which I may only mean to gain the friendship of a valuable man, and therefore ought to be suspected. I seldom make any for that reason; so that if I have the peculiar happiness to have any wise good people my flatterers, God knows how I came by it; but sure nothing can equal such glory, except that of having the silly and bad people my enemies.

Here I think we agree. You declare, that no such can depress your spirits; and if our constitutions are alike, I will not only preach up good spirits, but prescribe the materials that have ever agreed with me. If any body has done me an injury, they have hurt themselves more than me. If they give me an ill name (unless they have my help) I shall not deserve it. If fools shun my company, it is because I am not like them; if people make me angry, they only raise my spirits; and if they wish me ill, I will be well and handsome, wise and happy, and every thing, except a day younger than I am, and that's a fancy I never yet saw becoming to man or woman, so it

cannot excite envy. Here I have betrayed to you the devilishness of my temper; but I declare to you, nothing ever enlivened me half so much as unjust ill usage, either directed to myself or my friends. The very reverse happens to me, when I am too well spoken of; for I am sorry to find I don't deserve it all. This humbleth me as much too much as the other exalts; so I hope you will not be too civil, since I have declared the consequence.

I am in great hopes you will make us a visit this summer; for though I have a sensible satisfaction by conversing with you in this way, yet I love mightily to look in the person's face I am speaking to. By that one soon learns to stop when it is wished, or to mend what is said amiss.

Your stewards will take great care of your money; but you must first direct us to your friend Mr. *Lancelot*, and order him to give up Mr. *Gay's* note, on his sister's paying the money to his grace, who will give him his note for the money, or send it to you, just as you order. And as to what interest is due, I suppose, you have kept some account.

By this time you must be too much tired, to bear reading one word more, therefore I will make no excuses. Pray employ me; for I want to be certain whether I know my own mind or not; for something or other often tells me, that I should be very happy to be of any use to you. Whether it be true or false, nei-
ther

ther you or I can be positive, till an opportunity shews; but I do really think, that I am, dear Sir, most sincerely yours, &c.

L E T T E R CCCXXI.

Lady B—— G——— to Dr. SWIFT.

May 1, 1733.

I Should have answered yours of the 22d of *March* long ago, but that I have had some troubles and frights. The uneasiness I was under made me neglect what, at another time, would have been agreeable to myself, Mrs. *Chambers's* youngest sister having had the small-pox, but now perfectly well. Mrs. *Floyd* too has been excessively bad with her winter cough and dispiritedness; but country air, I think, has a little revived her.

His grace of *Dorset* bids me present his humble service to you, and says, the rectory of *Churchtown* is at Mr. *Stafford Lightburne's* service. As to the countess of *Suffolk's* affair in dispute, I cannot possibly (according to your own just rule) be angry, because I am in the right. It is you ought to be angry, and never forgive her, because you have been so much in the wrong, as to condemn her without the shew of justice; and I wish with all my heart, as a judgment upon you, that you had seen her, as I did, when the news of your friend's death* came; for though you are a proud

* Mr. Gay.

parson, yet (give you, devil, your due) you are a sincere, good-natured, honest one. I am extremely Mrs. *Kelly's* humble servant; but I will never believe she is more valued for her beauty and good qualities in *Ireland* than she was in *England*. The excise you mention has caused great changes here. Some that I am sorry for, though I will not enter into the merits of the cause, because of my aversion from politics. But if you did dislike it, why did you bestow such a costly funeral upon it, as to burn its bones on a sumptuous pile, like a *Roman* emperor?

Adieu, my ever-honoured old friend, and do not let me see any more respects or ladyships from you.

L E T T E R CCCXXII.

The Duchess of ——— to Dr. SWIFT.

Amesbury, May 31, 1733.

I Am now again your *Tunbridge* correspondent. His grace and I have been here this fortnight, with no other company than bricklayers and labourers. We are throwing down a parcel of walls, that blocked us up every way, and making a sunk fence round the house. This will make the place as chearful again, and we find great entertainment by inspecting the work. Since I came here, even I have often got up by six in the morning (I designed it always) and the whole house are fast asleep before

before twelve. This I call good hours. I walk as much as I am able, sometimes rather more. We sometimes ride, though not often; for the evenings and mornings are very cold, and the middle of the day violently hot. North-east winds continually, and such want of rain, that the ground is hard as iron. I am the most temperate creature in my diet you ever knew; yet, with all my care, I cannot be well. I believe, if I am never guilty of a greater fault, I shall meet with very little resentment, either public or private. They are the faults in the world soonest forgot, and the seldomest truly repented. Let that be as it will, since health is undoubtedly the most valuable thing in life, I shall do all I can to obtain it. This makes me consent to a thing in the world I am most averse to, that is going to the *Spaw*, about a month or six weeks hence. I wish it was good for your complaints, that we might be there together. Really, if you think it will be of any use to you, and that you can order your affairs so as to make it possible, depend upon it we shall make it our study, and a very agreeable one too, to make you as easy and happy as it is in the power of people (not of a very troublesome disposition) to contrive. Your complaint and mine are not very different, as I imagine. Mine is a sort of dizziness, which generally goes off by the head-ach. Some learned people give it a name I do not know how to spell, a vertigo,
or

or a vertigo. Pray understand that I really and truly do not only say, but mean, that I wish you could either meet us at the *Spaw*, or at *London*, to go on with us; and in this I am sure I shall never change my mind. If it can do you any good, I feel myself enough your friend to resent it extremely, if you miss this opportunity. This you would believe, if you knew what obligations I have to you. I am generally poor in spirit, or quarrelling with myself for being good for nothing. When a letter comes from you, it does not only entertain and revive me, but instantly I fancy I ought to have a good opinion of myself; which is of very great use to have, provided it is kept within just bounds. I shall punctually obey your commands concerning that poem; but I think you may be perfectly easy on that account; for I saw it before I left *London*, and heard several people talk of it, and the general opinion was, that you had no hand in it; but that the thing happened just as you say. I think you need not be much disturbed at it. The other trouble you mention I can allow of. Philosophy cannot make such things not be; the most it can pretend to is, to help people to patience. I am heartily sorry you have any particular occasion for any. Is your law suit still in being? Perhaps I may be impertinent; but I remember you once mentioned something of that kind.

I am

I am pretty well satisfied any thing is bad for the head that fills it too full ; therefore I advise you to unbend your thoughts, and ask my advice ; if it should prove good, take it ; if not, leave it. I should be mighty glad to be of service to you ; in making me so, you would shew kindness to the memory of your very sincere friend, and be kind to me. You may depend upon me, both for his sake and your own. I will endeavour to convey your messages to lady *Catherine* and *Charlotte* as soon as possible. The first I have not conversed with this year and half ; I believe she is nobody's friend, but I more than believe that nobody is her's. I have a brother, that I dare answer you would like, if you knew him perfectly, not else. I love and honour him, and he deserves it. When his grace goes to *London*, which will be very soon, your money shall be as you ordered. He is mightily shocked at so many speeches. He is not by just now, or undoubtedly he would think you deserve to have them returned. It is lucky for me, for I am come to the end of my paper. Note, without an excuse.

LETTER CCCXXIII.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

June 5, 1733.

HAS Mr. *Stafford Lightburne*'s friend got the gout in his fingers ? Or is he so busy in measuring

firing the water, and casting a figure to know the exact time when to set his friends a swimming, that he can't find one moment to let me know that he received my letter, written a month ago, to inform you that his grace would chearfully and readily obey your commands. Howeve I am again ordered by him to tell you, that the warrant will be sent to *Dublin* by next post; so pray let Mr. *Lightburne* be ready to make his personal appearance, least they should not else know how to find him. It was well you needed no intercessor to his grace; and that the no-promise from him, and the one word from you, is of much more weight than my rhetoric: for I have been so horridly used by a nasty griping brother black-coat, in a small three and six-pence affair of my own, that I don't know whether I should not have done like you of the faction, revenge myself of the innocent, for the sake of one bishop and minister*, that I say has cheated, fleeced, and flead me, just as if they had been *South-Sea* or *East India* directors.

You are angry, if I do not mention Mrs. *Floyd*, to you; so I must tell you, she is gone for a little time into the country, to try if that will ever cure her cough. I am heartily sorry for your new friend Mrs. *Kelly*, who writes in a disponding way to Mrs. *Chambers* about

* See Letters cccxxiv. and cccxxvii.

her health, and talks of going to *Spaw*. This is a melancholy subject, and I hate to be vexed. So I will say no more of it, but adieu, my dear Dean, and let me hear from you soon.

LETTER CCCXXIV.

Lady B— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

Knole, July 9, 1733.

NOW, says parson *Swift**, What the devil makes this woman write to me with this filthy white ink? I cannot read a word of it, without more trouble than her silly scribble is worth. Why, say I again: Ay, it is the women are always accused of having bad writing implements; but to my comfort be it spoke, this is his grace my lord lieutenant's ink. My bureau at *London* is so well furnished, that his grace and his secretary make so much use of it, that they are often obliged to give half a crown, that I may not run out my estate in paper. It is very happy when a go-between pleases both sides, and I am very well pleased with my office, for his grace is delighted, that it was in his power to oblige you. So *treve de compliment*. Since I have declared my passion against a bishop and a

* The name she called the dean by, in the stanza which she inserted in his ballad on *The Game of Traffic*.

parson,

parson, it is but fair, I should tell you the story, whether you care to hear it or not; but if you do not, I give you leave not to mind it, for now it is over, I am calm again.

As to the * bishop, I know neither his principles nor his parts, but his diocese is *Peterborough*; and having a small park in *Northamptonshire*, which I had a mind to increase by a small addition, to make my house stand in the middle of it. Three shillings and six pence worth of land, at the largest computation belongs to the church; for which my old parson (who flatters me black and blue, when he comes from a *Sunday* dinner, and says he loves me better than any body in the world) has made me give him up in lieu of that land, a house and ground that lets for 40s. a year, and is hardly content with that, but reckons it a vast favour. And the bishop has put me to ten times more charge than it is worth, by sending commissioners to view it, and making me give petitions, and dancing me through his court†; besides, a great dinner to his nasty people. Now, am I not in the right to be angry? But perhaps you will say, if I will have my fancies I must pay for them; so I will say no more about it. I hear poor Mrs. *Kelly* is not near so well as

* Dr. *Robert Clavering*.

† The conduct here complained of in the Bishop is prescribed in such cases by the ecclesiastical law.

she says; and a gentleman that came from *Bristol*, says she looks dreadfully, and fears it is almost over with her, and that no mortal could know her; so ends youth and beauty! that is such a moral reflexion, that, least it should make you melancholy, I will tell you something to please you. Your old friend Mrs. *Floyd* is perfectly recovered. I think I have not seen her so well this great while; but winter is always her bane, so I shall live in dread of that.

In your next, I desire to know what I am in your debt for my sister's monument. Adieu, my dear, good, old beloved friend.

L E T T E R CCCXXV.

The Duchess of — to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Amesbury, Nov. 3, 1733.

I Was mightily pleased to receive a letter from you last post; yet I am so ungrateful, I will not thank you for it, and it may be you do not deserve it. The cruelest revenge that one can possibly inflict (without hurting one's self) is, that of being doubly diligent to those who neglect one, in order to shock them into better behaviour. As I tried this trick myself, and that strong appearances are against me, I must defend myself, and then you'll own I do not quite deserve chastisement.

The post before I left this place, I received a letter from you, which I designed to have

answered before I left *London* and *England*; but was hindered from both, for some time, by an express, which hurried us down to *Winchester* school, to take care of our little boy there, who was violently ill of a fever. From that time till I came to *Spaw*, we were never at home; and as soon as I began the waters, writing could not be done with my bad head. Since I left that place, and grew well, I have been still upon the ramble. After all, these are not very good substantial reasons; but, upon my word, I did design it; in order to which, two days ago I washed the mould out of my ink-horn, put fresh ink into it, and promised myself to write to you this very post. Pleasing myself with the fancy, that this would reach you, and convince you, that I had you still in great regard before you could or would think it worth your while to put me in mind of you. I could not possibly fail to gain credit, if you could possibly conceive the great satisfaction your letters give me. I have seldom met with any half so conversible. I do not only pity, but grieve at those complaints you mention; they are a cruel incumbrance to you. Why cannot you transfer them to a thousand inanimate creatures, who have nothing in their heads? I was, and am really sorry, that you could not go with us to the *Spaw*. I am confident it must have done you good. I cannot describe the vast difference I felt after drinking the waters a week,

and

and am still much better than I ever expected, though not quite free of the complaints in my head, but they are greatly lessened.

I have three or four letters to write this very night, so have not time to think of answering your letters. This is only a volunteer, after which, I may with greater assurance desire you to believe, that I am, with great constancy, regard and respect, yours, &c.

L E T T E R CCCXXVI.

The Duchess of —— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Amesbury, Nov. 10, 1733.

I Have only staid to give time for my letter. There is some satisfaction in sitting down to write, now that I am something less in your debt; I mean, by way of letter. To speak seriously, I must love contradiction more than ever woman did, if I did not obey your commands; for I do sincerely take great pleasure in conversing with you. If you have heard of my figure abroad, it is no more than I have done on both sides of my ears, as the saying is. I did not cut and curl my hair like a sheep's head, or wear one of their travelling sacks; and yet, by not doing so, I did give some offence.

We have seen many very fine towns, and travelled through good roads, and pleasant countries. I like *Flanders* in particular, because it is the likest to *England*. The inns

were very unlike those at home, being much cleaner and better served ; so that here I could not maintain my partiality with common justice. As to the civilizing any of that nation, it would employ more ill spent time fruitlessly than any one has to spare: they are the only people I ever saw that were quite without genius, to be civil when they had to be so. Will you eat? Will you play at cards? are literally the tip-top well-bred phrases in use. The *French* people we met are quite of another turn, polite and easy; one is the natural consequence of the other, though a secret that few have discovered. I can bring you an *Irish* witness (if that be sufficient) that I have wished for you many times during this journey, particularly at *Spaw*, where I imagined you might have been mending every day as fast as I did; and, you are a base man to say, that any such impediment as you have mentioned, thwarted your journey; for you were sure of a welcome share in every thing we had. It were unnecessary to say this now, if we had no thoughts of ever going again; but it is what I am strongly advised to, though I should not much want it, and I am not averse; travelling agrees with me, and makes me good humoured. At home I am generally more nice than wise, but on the roads nothing comes amiss. At *Calais* we were wind-bound four or five days, and I was very well contented: when the wind changed, I was delighted
to

L E T T E R CCCXXVII.

The Countess of GRANVILLE * to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Hawnes, Nov. 27, 1733.

I Have received the honour of your commands, and shall obey them; for I am very proud of your remembrance. I don't know we ever quarrelled; but if we did, I am as good a Christian as you are, in perfect charity with you. My son, my daughter, and all our olive branches salute you most tenderly. I never wished so much as I do now, that I were bright, and had a genius, which could entertain you, in return for the many excellent things that entertain me daily, which I read over and over with fresh delight. Will you never come into *England*, and make *Hawnes* * in your road? You will find nothing here to offend you; for I am a hermit, and live in my chimney corner, and have no ambition, but that you'll believe I am the charming Dean's

Most obedient humble servant.

* ' Grace, widow and relict of George lord Carteret, and daughter of John Granville earl of Bath. She was created viscountess Carteret, and countess Granville, 1st January, 1714-15, with limitation of those honours to her son John, the late earl.'

* ' A seat of lord Carteret, late earl Granville, in Bedfordshire.'

L E T.

L E T T E R CCCXXVIII.

Lady B— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

March 2, 1733-4.

I Am extreme glad to hear you are got well again ; and I do assure you, it was no point of ceremony made me forbear writing, but the downright fear of being troublesome. If you have got rid of your deafness, that is a happiness I doubt poor lady *Suffolk* will never have ; for she does not mend, if she does not grow rather worse. But we ladies are famous for straining our voices upon the bad occasion of anger : and sure then it is hard, if it is not more agreeable to do it for the sake of friendship. By the histories I hear from *Ireland*, *Bettesworth*, in the midst of your illness, did not think your pen lay idle * ; but

* About this time, an attempt was made to repeal the *Test Act* in *Ireland* ! and the dissenters on this occasion, affected to call themselves *Brother Protestants*, and *Fellow Christians*, with the Members of the *Established Church*. This the Dean made the subject of a short copy of verses, in which there is a passage, that so provoked one *Bettesworth*, a lawyer, and member for the *Irish* parliament, that he swore to revenge himself, either by maiming or murdering the author ; and, for this purpose, he engaged his footman, with two ruffians, to secure the Dean wherever he could be found. As soon as this oath and attempt of *Bettesworth* were known, thirty of the nobility and gentry of *St. Patrick's*, waited upon the Dean in form, and presented a paper, subscribed with their names ; in which they solemnly engaged,

to go. As impatience is generally my reigning distemper, you may imagine, how I must be alarmed at this sudden alteration, till I happily recollect two instances, where I was myself. The one at *Breda*, where the inkeeper let drop, if you mean to go, an hour and half after we had fifty times told him, that positively, we would go. The other, at *Amsterdam*, where we met with a very incurious gent. who affirmed, there was nothing worth seeing; though besides the town, which far surpassed my imagination, there happened to be a most famous fair. It is long since those two verses of *Dryden's Cimon* * are strictly applicable to me.

Her corn and cattle are her only care,
And her supreme delight a country fair.

I shall forget to name my *Irish* friend. It is Mr. *Coate*. He is, in all appearance, a modest, well-bred, splenetic, good-natured man. I had then one of these qualifications more than was pleasant, and so we became acquainted. He has a very great regard for you, Sir; and there we agreed again. We were all highly pleased with him. He seems to have a better way of thinking than is common, and not to want for sense, or good humour. I tell you, that I do use exercise; designedly,

* The story of *Cimon* and *Iphigenia*, in his fable.

never eat or drink what can disagree with me, but am no more certain of my stomach, than of my mind; at sometimes proof against any thing, and at other times too easily shocked; but time and care can certainly make a strong defence. I will obey your commands, and so will his grace, concerning Mrs. *Barber*, as soon as we come to *London*, where we stayed but three days. We are now at *Amesbury*; but pray, direct for me at *London*. I doubt we can do her but little good; for as to my part, I have few acquaintance, and little interest. I will believe every thing you say of her, though I have hitherto had a natural aversion to a poetess.

I am come almost to the end of my paper, before I have half done with you. It was a rule, I remember, with poor Mr. *Gay* and me, never to exceed three pages. I long to hear from you, that I may have an excuse to write again; for I doubt it would be carrying the joke too far to trouble you too often. Adieu, dear Sir, health and happiness attend you ever. I fear I have written so very ill, that I am quite unintelligible.

His grace is very much yours.

LET.

this good you had from it, that such a troublesome fellow made your friends and neighbours shew they could exert themselves for your sake. Mrs. *Floyd* has passed this winter rather better than the last; but cold weather is an enemy to her; and when you see her, I fear you will find, that though the goodness of the composition will always hold, yet so many winters have taken the beauty of it entirely off. It grows now near the time, that I have hopes you will soon part with my duke and duchess. I always used to be her doctor; I wish you would allow me to be yours, and take my advice, and try how the change of air would mend your constitution; but, I fear, you will not. However, God bless you; and adieu.

L E T T E R CCCXXIX.

The Duchess of ——— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, March 4, 1733-4.

IF ever lying was necessary, I fear it is so at present; for no truth can furnish me with sufficient excuse for not having writ long ago; therefore I have been strongly tempted to disown having received any return to my letters, which I wrote to you since my return to

engaged, in behalf of themselves and the rest of the liberty, to defend his person and fortune as the friend and benefactor of his country. See the verses, vol. vii.

Bat. edit. 1754, p. 251.

these

these parts; but upon more mature deliberation, I have convinced myself, that it is better rather to confess my fault, than to give you any handle to suspect my truth for the future. I wish every body was as timorous as myself, and then lying and deceit would never be so much in the fashion, as it has and will be for many ages past and to come. I remember you once told me, always to sit down to write when I was in good health, and good humour; neither of them have been perfect of some time. The first has been interrupted by perpetual colds, and pains in my face and teeth. My temper, by these trying truths which I am about to tell you, *viz.* a journey to *Scotland*, where we have been going every week, and every day since *Christmas*; the uncertainty of which, and being consequently unsettled, is even worse than the thing itself. This is not all; by these means I have been obliged to send a little boy (who has been my constant companion ever since he was born, and who is not seven years old till next *July*) to school, a full year before it was necessary or proper. The doing this, I own, has damped my spirits more than was reasonable, though it was by his own desire; and that I am persuaded he is well taken care of, both by the master and his own brother, who is fond of him, and so would you be, if you knew him; for he has more sense than above half the world. The other is a fine boy, and grown
very

very strong and healthy. I am much obliged to you for reproving me, that I did not tell you so before. I am in great hopes to live to see them both men; therefore pray advise me what to do with them after they have gone through the school; for I imagine that just then is the most difficult part of their education. Mr. *Locke*, with whom I cannot help differing in some things, makes a full stop there; and I never heard of any other that ever mentioned, or at least published, any helps for children at that time of life, which I apprehend to be the most material.

There is a good deal of impertinence in filling two sides of paper about me and mine; but I own, at present, my whole thoughts are so much employed on the latter, that I involuntarily think and talk of little else. Tomorrow will be acted a new play of our friend Mr. *Gay's* *; we stay on purpose now for that, and shall go on *Thursday* for *Edinburgh*, where the greatest good I can expect, or hope for, is a line from you. We shall deposit our guineas for Mrs. *Barber* with Mr. *Pope*, or my brother. I wish you all health and prosperity. I will not wish you devoid of all trouble and vexation, because I think a moderate

* It was intitled, *The Distress'd Wife*, and acted at *Covent-Garden* theatre; but without success. The opera of *Achilles*, written by the same author, in the manner of the *Beggar's Opera*, had been acted the winter before with great applause.

share is a great encouragement to good spirits; but may you never meet with more than is absolutely necessary to be pleasant.

Adieu, Sir. If you will oblige me, you must do me the justice to believe I am your most faithful friend, &c.

LETTER CCCXXX.

Mr. GRANT to Dr. SWIFT.

London, March 14, 1733-4.

VERY REVEREND SIR,

THOUGH I have been long an admirer of your wit and learning, I have no less valued and esteemed your public spirit and great affection to your native country. These valuable ingredients in your character persuade me to propose to you what I apprehend may be for your country's benefit, and that you will excuse my taking the liberty to do it. As good principles dispose you, your real merit happily united with them, gives you weight and influence to promote the public good; to which I am well assured your country owes not only the escaping many evils, but the establishment of many valuable articles for the increase of their wealth and strength. Though I am not a native of *Ireland*, I have always regarded it as so connected with this country, that the natives of both islands ought mutually to study and advance the advantage of each other.

other. And it is in consequence of this principle, that I offer to your consideration, that your countrymen should heartily engage in and pursue the white herring, and cod fishing. This is a branch of trade which Providence has given an opportunity to follow in both countries; neither can they prejudice one another, as there may be consumption for all that may be caught on both islands. There is nothing that would so effectually employ your poor, and prevent their going abroad, considering the great variety of traders necessary in this undertaking; it would also increase the consumption of your home manufactures, and increase the balance of your foreign trade.

The north and north-east parts of your island lie exceeding well, both for the cod and herring fishing, as will appear to you from their course, which is described in the inclosed pamphlet, if you take the trouble to look upon it; but encouragements are necessary to support a new undertaking in its infancy, because they are always, at the beginning, liable to charges and inconveniencies, which discourage private adventurers, if not supported by the public. I have with great pleasure read, in the minutes of your parliament, of late years, several instances of their zeal for their country's good, which inclines me to believe they would readily receive and encourage a proposition of this nature, if properly introduced

duced and recommended to them ; and I should reckon it a particular good fortune, if I could suggest what would be acceptable to you and them. I have been desirous to establish and improve this valuable branch of commerce into *Britain*, for which reason I have applied myself to it several years last past, and examined it in all its shapes, from whence I flatter myself to have acquired a thorough knowledge in the matter ; and I am, with other gentlemen, endeavouring to obtain the necessary encouragements for it here ; but it being late before we moved in our application, and appearance of a short sessions, I am afraid we shall make little progress at this time. Not being sufficiently acquainted with your laws and constitutions, I cannot take upon me to say what may be proper encouragements in your country ; yet I may freely venture to assert one proposition, to which every one must assent, that it is the interest of any nation to grant premiums and bounties for the encouragement of any one branch of trade, which, in proportion to what is paid by the public, and when that is paid only to its own subjects, brings into the kingdom ten times the value. And I may, with equal safety, advance this other proposition, that no article of trade better deserves encouragement, from both *Britain* and *Ireland*, than the fishing does ; or that might be made of so great consequence and general benefit to both : to which I believe I may add, that there

there is not any business more natural to either, or the establishment whereof would receive more universal approbation and applause.

These things from my opinion of your character, I thought I might take the liberty to trouble you with ; which I was the more readily induced to, as it furnished me with an opportunity of declaring, that I am, with great esteem, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

FRANCIS GRANT.

P. S. If you have any commands for me, or that you think I may be any ways useful in explaining or promoting this subject, I shall with pleasure obey you ; in which case you may direct for me, merchant, in *London*.

L E T T E R CCCXXXI.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,

April 12, 1734.

I Have received yours of the 16th of *February* very lately ; but have not yet seen the person who brought it, nor am likely to see him, unless he finds me out in my retreat. Our friend *Pope* is in town, and to him I send this letter ; for he tells me, he can forward it to you by the hands of one of our common friends. If I can do Mr. *Faulkner* any service, I shall cer-

tainly

tainly do it, because I shall catch at any opportunity of pleasing you; but my help, in a project of subscription, will, I fear, avail him little. I live much out of the world, and I do not blush to own, that I am out of fashion in it. My wife, who is extremely obliged to you, for your kind remembrance of her, and who desires me to say all the fond things from her to you, which I know she thinks, enjoys a precarious health, easily shook, and sometimes interrupted by fits of severe pain; but, upon the whole, much better than it has been these five years. I walk down hill easily and leisurely enough, except when a strong disposition to the jaundice (that I have long carried about me) gives me a shove. I guard against it as well as I can; the censors say, not as well as I might. Too sedentary a life hurts me, and yet I do not care to lead any other; for sauntering about my grounds is not exercise. I say, I will be very active this summer, and I will try to keep my word. Riding is your *panacea*; and *Bathurst* is younger than his sons by observing the same regimen. If I can keep where I am a few years longer, I shall be satisfied; for I have something, and not much, to do before I die. I know by experience one cannot serve the present age. About posterity one may flatter one's self, and I have a mind to write to the next age. You have seen, I doubt not, the ethic epistles, and though they go a little into meta-

metaphysics, I persuade myself you both understand and approve them; the first book being finished, the others will soon follow; for many of them are writ, or crayoned out. What are you doing?—Good I am sure. But of what kind? Pray, Mr. Dean, be a little more cautious in your recommendations. I took care, a year ago, to remove some obstacles that might have hindered the success of one of your recommendations, and I have heartily repented of it since. The fellow wants morals, and, as I hear, decency, sometimes. You have had accounts, I presume, which will not leave you at a loss to guess whom I mean. Is there no hope left of seeing you once more in this island? I often wish myself out of it; and I shall wish so much more, if it is impossible *de voisiner* (I know no *English* word to say the same thing) with you. Adieu, dear Sir; no man living preserves a higher esteem, or a more warm and sincere friendship for you than I do.

L E T T E R CCCXXXII.

Lord C—— to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Jermyn-street, April 13, 1734.

I Had the honour of your letter, which gave me a considerable pleasure to see that I am not so much out of your thoughts, but that you can take notice of events that happen in my

family. I need not say, that these alliances* are very agreeable to me; but that they are so to my friends, adds much to the satisfaction I receive from them. They certainly enable me to contract my desires, which is no inconsiderable step towards being happy. As to the other things, I go on as well as I can; and now and then observe, that I have more friends than I had when I was in a situation to do them service. This may be a delusion: however, it is a pleasing one. And I have more reason to believe a man, now I can do him no good, than I had when I could do him favours, which the greatest philosophers are sometimes tempted to solicit their friends about. I shall continue to serve Mrs. *Barber*, by recommending her, as occasion shall offer, where it is necessary; but you have done that so effectually, that nothing need be said to those, to whom you have said any thing in her behalf. I hope Dr. *Delaney* is, as he always used to be, chearful in himself, and agreeable to all that know him; and that he, by this time, is convinced, that the world is not worthy of so much speculation as he has bestowed upon some matters. Lady *Worsley*, my wife, and daughters, to whom I have shewn your letter, not forgetting my mother, present their humble service to you.

* ‘ His lordship’s third daughter, *Georgina-Carolina*, was married, 14 Feb. 1733 4, to the honourable *John Spencer*.’

And I desire to recommend the whole family,
as well as myself, to the continuance of your
favour. I am, Sir, with the greatest respect,
your most humble and most obedient servant,
C.

L E T T E R CCCXXXIII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

From my Farm, June 27, 1734.

I Thank you, Mr. Dean; or to use a name
to me more sacred, I thank you, my friend,
for your letter of the 23d of *May*, which came
to me by post. I answer it by the same con-
veyance; and provided the diligent inspection
of private men's correspondence do not stop
our letters, they have my leave to do what
they will do without it, to open and read them:
If they expect to find any thing which may do
us hurt, or them good; their disappointment
will give me pleasure, and in the proportion,
I shall imagine it gives them pain. I should
have another pleasure, of higher relish, if our
epistles were to be perused by persons of higher
rank. And who knows, considering the
mighty importance we are of, whether that
may not happen? How would these persons
stare, to see such a thing as sincere cordial
friendship subsist inviolate, and grow and
strengthen from year to year, in spite of dis-
tance, absence, and mutual inutility!

But

But enough on this. Let us turn to other subjects. I have read, in the golden verses of *Pythagoras*, or in some other collection of wise apothegms of the ancients, that a man of business may talk of philosophy, a man who has none may practise it. What do you think of this maxim? Is it exact? I have a strange distrust of maxims. We make as many observations as our time, our knowledge, and the other means we have, give us the opportunity of making on a physical matter. We find that they all correspond, and that one general proposition may be affirmed, as the result of them. This we affirm; and, in consequence, this becomes a maxim among our followers, if we have any. Thus the king of *Siam* affirmed, that water was always in a fluid state; and I doubt not but the *Talapoins*, do they not call them so? held this maxim. Neither he, or they, had ever climbed the neighbouring mountains of *Ava*; their observations were confined to the burning climate they inhabited. It is much the same in moral maxims, founded on observations of the conduct of men; for there are other moral maxims of universal truth, as there are moral duties of eternal obligation. We see what the conduct is, and we guess what the motives are, of great numbers of men; but then we see often at too great a distance, or through a faulty medium; we guess with much uncertainty from a thousand reasons concerning a thing
as

as various, as changing, as inconsistent as the heart of man. And even when we see right, and guess right, we build our maxims on a small number of observations (for such they are comparatively, how numerous soever they may be, taken by themselves) which our own age and our own country chiefly have presented to us.

You and I have known one man in particular, who affected business he often hindered, and never did; who had the honour among some, and the blame among others, of bringing about great revolutions in his own country, and in the general affairs of *Europe*; and who was, at the same time, the idlest creature living; who was never more copious than in expressing, when that was the theme of the day, his indifference to power, and his contempt of what we call honours, such as titles, ribbands, &c. who should, to have been consistent, have had this indifference, and have felt this contempt, since he knew neither how to use power, nor how to wear honours, and yet who was jealous of one, and fond of the other, even to ridicule. This character seems singular enough, and yet I have known some resembling it very much in general, and many exactly like it, in the strongest marks it bore.

Now let us suppose, that some *Rochfaucault* or other, some *Antbroponomical* sage, should discover a multitude of similar instances, and not stumble upon any one repugnant; you
and

and I should not, however, receive for a maxim, that he who affects business, never does it: nor this, that he who brings about great revolutions, is always idle: nor this, that he who expresses indifference to power, and contempt of honours, is jealous of one and fond of the others.

Proceed we now, dear Doctor, to the application. A man in business, and a man who is out of it, may equally talk of philosophy; that is certain. The question is, whether the man in business may not practise it, as well as the man out of business? I think he may, in this sense, as easily; but sure I am, he may, in this sense, as usefully. If we look into the world, our part of it, I mean, we shall find, I believe few philosophers in business, or out of business. The greatest part of the men I have seen in business, perhaps all of them, have been so far from acting on philosophical principles, that is, on principles of reason and virtue, that they have not acted even on the highest principles of vice. I have not known a man of real ambition; a man who sacrificed all his passions, or made them all subservient to that one; but I have known many, whose vanity and whose avarice mimicked ambition. The greatest part of men I have seen out of business have been so far from practising philosophy, that they have lived in the world errant triflers; or retiring from it, have fallen into stupid indolence, and deserved such an inscription as *Seneca* mentions, in
one

one of his letters to *Lucilius*, to have been put over the door of one *Vattia*. *Hic situs est Vattia*. But, for all this, I think that a man in business may practise philosophy as austere to himself, and more beneficially to mankind, than a man out of it. The *Stoicks* were an affected, pedantical sect; but I have always approved that rule of the *Portique*, that a philosopher was not to except himself from the duties of society, neither in the community to which he particularly belonged, nor in the great community of mankind. *Mencius*, and his master *Confucius*, were strange metaphysicians, but they were good moralists, and they divided their doctrines into three parts; the duties of man; of an individual, as a member of a family, and as a member of a state. In short, a man may be, many men have been, and some are, I believe philosophers in business; he that can be so out of it, can be so in it.

But it is impossible to talk so much of philosophy, and forget to speak of *Pope*. He is actually rambling from one friend's house to another. He is now at *Cirencester*; he came thither from my lord *Cobham's*; he came to my lord *Cobham's* from Mr. *Dormer's*; to Mr. *Dormer's* from *London*; to *London* from *Chiswick*; to *Chiswick* from my farm; to my farm from his own garden; and he goes soon from lord *Bathurst's* to lord *Peterborough's*; after which, he returns to my farm again. The
dæmon

dæmon of verse sticks close to him. He has been imitating the satire of *Horace*, which begins *Ambubaiarum Collegia pharmacopolæ, &c.* and has chosen rather to weaken the images, than to hurt chaste ears over much. He has sent it me; but I shall keep his secret as he desires, and shall not, I think, return him the copy; for the rogue has fixed a ridicule upon me, which some events of my life would seem perhaps to justify him in doing. I am glad you approve of his *Moral Essays*. They will do more good than the sermons and writings of some, who had a mind to find great fault with them. And if the doctrines taught, hinted at, and implied in them, and the trains of consequences deducible from these doctrines were to be disputed in prose, I think he would have no reason to apprehend either the free-thinkers on one hand, or the narrow dogmatists on the other. Some few things may be expressed a little hardly; but none are, I believe, unintelligible. I will let him know your complaints of his silence; which I wonder at the more, because he has often spoke in such a manner, as made me conclude you heard from him pretty regularly. Your compliments shall be paid likewise to the other friends you mention.

You complain of the vast alteration which the last seven years have made in you; and do you believe, that they had not made proportionable alterations in us? Satisfy yourself
they

they have. We all go the same road, and keep much the same stages. Let this consideration, therefore, not hinder you from coming among us. You shall ride, walk, trifle, meddle, chide, and be as ill-bred as you please; and the indulgence you receive on these heads you shall return on these or others. Adieu.

I will speak to you about books next time I write, if I can recollect what I intended to say upon a passage in your letter; or if any thing else worth saying comes into my head. Adieu, my friend.

LETTER CCCXXXIV.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

Oct. 4, 1734.

MY DEAR AND WORTHY FRIEND,

YOU have no reason to put me amongst the rest of your forgetful friends; for I wrote two long letters to you, to which I never received one word of answer. The first was about your health; the last I sent a great while ago, by one *De la Mar*. I can assure you, with great truth, that none of your friends or acquaintance has a more warm heart towards you than myself. I am going out of this troublesome world, and you, amongst the rest of my friends, shall have my last prayers, and good wishes.

The young man whom you recommended came to this place, and I promised to do him

what service my ill state of health would permit. I came out to this place so reduced by a dropfy, and an asthma, that I could neither sleep, breathe, eat, or move. I most earnestly desired and begged of God, that he would take me. Contrary to my expectation, upon venturing to ride (which I had forbore for some years, because of bloody water) I recovered my strength to a pretty considerable degree, slept, and had my stomach again; but I expect the return of my symptoms upon my return to *London*, and the return of the winter. I am not in circumstances to live an idle country life; and no man, at my age, ever recovered of such a disease further than by an abatement of the symptoms. What I did, I can assure you, was not for life, but ease. For I am, at present, in the case of a man that was almost in harbour, and then blown back to sea; who has a reasonable hope of going to a good place, and an absolute certainty of leaving a very bad one. Not that I have any particular disgust at the world; for I have as great comfort in my own family, and from the kindness of my friends, as any man; but the world, in the main, displeaseth me; and I have too true a presentiment of calamities that are like to befall my country. However, if I should have the happiness to see you before I die, you will find that I enjoy the comforts of life with my usual cheerfulness. I cannot imagine why you are frightened from a journey

journey to *England*! the reasons you assign, I am sure, are not sufficient; the journey I am sure will do you good. In general, I recommend riding, of which I have always had a good opinion, and can now confirm it from my own experience.

My family give you their love and service. The great loss I sustained in one of them, gave me my first shock; and the trouble I have with the rest, to bring them to a good temper, to bear the loss of a father, who loves them, and whom they love, is really a most sensible affliction to me. I am afraid, my dear friend, we shall never see one another more in this world. I shall, to the last moment*, preserve my love and esteem for you, being well assured you will never leave the paths of virtue and honour for all that is in the world. This world is not worth the least deviation from that way. It will be great pleasure to me to hear from you sometimes; for none can be with more sincerity than I am, my dear friend, your most faithful friend and humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

* Dr. *Arbutnot* died in *March*, 1734-5.

L E T T E R CCCXXXV.

Lady B—— G——— to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Nov. 7, 1734.

Don't accuse me of forsaking you: indeed it is not the least in my thoughts; but I heard you were ill, and I had no letter from you, so doubted being troublesome. I was, about two months ago, at my own house, and had my duke and duchess with me. The rest of my time was divided between lord president * and *Knole*. I have now left their graces in the country, where I hope they will not stay long; for she has been very ill, though now recovered.

I am always more frightful when my friends are sick there, because there is neither physic nor physician that's good for any thing. Indeed I cannot answer, whether your lord lieutenant will be the same or not. All that I can say is, that if he asks my consent for it, he shall not have it. I have no acquaintance with the duke of *Chandois*, nor I believe has the duke of *Dorset* much. And to be sure it would be to no purpose to ask him for those records † again, because, if he would have

* *Spencer* earl of *Wilmington*.

† These records were manuscripts relating to the history of *Ireland*, which had been collected by Sir *James Ware*, before, after, and during the troubles of 1641. When lord *Clarendon* was lord lieutenant, in 1686,

parted with them, he would have done it on your asking. And whether it be useful or not just to him, yet few people would care to part with what must enhance the value of their libraries; but if he succeeds the duke of *Dorset*, then for certain he will be easily persuaded to make a compliment of them to the kingdom. Your friend Dr. *Arbutnot*, I hear, is out of order again. I have not seen him lately, and I fear he is in a very declining way. I fancy it would be prodigiously good for your health to come to *England*, which would be a great pleasure to your most sincere old friend, and humble servant.

L E T T E R CCCXXXVI.

Mr. JARVIS * to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR MR. DEAN.

Hampton, Nov. 14, 1734.

YOU can hardly imagine how rejoiced I am

1686, he got these manuscripts from the heir of Sir *James*, and brought them into *England*. After lord *Clarendon*'s death, they were sold to the duke of *Chandos*. The catalogue of them was printed in 1697, in the large folio catalogue of all the libraries both in *England* and *Ireland*; and the Dean having read that account of them was very desirous to procure them for public use. See a letter written by the Dean to the Duke of *Chandos*, soliciting his grace to present them to the public library at *Dublin*, in the volumes published by Mr. *Deane Swift*.

* A celebrated painter, and cotemporary with Sir *Godfrey Kneller*.

at the finding my old friend the bishop of *Worcester* * so hale at 83-4! No complaint; he does but begin to stoop, and I am forced myself every now and then to awaken myself to walk tolerably upright, famous as I was lately for a wight of uncommon vigour, and consequently spirits to spare. If ever I see *Dublin* again, and your *Teague* escapes hanging so long, I will myself truss him for non-admittance, when you were in a conversable condition. I am sure the lady will send you Mr. *Connoly's* picture with pleasure, when I tell her you expect it. Our friend *Pope* is off and on, here and there, every where and nowhere, *a son ordinaire*, and therefore as well as we can hope, for a carcase so crazy. He assures me, he has done his duty in writing frequently to the Dean, because he is sure it gives you some amusement, as he is rejoiced at all yours; therefore you must write away. Upon enquiry, I learn, that exercise is the best medicine for your giddinesses. *Penny* made Mrs. *Pandarvis* happy with a print of yours, and I do not fail to distribute them to all your well-wishers. I am, dear Dean, yours most affectionately,

CHA. JARVIS.

I held out bravely the three weeks fog, &c. and am very well.

* Dr. *John Hough*, bishop of *Worcester*.

LETTER CCCXXXVII.

Lady B. ——— G. ——— to Dr. SWIFT.

Feb. 13, 1734-5.

YOU are a fine gentleman indeed, to teach his grace of *Dorset* such saucy words; and we have quarrelled so much about it, that I don't know but I shall oblige him to meet me behind *Montague-house* *. He says, it is some time ago that he commanded me to write to you, to assure you, he thought himself very much obliged to you for your letter, and that he takes it as a proof of your friendship and good-will to him. So far I own is true; he did humbly beg the favour of me to write you this a great while ago; but I understood he had something else more to say, so I cannot but own I have seen him pretty often since; but yet (at the times I could speak to him) my addle head constantly forgot to ask him what he had to say? so now he says he will do his own business, and write to you soon himself.

The † countess has quitted the court, because, after a long illness at *Bath*, she did not meet with a reception that she liked; though her mistress appeared excessively concerned, and expressed great uneasiness at parting with

* Where duels were frequently fought.

† The countess of *Suffolk*.

her;

her; and my opinion is, that not only her master and mistress, but her very enemies will have reason to repent the part they have acted by her.

Now I have answered all I can tell you, that you want to know, I bid my dear Dean adieu.

L E T T E R CCCXXXVIII.

The Earl of STRAFFORD * to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

London, Feb. 18, 1734-5.

TO honour, and esteem, and admire you, is general to all that know or have heard of you; but to be pleased with your commands, and glad and diligent to obey them, is peculiar to your true friends, of which number I am very desirous to be reckoned. On receiving your letter by Mr. *Skerret*, I immediately undertook to do him the best service I could, and thought myself happy in having advanced his affair so far, as to get his petition to the house of lords read and agreed to, and a peremptory day agreed to for his being (as this day) heard *ex parte*, if the other party did not put in their answer before. I likewise got several lords to attend; but, on printing his case, our new lord chancellor † (who at present has a great

* He had been ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the States General during the treaty for the peace of *Utrecht*.

† *Talbot*.

party in the house) found out, that the petition I had presented for Mr. *Skerret* had not fully explained matters to the house; because, upon comparing dates, the petition of appeal last year was presented late in the sessions; and that though there was then an order for the respondents to put in their answer in five weeks (the usual time for causes in *Ireland*) yet the parliament did not sit above a fortnight after; so that it was impossible for the respondent's answer to be put in by that time. That the parliament being dissolved, the respondents in *Ireland* might expect to have been served with a new order this sessions, which it did not appear was done: and that though in the courts below, if answers were not put in, they proceeded to hear causes *ex parte*; yet there was this difference, that there they always allowed a time for the defendant to have his cause reheard; but in the house of lords our decrees are final, and it would be hard for any, by surprize, to be absolutely cut out from making his defence. The whole house seeming to be of the same mind, they put off the cause to *Thursday* five weeks; and ordered the respondents, in the mean time, to be served with an order to put in their answer; and if they did not answer by that time, the house would proceed absolutely to hear the cause *ex parte*. I must own to you, the chancellor proposed to put it off only for a month; and it was I alone desired it might be for five weeks,

weeks, giving for a reason, that since the appellant was disappointed once, after having been at the expence of seeing his counsel, he might not be so a second time: and since his adversaries were ready to make all the chicane possible, they might not have the pretence for another, by saying, as the usual time was five weeks, and this order but for a month, they expected they were to be allowed the usual time; so I thought it was better giving them a week more, than leaving them any room for further chicane. As I have not seen your friend Mr. *Skerret* since this order, I do not know how he takes it: but I was resolved to give you this account of what happened but a few hours ago, that you might be convinced of my diligence to gratify you in every thing you desire of, Sir, your most sincere faithful humble servant.

As the house of commons were but yesterday on the practice of opening letters, you will not wonder, if I expect this to be opened.

LETTER CCCXXXIX.

Lord C——— to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Jermyn-Street, March 6, 1734-5.

I Had the honour of your letter, and attended the cause yesterday, and the day before: it went for your friend upon the justest principle,
and

and that unanimously. He did not only carry his cause before the house, but his future cause springing out of this, is mended by the decree. The chancellor said, the respondent had more reason to appeal than the appellant.

Mr. *Lindsay*, who informed you right in all the matters you mentioned to me, will inform you, on perusing our decree, of the reason of the chancellor's expression. I have a partiality for captain *Rowley* in every thing but judicature; and in that capacity, if judge *Lindsay* and I sat together, I fancy, by what I know of him, that we should seldom disagree.

I thank you for taking notice of the prosperous events that have happened to my family. If alliance and the thoughts of prosperity can bind a man to the interest of his country, I am certainly bound to stand by liberty; and when you see me forgetful of that, may you treat me like * *Traulus* and *Pistorides*. I am impatient for four volumes said to be your works, for which my wife and I have subscribed; and we expected a dozen of copies from Mr. *Tickell* last packet.

I intend these works shall be the first foundation of the libraries of my three grandsons. In the mean time, they will be studied by my sons and sons-in-law.

* *Joshua* lord *Allen*, a privy-counsellor, and *Richard Tigbe*, Esq;

I desire you will condescend to make my compliments to Dr. *Delaney*, for whom I have a most hearty esteem, though I know he thinks me not serious enough upon certain arduous points of antiquity.

That you may enjoy the continuance of all happiness, is my wish: as for futurity, I know your name will be remembered, when the names of kings, lords lieutenants, archbishops, and parliament politicians, will be forgotten; at last, you yourself must fall into oblivion, which may happen in less than a thousand years, though the term may be uncertain, and will depend on the progress that barbarity and ignorance may make, notwithstanding the sedulous endeavours to the contrary, of the great prelates in this and succeeding ages. My wife, my mother, my mother-in-law, my, &c. &c. all join with me in good wishes to you; and I hope you will continue to believe, that I am, with the greatest respect, Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant.

L E T T E R CCCXL.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, March 11, 1734-5.

I Have often desired our friend *Pope*, when he wrote to you, to allow me a corner of his letter, to assure you of my most humble service; but the little man never remembered it, and it was not worth troubling you with a letter

ter

ter of my own on so insignificant an occasion.

Your recommending Mr. *Lorinan* to me, gives me great pleasure and satisfaction, as it is an instance of your kind remembrance and friendship. I promise you, whoever at any time comes to me from you, shall be sure of meeting with the utmost of my endeavours to serve them. I am glad I can acquaint you Mr. *Lorinan* has all the success he could expect or wish for: his cause was a good one, and he had the honour of having it greatly attended. When it was over, he asked me (but in a very modest way) whether it was possible to get him made receiver of the new bishop of *Derry's* rents? I told him I would try; I did so, but found it would not succeed, and so dropped it immediately.

What do you say to the bustle made here to prevent the * man from being an *English* bishop, and afterwards allowing him to be a

* Dr. *Thomas Rundle* was promoted to the rich see of *Derry* in *Ireland*, in *February*, 1734-5, after having been prevented from getting the see of *Gloucester*, in *England*, which had been intended for him in *November*, 1734; but he was then charged with having spoken irreverently of *Abraham's* offering up *Isaac*. He is reported to have said, that if he had been a justice of peace in *Abraham's* country, he would have committed him for an attempt upon the life of his son. The dispute concerning his promotion to the see of *Gloucester*, was between the chancellor and the bishop of *London*: the chancellor was his friend, and the bishop his enemy.

good Christian enough for an *Irish* one? Sure the opposition or the acquiescence must have been most abominably scandalous. By what I can learn of Dr. *Rundle*'s character (for I am not in the least acquainted with him myself) he is far from being the great and learned man his friends would have the world believe him; and much farther yet, from the bad man his enemies represent him. Our right reverend brethren continue to dwell together in the strictest political unity; whether it be like the dew of *Hermon* upon the hill of *Sion*, or like ointment that ran down into *Aaron*'s beard, and to the skirts of his cloathing, I cannot say; but I am sure it is a good joyful thing for the ministers to behold. This has enabled them to prevent any inquiry into the scandalous method of *nominating* instead of *electing* the sixteen *Scotch* peers: and these and they together make a most dreadful body in that house. We are not quite so bad in ours; but I own to you, that I am heartily tired of struggling to no purpose against the corruption that does prevail, and I see always will prevail there. Poor *Arbuthnot*, who grieved to see the wickedness of mankind, and was particularly esteemed of his own countrymen *, is dead. He lived the last six months in a bad state of health, and hoping every night would be his last; not that he endured any bodily pain, but as he was

* 'He was a native of *Scotland*.'

quite weary of the world, and tired with so much bad company *. What I have said of the doctor may perhaps deter you from coming among us; but if you had any thoughts of visiting *England* this summer, I can assure you of some friends who wish to live with you, and know how to value and esteem you. Among them, there is none that does so more sincerely than, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM PULTENEY.

Mrs. *Pulteney* is very much your humble servant, and joins in inviting you next summer.

* This, admitting the fact, is very remarkable of a man of *Arbutnot's* turn; a man of humour, whose mind seemed to be always pregnant with comic ideas, and turned chiefly, if not only, to that which is ridiculous even in vice itself. That to such a man, to whose fancy almost every character and every event furnished a comedy, death should be welcome because life was insipid, is a melancholy and striking proof, that *even in laughter the heart is sorrowful*; or that those who are best qualified to make others merry, are not always merry themselves; that their mirth is not an effusion of hilarity that overflows their own breasts, but often the mere effect of a painful effort, exerted chiefly for the gratification of vanity, the sad concomitant of vexation of Spirit. See the doctor's own account of himself, which seems not perfectly to agree with what is here said of him, in his letter, dated *October 4th, 1734*.

LETTER CCCXLI.

Lady B— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

April 5, 1735.

PART the first, you order me to give up my secretaryship; and part the second, called postscript, you employ me about Dr. *Sheridan's* exchange, when the letters for it must have been at *Dublin* long before yours came away. I was just thinking that you was a little upon the dear joy; but to be sure, you were in the right, for what signified my secretaryship, when I had no business?

The countess of *Suffolk* did not give up the first employment at court, for she had no other than mistress of the robes, being 400*l.* a year, which the duchess of *Dorset* quitted to her, there being no lady of the bed-chamber's place vacant, and it not being quite proper for a countess to continue bedchamber-woman. As to her part about *Gay*, that I cleared to you long ago; for, to my certain knowledge, no woman was ever a better friend than she by many ways proved herself to him. As to what you hint about yourself, as I am wholly ignorant what it is you mean, I can say nothing upon it. And as to the question whether you should congratulate or condole? I believe you may do either, or both, and not be in the wrong; for I truly think she was heartily sorry to be obliged, by ill usage, to quit a master
and

and mistress that she had served so justly, and loved so well. However, she has now much more ease and liberty, and accordingly her health better.

Mrs. *Floyd* has a cough every winter, and generally so bad, that she often frightens me for the consequences. My faucy niece * presents her service to parson *Swift*. The duchess of *Dorset* is gone to *Bath* with lady *Lambert*, for her health; she has not been long enough there yet to find the good effects of the waters: but as they always did agree with her, I have great hopes they will now quite cure her cholic.

In all likelihood you are weary by this time of reading, and I am of writing such a long letter; so adieu, my dear Dean.

L E T T E R CCCXLII.

The Archbishop of CASHELL † to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Cashell, April 7, 1735.

I Suppose by this time you have been informed, that Mr. ‡ *Dunkin* was ordained here

* ‘*Mary*, eldest daughter, and one of the coheirs of *Thomas Chambers*, of *Harnworth*, in *Middlesex*, Esq; by lady *Mary Berkeley*, sister to earl *Berkeley*, and to lady *B— G—*. She married, in *April*, 1736, lord *Vere Beauclerc*, now lord *Vere*.’

† Dr. *Theophilus Bolton*.

‡ The reverend Mr. *Dunkin*, the author of several poetical pieces that have been well received.

last *Thursday*, and that your recommendations got the better of my prejudices to his unhappy genius; which I hope will in some degree convince you, that your power over me is not yet quite worn out.

It is one of the greatest evils that attends those whom fortune has forsaken, that their friends forsake them too: and let me tell you, that your not seeing me the whole winter I was last in *Dublin*, was not a less mortification to me, than all the hard sayings of the great parliament orators. However, I must own your taking any occasion to write to me at all, has made some amends; for though you seem designedly to cover it, I think I perceive some little marks of that former kindness, which I once pleased myself to have had a share in with your lawyer-friends. When I conversed with politicians, I learned that it was not prudent to seem fond of what one most desires: for which reason, I won't tell you, that if this accident of your poetical friend should open a way to our frequent meeting together again, and being put upon the old foot, as when I was your subject at *St. Patrick's*, I should think myself the happiest man in the world; but this I will say, that if it falls out so, this last heavy period of my life will be much more tolerable than it is at present.

I am now wholly employed in digging up rocks, and making the way easier to my church; which, if I can succeed in, I design
to

to repair a very venerable old fabric, that was built here in the time of our ignorant (as we are pleased to call them) ancestors. I wish this age had a little of their piety, though we gave up, instead of it, some of our immense erudition. What if you spent a fortnight here this summer? I have laid aside all my country politics, sheriffs, elections, feasts, &c. And I fancy it would not be disagreeable to you, to see king *Cormack's* chapel, his bed-chamber, &c. all built, beyond controversy, above eight hundred years ago, when he was king, as well as archbishop. I really intend to lay out a thousand pounds to preserve this old church; and I am sure you would be of service to posterity if you assisted me in the doing it; at least, if you approved the design, you would give the greatest pleasure, I assure you, to your most affectionate and faithful humble servant,

THEO. CASHELL,

L E T T E R CCCXLIII.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT,

SIR,

London, April 29, 1735.

I Am obliged to you for your letter by Dr. *Stopford*; to which I am sorry I can so soon, by him, return you an answer. I have scarce had any opportunity of seeing him. One day, believing we should have had no business in parliament, I desired him to dine with me; but

but unluckily a debate arose, which kept us till nine at night before we sat down to dinner. We have had a very fatiguing session, more from the severe attendance on elections, than any other public business. The ministers have been defeated in their expectation of weeding the house; and upon the whole, we stand stronger in numbers than we did at first setting out. I have sent you the copy of a bill, now depending in our house, for the encouragement of learning* (as the title bears) but I think it is rather of advantage to booksellers than authors. Whether it will pass or not this session, I cannot say; but if it should not, I should be glad of your thoughts upon it against another session. It seems to me to be extremely imperfect at present. I hope you have many more writings to oblige the world with, than those which have been so scandalously stolen from you. And when a bill of this nature passes in *England* (as I hope it will next year) you may then secure the property to any friend, or to any charitable use you think fit.

I thank you for the many kind expressions of friendship in your letter. If my public conduct has recommended me to your esteem, I am extremely proud of the reward, and value it more than those do, who attain foolish ribbons, or foolish titles, *vila servitutis pre-*

* 'The title of it was, *An Act for the better Encouragement of Learning.*'

mia *. Pray therefore continue me your friendship, and believe me, with the greatest sincerity and regard, dear Sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

W. PULTENEY.

Lord *Bolingbroke* is going to *France* with lord *Berkeley*; but I believe will return again in a few months.

I will take a proper opportunity of recommending Dr. *Stopford* to the duke of *Dorset*; but I think it is not yet quite certain that he will continue lord lieutenant. I mean, that if he perceives that he is to be turned out soon after his return from *Ireland*, possibly he may desire not to go.

LETTER CCCXLIV.

Dr. SWIFT to Lady B—— G——.

MADAM,

May 5, 1735.

I Find your ladyship seems not very much pleased with your office of secretary; which, however, you must be obliged to hold during the duke's government, if I happen to outlive it, which, for your comfort, considering my health, is not very likely. I have not been a troublesome petitioner to his grace, and intend to be less; and, as I have always done, will

* This was before he attained the title of earl of *Bath*.

principally consider my lord duke's honour. I have very few friends in want. I have kindred enough, but not a grain of merit among them, except one female, who is the only cousin I suffer to see me. When I had credit for some years at court, I provided for above fifty people in both kingdoms, of which not one was a relation. I have neither followers, nor fosterers, nor dependers; so that if I lived now among the great, they might be sure I would never be a solicitor, out of any regard but merit and virtue; and in that case, I would reckon I was doing them the best service in my power: and if they were good for any thing, I would expect their thanks; for they want nothing so much as an honest judicious recommender, which, in perfect modesty, I take myself to be. Dr. *Sheridan* is gone to his school in the country, and was only delayed so long on account of some very unnecessary forms, contrived by his grace's most cautious deputies.

My letter is but just begun, the larger half remains; and your ladyship is to make a fresh use of your secretary employment. The countess of *Kerry*, my long friend and mistress, commanded me to attend her yesterday: she told me, that Mr. *Deering*, late deputy clerk of the council, being dead, she had thoughts of soliciting the same office for her younger son, Mr. *John Fitzmaurice*. Her eldest son,
lord

lord *Fitzmaurice*, hath for some years been plagued with a wife and no wife *. The case hath been tried in both kingdoms, and he stands excommunicated and forced to live abroad, which is a very great misfortune to the earl of *Kerry* and his lady; and they have nothing left to comfort them but their younger son, who hath lately married honestly and indisputably. He is a young gentleman of great regularity, very well educated, but hath no employment; therefore his parents would be very desirous he should have one, and this of deputy clerk of the council here, would be a very proper introduction to business. It is understood here, that the purchase of the deputy clerk's office is the perquisite of the chief clerk, with the consent of the chief governor, with which my lord and lady *Kerry* would very readily and thankfully fall in. And as the earl of *Kerry's* is one of the most ancient and noble families of the kingdom, his youngest son might well pretend to succeed in so small an office, upon an equal foot with any other person. I own this proposal of mine is more

* When the woman died, who claimed a marriage with this young nobleman, he married lady *Gertrude Lambert*, eldest daughter to *Richard* earl of *Cavan*, June 29, 1738, by whom he had the present earl of *Kerry*. The honourable *John Fitzmaurice*, here recommended by *Dr. Swift* for small employments, afterwards succeeded his uncle, *Henry* earl of *Shelburn*, in his honours and an immense estate, both real and personal. The present earl of *Shelburn* is his son.

suitable

suitable to the corruption of the times, than to my own speculative notions of virtue; but I must give some allowance to the degeneracy of mankind, and the passion I have to my lady *Kerry*, &c.

LETTER CCCXLV.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

May 27, 1735.

IT is true enough, my love to business is not great, without my capacity was better; but, however, you should have had a quicker answer to your letter, but that I find Mr. *Fitzmaurice* has already made application by several other hands, and so have many members of parliament. The answer given to them all has been, that it will not yet be disposed of; and my opinion is, that, probably, when lord *George Sackville* comes over, he will humbly desire his father, or whoever is chief governor, that he may, without any political view, have the disposal of it himself, as it is his own private concern.

I did not know lady *Kerry* had the honour of being your mistress and favourite; however, I approve of your taste. For many years, or rather an age ago, she and I were very well acquainted, and I thought her a mighty sensible agreeable woman; so, upon that account, as well as yours, I should be very glad

to be serviceable to her in any thing in my power.

Now I have given you what answer I can on this subject, I must recommend to you an affair, which has given me some small palpitations of the heart, which is, that you should not wrap up old shoes, or neglected sermons, in my letters; but that what of them have been spared from going towards making gin for the ladies, may henceforth be committed instantly to the flames*: for you being stigmatized with the name of a wit, Mr. *Curll* will rake to the dunghill for your correspondence. And as to my part, I am satisfied with having been honoured in print, by our amorous, satirical, and gallant letters†.

The summer has done your old friend Mrs. *Floyd* a great deal of service. As for my saucy niece, I would advise you both to be better acquainted before you fall foul of one another. The duchess of *Dorset* is still at *Bath*, and the waters have done her good. The duke is now

* To this *Swift* answers, "When I was leaving *England* upon the queen's death, I burnt all the letters I could find, that I had received from ministers for several years before. But as to the letters I receive from your ladyship, I neither ever did, or ever will burn any of them, take it as you please: for I never burn a letter that is entertaining, and consequently will give me new pleasure when it is forgotten." See his answer to this letter, dated *June 8, 1735*, in Mr. *Deane Swift's* Collection.

† See lady *B. G's* next letter, dated *July 12, 1735*.

confined by a fit of the gout, which I believe is very well for him, because I doubt he had a little of it in his stomach. Adieu, &c.

L E T T E R CCCXLVI.

The Archbishop of CASHELL to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Cashell, May 5, 1735.

I Have been so unfortunate in all my contests of late, that I am resolved to have no more, especially where I am like to be over-matched; and as I have some reason to hope what is past will be forgotten, I confess I did endeavour in my last to put the best colour I could think of upon a very bad cause. My friends judge right of my idleness, but in reality, it has hitherto proceeded from a hurry and confusion, arising from a thousand unlucky unforeseen accidents, rather than mere sloth.

I have but one troublesome affair now upon my hands, which by the help of the prime serjeant I hope soon to get rid of; and then you shall see me a true *Irish* bishop. Sir *James Ware* has made a very useful collection of the memorable actions of all my predecessors. He tells us, they were born in such a town of *England* or *Ireland*, were consecrated such a year, and if not translated, were buried in their cathedral church, either on the north or south side. From whence I conclude, that a good bishop has nothing more to do than to eat,

eat, drink, grow fat, rich, and die; which laudable example, I propose for the remainder of my life to follow: for, to tell you the truth, I have, for these four or five years past, met with so much treachery, baseness, and ingratitude among mankind, that I can hardly think it incumbent upon any man to endeavour to do good to preserve a generation.

I am truly concerned at the account you give me of your health. Without doubt a Southern ramble will prove the best remedy you can take to recover your flesh; and I don't know, except in one stage, where you can choose a road so suited to your circumstances, as from *Dublin* hither. You have to *Kilkenny* a turnpike and good inns, at every ten or twelve miles end. From *Kilkenny* hither is twenty long miles, bad road, and no inn at all; but I have an expedient for you. At the foot of a very high hill, just mid-way, there lives, in a neat thatched cabbin, a parson, who is not poor; his wife is allowed to be the best little woman in the world. His chickens are the fattest, and his ale the best in all the country. Besides, the parson has a little cellar of his own, of which he keeps the key, where he has always a hoghead of the best wine that can be got, in bottles well corked, upon their side; and he cleans, and pulls out the cork better, I think, than *Robin*. Here I design to meet you with a coach: if you be tired, you shall stay all night; if not, after dinner, we

will set out about four, and be at *Casbell* by nine; and by going through fields and by-ways, which the parson will shew us, we shall escape all the rocky and stoney roads that lie between this place and that. I hope you will be so kind as to let me know a post or two before you set out, the very day you will be at *Kilkenny*, that I may have all things prepared for you. It may be, if you ask him, *Cope* will come: he will do nothing for me. Therefore, depending upon your positive promise, I shall add no more arguments to persuade you. And am, with the greatest truth, your most faithful and obedient humble servant,

THEO. CASHELL.

L E T T E R CCCXLVII.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

London, July 12, 1735.

I Have not answered yours of the 15th of *June* so soon as I should; but the duke of *Dorset* had answered all yours ere your letter came to my hands. So I hope all causes of complaint are at an end, and that he has shewed himself, as he is, much your friend and humble servant, though he wears a garter, and had his original from *Normandy*, if heralds don't lie, or his granums did not play false; and whilst he is lord lieutenant (which I heartily wish may not be much longer) I dare say will be very glad of any opportunity
to

to do what you recommend to him. Thus far will I answer for his grace, though he is now in the country, and cannot subscribe to it himself.

Now to quite another affair. The countess of *Suffolk* (whom you know I have long had a great esteem and value for) has been so good and gracious as to take my brother *George Berkeley* for better for worse; though I hope in God the last will not happen, because I think he is an honest good-natured man. The town is surprized, and the town talks, as the town loves to do, upon these ordinary extraordinary occasions. She is indeed four or five years older than he, and no more; but, for all that, he hath appeared to all the world, as well as me, to have long had (that is, ever since she hath been a widow, so pray don't mistake me) a most violent passion for her, as well as esteem and value for her numberless good qualities. These things well considered, I do not think they have above ten to one against their being very happy; and if they should not be so, I shall heartily wish him hanged, because I am sure it will be wholly his fault. As to her fortune, though she has been twenty years a court favourite, yet I doubt she has been too disinterested to enlarge it, as others would have done. And Sir *Robert**, her greatest enemy, does not tax her with getting quite forty thou-

* *Walpole*, afterwards the earl of *Orford*.

and pounds. I wish—but fear it is not near that sum. But what she has, she never told me, nor have I ever asked; but whatever it is, they must live accordingly; and he had of his own wherewithal to live by himself easily and genteely.

In this hurry of matrimony, I had like to forgot to answer that part of your letter, where you say, you never heard of our being in print together. I believe it was about twenty years ago, Mr. Curll set forth *Letters amorous, satirical, and gallant, between Dr. Swift, lady Mary Chamber, lady Betty Germain, and Mrs. Anne Long*, and several other persons. I am afraid some of my people used them according to their desert; for they have not appeared above-ground this great while. And now to the addition for writing of the brave large hand you make me do you, I have bruised my fingers prodigiously, and say no more but adieu.

L E T T E R CCCXLVIII.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

Sept. 4, 1735.

IF you are not angry with me for my long silence, I take it ill, and need make no excuse: and if you are angry, then I would not willingly make you sorry too, which I know you will be, when I tell you, that I was laid up at *Knowle* with a severe fit of the gout. And since that infallible cure for all diseases, which
all

all great fools and talkers wish joy of, I have never been quite well, but have had continually some disorder or other, which made my head and spirits unfit for writing, or indeed doing any thing I should. I am still so much out of order, that I am under great apprehensions I shall not be able to go, next year, part of the journey to *Ireland* with their graces; which is also part of the road to *Drayton*, where I intend to stay till *November*, in hopes that summer deferred its coming till I was there; for I am sure, hitherto, we have had little but winter weather.

I am glad matters are settled between his grace of *Dorset* and you; and I dare answer, as you are both right thinkers, and of course upright actors, there wants but little explanations between you; since I, that am the go-between, can easily find out, that he has as sincere a value for you, as you have for him. I do assure you I am extremely delighted, that since lady *Suffolk* would take a master (commonly called a husband) she chose my brother *George*; for if I am not partial to him, which indeed I don't know that I am, his sincere value, love, and esteem for her, must make him a good man.

We are now full of expectation of his royal highness's * wedding. Her highness's jewels are bought, and her cloaths bespoke; and a gallery of communication is making between

* *Frederick*, then prince of *Wales*,

his apartment and *St. James's*; but as I do not love to pry into mysteries of state, I don't at all know when the lady will come over. Your friend Mrs. *Floyd* is grown fat and well, under the duchess of *Dorset's* care and direction at *Knowle*. Our friend *Curll* has again reprinted what he called our letters, as a proper third part of Mr. *Pope's*. He should have made those silly bitter verses on me to have been his too, instead of Sir *William Trumbull's*, whom they just as much belonged to. But you patriots are so much afraid of suppressing the press, that every body must suffer under that, and the lyes of the news-papers, without hopes of redress. Adieu, my dear Dean.

LETTER CCCXLIX.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Nov. 13, 1735.

I Honestly confess I was honoured with yours above a month ago, which ought in all love and reason to have been answered above a month since; but I know your fauciness, as well as you know my niece's; with this difference, that as age is to mend hers, it makes yours grow worse; and the answer to me had been,—Oh! she can give a quick reply to mine; now the duke and duchess are here, she wants to know more frequently how and what they do?

I can

I can tell you no story of the ring (which you want to know) but that it came to my hands through proper windings and turnings from an earl of *Peterborow*; and the connoisseurs say it is an antique, and a pretty good one. I am very well pleased and happy, if that ever serves to put you in mind that I am your humble servant.

I came last week from my house in *Northamptonshire*. I cannot say the weather permitted me much exercise abroad; but as that house is large, the necessary steps the mistress must take, is some; and I never lost any time I could get to walk out, and sometimes drove abroad in a chair, with one horse; for being a bad rider, I approve much more of that than mounting my palfrey. And whether it was this, or the country air, or chance, I know not; but, thank God, I am as well at present as ever I was in my life.

I am wholly ignorant who is or will be bishop of *Corke*; for his grace is such a silly conceited man, that he never vouchsafes to consult me in the affairs of his kingdom. I only know that I wish heartily for Dr. *Whetcombe* *, because he seems to be a modest good sort of a man; and if I was his grace, since there can

* *John Whetcombe*, D. D. then fellow of *Dublin college*, made bishop of *Clenfort* in *Ireland*, Dec. 24, 1735, and consecrated 4th *January* following. He was afterwards translated to the archbishopric of *Cashell*, and died in 1754.

be no objection against him in this, he should have it. But as these matters are above my capacity, I do assure you I do not in the least pretend to meddle with them.

I hope, whenever you ask me about the countess and *George*, I shall be able to answer you, as I can safely do now, that as yet there is no sort of appearance that they like one another the worse for wearing. Mrs. † *Composition* is much your humble servant, and has not yet got her winter cough. God bless you, and adieu.

L E T T E R CCCL.

Dr. SWIFT to the Duke of DORSET.

MY LORD,

Dec. 30, 1735.

YOUR grace fairly owes me one hundred and ten pounds a year in the church, which I thus prove. I desired you would bestow a preferment of one hundred and fifty pounds a year to a certain clergyman. Your answer was, that I asked modestly; that you would not promise, but you would grant my request. However, for want of good intelligence in being (after a cant word used here) an expert king-fisher, that clergyman took up with forty pounds a year; and I shall never trouble your grace any more in his behalf. Now by plain arithmetic it follows, that one hundred and ten pounds remain; and this arrear I have

† Mrs. Biddy Floyd.

assigned

assigned to one Mr. *John Jackson*, who is vicar of *Santry*, and hath a small estate, with two sons, and as many daughters, all grown up. He hath lain some years as a weight upon me, which I voluntarily took up, on account of his virtue, piety, and good sense, and modesty almost to a fault. Your grace is now disposing of the *debris* * of two bishoprics, among which is the deanry of *Ferns*, worth between eighty and one hundred pounds a year, which will make this gentleman easier, who, besides his other good qualities, is as loyal as you could wish.

I cannot but think that your grace, to whom God hath given every amiable quality, is bound, when you have satisfied all the expectations of those who have power in your club †, to do something at the request of others, who love you on your own account, without expecting any thing for themselves. I have ventured once or twice to drop hints in favour of some very deserving gentlemen, who I was assured had been recommended to you by persons of weight; but I easily found by your general answers, that although I have been an old courtier you knew how to silence me, by diverting a discourse, which made me reflect that courtiers resemble gamesters, the latter finding no arts unknown to the older; and one of them assured me, that he has lost

* The shattered remains.

† The parliament of *Ireland*.

fourteen thousand pounds since he left off play, merely by dabbling with those who had contrived new refinements.

My lord, I will, as a divine, quote scripture: although the children's meat should not be given to dogs, yet the dogs eat the scraps that fall from the children's table. This is the second request I have ever made your grace directly. Mr. *Jackson* is condemned to live on his own small estate, part whereof is in his parish, about four miles from hence, where he hath built a family house, more expensive than he intended. He is a clergyman of long standing, and of a most unblemished character; but the misfortune is, he hath not one enemy to whom I might appeal for the truth of what I say.

Pray, my lord, be not alarmed at the word deanry, nor imagine it a dignity like those we have in *England*; for, except three or four, the rest have little power, rather none as a dean and chapter, and seldom any land at all. It is usually a living consisting of one or more parishes, some very poor, and others better endowed; but all in tythes.

Mr. *Jackson* cannot leave his present situation, and only desires some very moderate addition. My lord, I do not deceive your grace, when I say, you will oblige great numbers even of those who are most at your devotion, by conferring this favour, or any other, that will answer the same end. *Multa—veniet ma-*

mus auxilio quæ—Sit mihi, (nam multo plures sumus) ac veluti te—Judæi cogemus in hac concedere turbam.

I would have waited on your grace, and taken the privilege of my usual thirteen minutes, if I had not been prevented by my old disorder in my head; for which I have been forced to confine myself to the precepts of my physicians.

LETTER CCCLI.

Lady B—— G——— to Dr. SWIFT.

Feb. 10, 1735-6.

I Am sorry to hear your complaints still of giddiness. As I was in hopes you would have mended, like my purblind eyes, with old age. According to the custom of all old women, I must recommend to you a medicine, which is certainly a very innocent one, and they say does great good to that distemper, which is only wearing oil-cloth the breadth of your feet, and next to your skin. I have often found it do me good for the head-ach.

I don't know what offences the duke of Dorset's club, as you call them, commit in your eyes; but, to my apprehension, the parliament cannot but behave well, since they let him have such a quiet session. And as to all sorts of politics, they are now my utter aversion, and I will leave them to be discussed by those who have a better skill in them.

If my niece has been humbled by being nine years older, her late-inherited great fortune will beautify her in the eyes of a great many people; so she may grow proud again upon that. The countess of *Suffolk* is your humble servant. Mr. *Pope* and she appear to have a true value for one another, so I suppose there is no doubt of it; I will answer for my friend's sincerity, and I do not question Mr. *Pope's*. Why, pray, do you fancy I don't desire to cultivate Mr. *Pope's* acquaintance? But perhaps, if I seek it too much, I might meet with a rebuff, as you said her M. did. However, we do often dine together at third places: and as to my own house, though he would be extremely welcome, he has too numerous friends and acquaintance already to spare me a day, unless you will come to *England*, and then he might be induced to meet you here. Mrs. *Biddy Floyd* has passed thus far of the winter in better health than usual, tho' her cough will not forsake her. She is much your humble servant, and so is most sincerely your old friend,

E—— G——

L E T T E R CCCLII.

Mrs. PENDARVES to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

London, April 22, 1736.

I Am sorry to make use of so many good arguments for not coming to *Bath*. I was in hopes you might be prevailed with. And though one of my strongest reasons for wishing you there, was the desire I have of seeing you, I assure you the consideration of your health took place of it. I left *Bath* last Sunday se'n-night, very full and gay. I think *Bath* is a more comfortable place to live in than *London*; all the entertainments of the place lie in a small compass, and you are at your liberty to partake of them, or let them alone, just as it suits your humour. This town is grown to such an enormous size, that above half the day must be spent in the streets, going from one place to another. I like it every year less and less.

When I went out of town last autumn, the reigning madness was *Farinelli* *; I find it now turned on *Pasquin*, a dramatic satire on the times †. It has had almost as long a run

* A celebrated *Italian* singer.

† This was written by the late *Henry Fielding*, and was a rehearsal of a comedy and a tragedy; the comedy was called *The Election*, and the tragedy, *The Life and Death of Queen Common Sense*. This and some other dramatic satires, by the same author, levelled against the

as the *Beggar's Opera*; but, in my opinion, not with equal merit, though it has humour. Monstrous preparations are making for the royal wedding *. Pearl, gold, and silver, embroidered on gold and silver tissues. I am too poor and too dull to make one among the fine multitude. The news-papers say, my lord *Carteret's* youngest daughter is to have the duke of *Bedford* †. I hear nothing of it from the family; but think it not unlikely. The duke of *Marlborough* and his grandmother are upon bad terms. The duke of *B—*, who has been ill treated by her, has offered the duke of *M—* to supply him with ten thousand pounds a year, if he will go to law, and torment the old dowager. The duke of *Chandos's* marriage has made a great noise; and the poor duchess is often reproached with her being bred up in *Burr-street, Wapping* ‡.

Mrs. *Donnellan*, I am afraid, is so well treated in *Ireland*, that I must despair of seeing her here. She is so good to me in her letters, as always to mention you.

I hope I shall hear from you soon: you owe me that pleasure, for the concern I was under

the administration of the late lord *Orford*, produced an act of parliament for licensing the stage, and limiting the number of playhouses, which was passed in 1737.

* Of *Frederick*, prince of *Wales*.

† His grace married Miss *Gower*, daughter of the lord *Gower* by his first wife, on the 1st of *April*, 1737.

‡ She was lady *Daval*, widow of Sir *Thomas Daval*, and had a fortune of 40000 *l*.

when

when I heard you were ill. I am, Sir, your
faithful and obliged humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

I beg my compliments to all friends that
remember me, but particularly to Dr.
Delaney.

L E T T E R CCCLIII.

Lady B— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

June 23, 1736.

I Ought to begin with begging pardon for not
answering yours of the 1st of *May*, before I
thank you for that of the 15th of *June*; but
I don't question the news-papers have informed
you of the great loss I have had in my brother
Henry Berkeley. * * * *

* * * *
She that you call my faucy niece, has be-
stowed her very great fortune (much more than
you mention) on lord *Vere Beauclerk*, and had
my approbation of her own choice; for I
think him a very deserving gentleman, and all
that know him give him a great character. I
am now with them in the country; but shall
go, in about a fortnight, to *Knowle*; and,
when I am there, will certainly obey your
commands to the duke of *Dorset*. My bro-
ther *George* and lady *Suffolk* are gone to *France*,
to make a visit to lord *Berkeley*; which I am
glad of, as I hope it will induce her to go to

Spa and *Aix-la-Chapelle* for her health, which I truly believe is all she wants to make her easy and happy; or else my brother *George* is not the honest good-natured man I really take him to be; and she dissembles well, if she is not so happy as she makes me believe, and I heartily wish her.

You order me to write long letters; but you may see, by the nothingness of this, I am yet more unfit than ever to observe your orders; though in all things, and at all times, your most sincere and truly humble servant,

E. G.

LETTER CCCLIV.

Mr. DONNELLAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Corke, July 2, 1736.

I Had the favour of your commands in relation to Mr. *Dunkin* *; and, in pursuance of them, have wrote to two of my friends,

* A female relation of Mr. *Dunkin* had bequeathed an estate in land for ever to the college and fellows of *Trinity* college, *Dublin*, upon condition that they should take care of his education, and afterwards assist to advance him in the world. The college, in consequence of this bequest, allowed him at this time an annuity, which he was now soliciting to get increased to 100 l. He succeeded in his application; and the earl of *Chesterfield*, when he had the government of *Ireland*, in the year 1746, gave him the school of *Inniskilling*, which is very richly endowed, and was founded by king *Charles I.*

among the senior fellows, and recommended his petition, and your request, in the best and strongest manner I was able. I am, upon many accounts, obliged to execute whatever orders you are pleased to give me, with the greatest readiness and chearfulness possible; which I assure you I do on this occasion, and shall think myself very happy if I can any way promote the success of an affair which you wish well to. I hope all difficulties will be got over, by your appearance in his favour, and that your request will have all that weight with the college that it ought. I reminded my friends (though I hope they had not forgot it) of the considerable services you have done their house at different times, and let them know how much their compliance in this point would oblige you. After this, I think they must be very beasts, if they do not shew their gratitude, when they have so fair an opportunity; and idiots, if they neglect purchasing the Dean's favour at so cheap a rate.

Though I am come among a people that I think you are not very fond of; yet this I must say in their favour, that they are not such brutes as to be insensible of the Dean's merit. Ever since we came down, this town and country rung of your praises, for opposing the reduction of the coin; and they look upon the stop that is likely to be put to that affair, as a second deliverance they owe you.

I hope

I hope the late fine weather has contributed to the recovery of your health: I am sure it is what we all have reason to desire the continuance of; and, what I beg you will believe, no one more truly and sincerely wishes, with all other happiness, than, Sir, your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

CHR. DONNELLAN.

L E T T E R CCCLV.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

July 11, 1736.

SINCE, it seems, my letters are not for your own perusal, but kept for a female cousin, to her this ought to be addressed, only that I am not yet in spirits to joke. I did not do so ill by your request, as you apprehend by my letter; for I spoke to the duke much sooner than I told you I should, and did so as soon as it was possible for me, or as soon as I could have sent it. The answer was, that he had that moment received a letter from lord Orrery, with the most pressing instances for a deserving friend of his: that the duke could not refuse him, especially as my lord Orrery had been most extremely obliging, and, for this whole session, neglected no opportunity to endeavour to make his administration easy. Though, at the same time, he assured me, he would otherwise

wife have been very glad to oblige you ; and does agree, that the gentleman you recommended is very deserving. All this you should have known before, had I been able to write ; but I have been laid up with the gout in my hand and foot, and thought it not necessary to make use of a secretary, since I had nothing more pleasing to tell you. I shall always be extreme willing to be employed by you to him ; nor do I make any question but you will always recommend the worthy, as it is for your own honour as well as his. I will not agree that you never did prevail *on any one occasion*, because the very first you did employ me about, was instantly complied with, though against a rule he thought right, and I knew before he had set himself.

Lady *Suffolk* is now a *Spa*, with my brother *George*, for her health ; and as I shall go for my own to the *Bath* at *September*, I fear we shall not meet this great while. And now I must finish this long letter, which has not been quite easy to write, being still your gouty, but faithful humble servant.

L E T T E R CCCLVI.

Mr. PENDARVES to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Sept. 2, 1736.

I Never will accept of the writ of ease you threaten me with ; don't flatter yourself with
any

any such hopes : I receive too many advantages from your letters to drop a correspondence of such consequence to me. I am really grieved that you are so much persecuted with a giddiness in your head ; the *Bath* and travelling would certainly be of use to you. Your want of spirits is a new complaint, and what will not only afflict your particular friends, but every one that has the happiness of your acquaintance. I am uneasy to know how you do, and have no other means for that satisfaction but from your own hand, most of my *Dublin* correspondents being removed to *Corke*, to *Wicklow Mountains*, and the lord knows where. I should have made this inquiry sooner, but that I have this summer undertaken a work that has given me full employment, which is making a grotto in Sir *John Stanley's* garden at *North-End* ; it is chiefly composed of shells I had from *Ireland*. My life, for two months past, has been very like a hermit's ; I have had all the comforts of life but society, and have found living quite alone a pleasanter thing than I imagined. The hours I could spend in reading have been entertained by *Rollin's History of the Ancients*, in *French*. I am very well pleased with it, and think your *Annibals*, *Scipios*, and *Cyrus's* prettier fellows than are to be met with now-a-days. Painting and music have had their share in my amusements. I rose between five and six, and went to bed at eleven. I would not tell you
so

so much about myself, if I had any thing to tell you of other people. I came to town the night before last; and if it does not, a few days hence, appear better to me then at present, I shall return to my solitary cell. Sir *John Stanley* has been all the summer at *Tunbridge*.

I suppose you may have heard of Mr. *Pope's* accident, which had like to have proved a very fatal one: he was leading a young lady into a boat from his own stairs, her foot missed the side of the boat, she fell into the water, and pulled Mr. *Pope* after her; the boat slipped away, and they were immediately out of their depth, and it was with some difficulty they were saved. The young lady's name is *Talbot*; she is as remarkable for being a handsome woman, as Mr. *Pope* is for wit. I think I cannot give you a higher notion of her beauty, unless I had named you instead of him. I shall be impatient till I hear from you again, being, with great sincerity, your most faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

P. S. I forgot to answer, on the other side, that part of your letter that concerns my sister. I do not know whether you could like her person as well as mine, because sickness has faded her complexion; but it is greatly my interest not to bring you acquainted with her mind, for that would
prove

prove a potent rival; and nothing but your partiality to me, as an older acquaintance, could make you give me the preference.

I beg my particular compliments to Dr. *Delaney*. Sir *John Stanley* says, if you have not forgot him, he desires to be remembered as your humble servant.

LETTER CCCLVII.

Mrs. BARBER to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Bath, Nov. 3, 1736,

I Should long since have acknowledged the honour of your kind letter, but that I found my head so disordered by writing a little, that I was fearful of having the gout in it; so I humbly beseech you to pardon me; nor think me ungrateful, nor in the least insensible of the infinite obligations I lie under to you, which, heaven knows, are never out of my mind.

How shall I express the sense I have of your goodness, in inviting me to return to *Ireland*, and generously offering to contribute to support me there. But would it not be base in me not to try to do something for myself, rather than be burdensome where I am already so much indebted?

As to the friend whom you say, Sir, is in so much better circumstances, I should be very unjust, if I did not assure you that friend has
never

never failed of being extremely kind to me.

I find I need not tell you that I am not able to pursue the scheme of *letting lodgings*. Your goodness and compassion for my unhappy state of health, has made you think of it for me ; 'tis impracticable, but I am desirous to try if I can do any good by selling *Irish* linen, which I find is coming much into repute here : in that way, my daughter, who is willing to do every thing in her power can be of service, but never in the other.

If I should go from *Bath*, I have reason to think, that the remainder of my life would be very miserable, and that I should soon lose the use of my limbs for ever ; since I had nothing but the blessing of God on these waters does me any good ; besides this, the interest of my children is a great inducement to me, for here I have the best prospect of keeping up an acquaintance for them. My son, who is learning to paint, goes on very well ; and if he be in the least approved of, in all probability he may do very well at *Bath* ; for I never yet saw a painter that came hither, fail of getting more business than he could do, let him be never so indifferent ; and I am in hopes that *Con.* may settle here. Dr. *Mead*, whose goodness to me is great, may be of vast use to him, if he finds, as I hope he will, that he is worthy of his favour. And if God blesses my sons with success, they are so well inclined,

that I do not doubt but they would take a pleasure in supporting me, if I can make a shift to maintain them and myself till then : and I find Mr. *Barber* is very willing to do what he can for them, though his circumstances are far from being what you are told they are ; not, I fear, half so good.

But though I cannot hope to be supported by letting lodgings, I would willingly take a house a little larger than I want for myself, if I could meet with it on reasonable terms, that if any particular friend came, they might lodge in it, which would make it more agreeable ; and if I live till my son the painter goes into business, he might be with me. As for *Con.* if he does not chuse to settle here, good Dr. *Helsbam*, with his usual friendliness, has promised to honour him with his protection, if he returns to *Ireland*.

I have now, Sir, told you my schemes, and hope they will be honoured with your approbation ; and encouraged by your inexpressible goodness to me. I have at length got resolution enough to beg a favour, which, if you, Sir, condescend to grant, would make me rich, without impoverishing you.

When Dr. *King*, of *Oxford*, was last in *Ireland*, he had the pleasure of seeing your treatise on *Polite Conversation*, and gave such an account of it in *London*, as made numbers of people very desirous to see it. Lady *Worseyley*,
who

who heard of it from Mrs. *Cleland**, and many more of my patronesses pressed me to beg it of you, and assured me I might get a great subscription if I had that, and a few of your *original poems*; if you would give me leave to publish an advertisement, that you had made me a present of them. This they commanded me to tell you above a *year ago*, and I have had many letters since upon that account; but, conscious of the many obligations I already lay under, I have thought it a shame to presume further upon your goodness; but, when I was last in *London*, they made me promise I would mention it the next time I wrote to you; and indeed I have attempted it many a time since, but never could till now.— I humbly beseech you, Sir, if you do not think it proper, not to be offended with me for asking it; for it was others that, out of kindness to me, put me upon it. They said you made no advantage for yourself by your writings; and that since you honoured me with your protection, I had all the reason in the world to think it would be a pleasure to you to see me in easy circumstances; that every body would gladly subscribe for any thing Dr. *Swift* wrote; and indeed I believe in my conscience it would be the making of me.

* ‘ Lady *Worsley*, wife of Sir *Robert Worsley*. Mrs. *Cleland*, wife of major *William Cleland*, a friend to Mr. *Pope*, and author of the *Letter to the Publisher of the Dunciad*, prefixed to the first correct edition of that poem.’

There are a great many people of quality here this season; amongst others, lady *Carteret*, and Mrs. *Spencer**; who commanded me to make their best compliments to you. They came on Mrs. *Spencer*'s account, who is better in her health since she drank these waters. I daily see such numbers of people mended by them, that I cannot but wish you would try them: as you are sensible your disorders are chiefly occasioned by a cold stomach, I believe there is not any thing in this world so likely to cure that disorder as the *Bath-waters*; which are daily found to be a sovereign remedy for disorders of *that kind*: I know, Sir, you have no opinion of drugs, and why will you not try so agreeable a medicine, prepared by Providence alone? If you will not try for *your own sake*, why will you not, in pity to your country? O! may that Being that inspired you to be its defence in the day of distress, influence you to take the best method to preserve a life of so much importance to an oppressed people!

Before I conclude, gratitude obliges me to tell you, that Mr. *Temple*† was here lately, and was exceedingly kind to me and my

* ‘ Daughter of lord *Carteret*, married, first to the honourable *John Spencer*, brother to the duke of *Marlborough*, and afterwards to the late earl *Cowper*.’

† ‘ *John Temple*, Esq; nephew of Sir *William Temple*, whose grand-daughter he married. He was brother to the late lord viscount *Palmerstone*.’

daughters. He made me a present of a hamper of very fine *Madeira*, which he said was good for the gout, and distinguished me in the kindest manner. He commanded me to make his best compliments to you, and says, he flatters himself, you will visit *Moor-Park* once again: Heaven grant you may! and that I may be so blest as to see you, who am, with infinite respect and gratitude, your most obliged, most dutiful humble servant,

MARY BARBER.

L E T T E R CCCLVIII.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 2, 1736.

I AM sorry to be so unlucky in my late errands between his grace and you; and he also is troubled at it, as the person you recommend is, indeed, what you say, a very worthy person; but Mr. *Molloy*, who was lord *George's* second tutor, had the promise of the next preferment, so he cannot put him by for this. I wish I was more fortunate in my undertakings; but I verily believe it is a common calamity to most men in power, that they are often, by necessity, prevented from obliging their friends; and many worthy people go unrewarded. Whether you call this a court answer, or not, I am very positively sure, he is heartily vexed when it is not in his power to oblige you. I have been very much out of

order, or you should have heard from me before: and I am now literally setting out for *Bath*. So adieu! dear Dean.

L E T T E R CCCLIX.

Lord CASTLEDURROW * to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Castledurrow, Dec. 4, 1736.

IT is now a month since you favoured me with your letter; I fear the trouble of another from me may persuade you to excuse my acknowledgments of it; but I am too sensible of the honour you do me, to suffer a correspondence to drop, which I know some of the greatest men in this age have gloried in. How then must my heart be elated! The fly on the chariot-wheel is too trite a quotation: I shall rather compare myself to a worm enlivened by the sun, and crawling before it. I imagine there is a tinge of vanity in the meanest insect; and who knows but even this reptile may pride itself in its curls and twists before its benefactor? This is more than the greatest philosopher can determine. Guesses are the privilege of the ignorant, our undoubted right, and what you can never lay claim to.

I am quite angry with your servant, for

* This was *William* lord baron of *Castledurrow*, whose son *Henry* was created lord viscount *Ashbrook* in the year 1751.

not acquainting you that I was at your door. I greatly commend both your oeconomy and the company you admit at your table. I am told your wine is excellent. The additional groat is, I hope, for fuet to your pudding. I fancy I am as old an acquaintance as most you have in this kingdom; though it is not my happiness to be so qualified as to merit that intimacy you profess for a few. It is now to little purpose to repine; though it grieves me to think I was a favourite of dean *Aldrich*, the greatest man who ever presided in that high post; that over *Virgil* and *Horace*, *Gay* and *Phillips* smoaked many a pipe, and drank many a quart with me, besides the expence of a bushel of nuts, and that now I am scarce able to relish their beauties. I know it is death to you to see either of them mangled; but a scrap of paper I design to inclose, will convince you of the truth. It was in joke to an old woman of seventy, who takes the last line so heinously, that, thanks to my stars, she hates me in earnest. So I devote myself to ladies of a fewer years, and more discretion.

This, and such other innocent amusements, I devote myself to in my retirement. Once in two years I appear in the *anus* of the world, our metropolis. His grace, my old acquaintance, told me, I began to contract strange old-fashioned rust, and advised me to burst out of my solitude, and resit myself for the public; but

but my own notion of the world, for some time past, is so confirmed by the sanction of your opinion of it, that I resolve this same rust shall be as dear to me, as that which enhanced the value of poor Dr. *Woodward's* shield*; though it gave such offence to his cleanly maid, that she polished it to none at all.

I shall appear very inconsistent with myself in now telling you, that I still design the latter end of next six months for *England*. You allow I have some pretence to go there. My progress with my son will be farther; for which, perhaps, you too will condemn me, as well as other friends do. I shall be proud of the honour of your commands, and, with your leave, will wait upon you for them. I design to send you a pot of woodcocks for a *Christmas*-box: small as the present is, pray believe I am, with sincere respect, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

CASTLEDURROW.

* The character of Dr. *Cornelius Scriblerus* in the *Memoirs* of his son *Martinus Scriblerus*, was intended for Dr. *Woodward*, who wrote a dissertation on an antique shield; and Dr. *Cornelius* is represented as having intended to place his son in what he conceived to be an antique shield, to be christened; but which being given to the maid, with its venerable rust upon it, she scoured it bright, and then it appeared to be nothing more than an old scone without a nozzle,

Verſes

Verſes by lord *Caſledurrow*, incloſed in the former letter.

Lætitia's Character of her Lover rendered in metre.

Old women ſometimes can raiſe his deſire;
The young, in their turn, ſets his heart all
on fire.

And ſometimes again he abhors woman-
kind.

Was ever poor wretch of ſo fickle a mind!

The Lover's Answer.

*Parcius junctas quatiunt fenestras,
Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi;
Nec tibi somnos adimunt: amatque
Janua limen.*

HOR. Lib. I. Ode 25.

No more ſhall frolic youth advance
In ſerenade, and am'rous dance;
Redoubling ſtroke no more ſhall beat
Againſt thy window and thy gate;
In idle ſleep, now lie ſecure,
And never be unbarr'd the door.

LET.

LETTER CCCLX.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

London, Dec. 21, 1736.

I Was at the *Bath* when I had the favour of your letter of the 6th of last month. I remember I once wrote to you from thence, therefore I resolved not to hazard another by the cross post, but stay till my return to *London*, to thank you for your kind remembrance of me. I am now, God be thanked, tolerably well in health again; and have done with all physick and water-drinking. My constitution must certainly be a pretty good one; for it has resisted the attacks of five eminent physicians for five months together, and I am not a jot the worse for any of them. For the future I will preserve myself by your advice, and follow your rules, of rising early, eating little, drinking less, and riding daily; I hope this regimen will be long of use to both of us, and that we may live to meet again. I am exceedingly rejoiced at Mr. *Stopford's* good success, and have acknowledged my obligation to the duke of *Dorset*, who I dare say will in time do more for him, because he has promised it. My first desire to serve him was solely because I knew you esteemed him. I was confident he must be a deserving man, since *John Gay* assured me he was a very particular friend of yours. I afterwards, upon
farther

farther acquaintance, grew to love him for his own sake, and the merit I found in him. Men of his worth and character do an honour to those who recommended them. There is a sentence, I think it is in *Tully's Offices*, which I admire extremely, and should be tempted to take it for a motto, if ever I took one, *Amicis prodesse, nemini nocere*. It is a noble sentiment, and shall be my rule, though perhaps never my motto. I fancy there is no other foundation for naming so many successors to the duke of *Dorset*, than because he has served, as they call it, his time out. I am inclined to believe he will go once more amongst you, and the rather, since I am told he gave great satisfaction the last time he was with you. Lord *Essex* will hardly be the person to succeed him, though I should be glad he was, since I flatter myself he would be willing, on many occasions, to shew some regard to my recommendations. I have lately seen a gentleman who is come from *France*, who assures me, the person you enquire after, and to whom you gave so many lectures of frugality, is in perfect health, and lives in great plenty and affluence. I own I doubt it; but, if it be true, I am sure it cannot last long, unless an old gentleman would please to die, who seems at present not to have the least inclination towards it; though near ninety years old, I

verily

verily think he is more likely to marry again than die*.

Pope shewed me a letter he had lately from you. We grieved extremely to find you so full of complaints, and we wished heartily you might be well enough to make a trip here this spring. Shifting the scene was of great service to me; perhaps it may be so to you. I mended from the moment I had crossed the seas, and sensibly felt the benefit of changing air. His majesty is still on the other side. He has escaped being at sea in the tempestuous weather we have had; but when the wind will let him come, God knows. Lord *Chesterfield* says, if he does not come by *Twelfth-day*, the people will choose king and queen without him. I must tell you a ridiculous incident, perhaps you have not read it; one *Mrs. Mapp*, a famous she bone-setter and mountebank, coming to town with a coach and six horses, on the *Kentish* road, was met by a rabble of people, who seeing her very oddly and tawdrily dressed, took her for a foreigner, and concluded she must be a certain great person's mistress. Upon this they followed the coach, bawling out, No *Hanover* whore! no *Hanover* whore! The lady within

* The persons here meant are Lord *Bolingbroke* and his father. See Dr. *Swift's* Letter to Mr. *Pulteney*, dated *March 7, 1736*.

the coach was much offended, let down the glass, and screamed louder than any of them, She was no *Hanover* whore! she was an *English* one! Upon which they cried out, God bless your ladyship! quitted the pursuit, and wished her a good journey.

I hope to be able to attend the house next sessions; but not with that assiduity as I have formerly done. Why should I risque the doing myself any harm, when I know how vain it is to expect to do any good. You that have been a long time out of this country, can have no notion how wicked and corrupt we are grown. Were I to tell you of half the rogue-ries come to my knowledge, you would be astonished; and yet I dare say I don't know of half that are practised in one little spot of ground only; you may easily guess where I mean.

I will make your compliments to lord *Carteret*, when he comes to town. I am sure he will be pleased with your kind mention of him; and if you will now and then let me hear from you, I shall look on the continuance of your correspondence as a very particular honour; for I assure you, that I am, with the greatest truth and esteem, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM PULTENEY.

LETTER CCCLXI.

Lord CASTLEDURROW to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Castledurrow, Jan. 11. 1736.

I Received the honour of your letter with that pleasure which they have always given me. If I have deferred acknowledging it longer than usual, I should not be at a loss to make an excuse, if I could be so vain as to imagine you required any. Virtue forbids us to continue in debt, and gratitude obliges us at least to own favours too large for us to pay; therefore I must write rather than reproach myself, and blush at having neglected it when I wait upon you; though you may retort, blushes should proceed rather from the pen than from silence; which pleads a modest diffidence, that often obtains pardon. I am delighted with the sketch of your *Imperium*, and beg I may be presented to your first minister, Sir Robert*. Your puddings I have been acquainted with these forty years; they are the best sweet puddings I ever eat. The oeconomy of your table is delicious; a little, and perfectly good, is the greatest treat; and that elegance in sorting company puts me in mind of *Correlli's orcastro*†, in forming which he

* Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards earl of Orford.

† ' His lordship probably uses this word for *orchestre*. *Corelli*, the famous Italian musician and composer, being

excelled mankind. In this respect no man ever judged worse than lord chancellor *Middleton*; his table the neatest served of any I have seen in *Dublin*, which to be sure was intirely owing to his lady. You really surprize me, when you say you know not where to get a dinner in the whole town. *Dublin* is famous for vanity this way; and I think the mistaken luxury of some of our grandees, and feasting those who come to laugh at us from the other side of the water, has done us as much prejudice as most of our follies. Not any lord lieutenant has done us more honour in magnificence than our present viceroy*. He is an old intimate of my youth, and has always distinguished me with affection and friendship. I trust mine are no less sincere for him. I have joy in hearing his virtues celebrated. I wish that he had gratified you in your request. Those he has done most for, I dare affirm, love him least. It is pity there is any allay in so beneficent a temper; but if a friend can be viewed with an impartial eye, faults he has none; and, if any failings, they are grafted in a pusillanimity, which sinks him into complaisance for men who neither love nor esteem him, and has prevented him buoying up against their impotent

ing eminent for his skill in forming and disposing the several musicians in a concert.

* The duke of *Dorset*.

threats, in raising his friends. He is a most amiable man, has many good qualities, and wants but one more to make him really a great man.

If you can have any commands to *England* for so insignificant a fellow as I am, pray prepare them against the beginning of next month. At my arrival in town, I shall send a message in form for audience: but I beg to see you in your private capacity, not in your princely authority; for as both your ministry and senate are full, and that I cannot hope to be employed in either, I fear your revenue is too small to grant me a pension. And as I am not fit for business, perhaps you will not allow me a fit object for one, which charity only prompts you to bestow. Thus, without any view of your highness's favour, I am independent, and with sincere esteem, your most obedient humble servant,

CASTLEDURROW.

L E T T E R CCCLXII.

Dr. SWIFT to Lady B—— G——.

MADAM,

Jan. 29, 1736.

I Owe your ladyship the acknowledgment of a letter I have long received, relating to a request I made to my lord duke. I now dismiss you, madam, for ever from your office of being a go-between upon any affair I might have with his grace. I will never more trouble
ble

ble him, either with my visits or application. His business in this kingdom is to make himself easy; his lessons are all prescribed him from court; and he is sure, at a very cheap rate, to have a majority of most corrupt slaves and ideots at his devotion. The happiness of this kingdom is of no more consequence to him, than it would be to the great *Mogul*; while the very few honest or moderate men of the *Whig* party, lament the choice he makes of persons for civil employments, or church preferments.

I will now repeat, for the last time, that I never made him a request out of any views of my own; but intirely after consulting his own honour, and the desires of all good men, who were as loyal as his grace could wish, and had no other fault than that of modestly standing up for preserving some poor remainder in the constitution of church and state.

I had long experience, while I was in the world, of the difficulties that great men lay under, in the point of promises and employments; but a plain honest *English* farmer, when he invites his neighbours to a christening, if a friend happen to come late, will take care to lock up a scrap for him in the cupboard.

Henceforth I shall only grieve in silence, when I hear of employments disposed of to the discontent of his grace's best friends in this kingdom; and the rather, because I do not

know a more agreeable person in conversation, one more easy, or of a better taste, with a greater variety of knowledge than the duke of *Dorset*.

I am extremely afflicted to hear that your ladyship's want of health hath driven you to the *Bath*; the same cause hath hindered me from sooner acknowledging your letter. But, I am at a time of life to expect a great deal worse; for I have neither flesh nor spirits left; while you, madam, I hope, and believe, will enjoy many happy years, in employing those virtues which heaven bestowed on you for the delight of your friends, and the comfort of the distressed, and the universal esteem of all who are wise and virtuous.

I desire to present my most humble service to my lady *Suffolk*, and your happy brother.

I am, with the truest respect, madam, your,
 &c.

L E T T E R CCCLXIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. PULTENEY.

SIR,

March 7, 1736.

I Must begin by assuring you, that I did never intend to engage you in a settled correspondence with so useless a man as I here am; and still more so, by the daily increase of ill health, and old age; and yet I confess, that the high esteem I preserve for your public and private virtues urgeth me on to retain some little place
 in

in your memory, for that time I may expect to live.

That I no sooner acknowledged the honour of your letters is owing to your civility, which might have compelled you to write, while you were engaged in defending the liberties of your country, with more than an old *Roman* spirit, which hath reached this obscure and enslaved kingdom, so far as to have been the constant subject of discourse and of praise amongst the whole few of what unprostituted people here remain among us.

I did not receive the letter you mentioned from *Bath*; and yet I have imagined, for some months past, that the meddlers in the post-offices here and in *London* have grown weary of their curiosity, by finding the little satisfaction it gave them. I agree heartily in your opinion of physicians; I have esteemed many of them as learned ingenious men; but I never received the least benefit from their advice and prescriptions. And poor Dr. *Arbutnot* was the only man of the faculty who seemed to understand my case; yet could not remedy it. But to conquer five physicians, all eminent in their way, was a virtue that *Alexander* and *Cæsar* could never pretend to. I desire that my prescription of living may be published (which you design to follow) for the benefit of mankind; which, however, I do not value a rush, nor the animal itself, as it now acts; and neither will I ever value myself

self as a *philanthropos*, because it is now a creature (taking a vast majority) that I hate more than a toad, a viper, a wasp, a stork, a fox, or any other that you will please to add.

Since the date of your letter, we understand there is another duke to govern here. Mr. *Stopford* was with me last night; he is as well provided for, and to his own satisfaction, as any private clergyman. He engaged me to present his best respects and acknowledgments to you. Your modesty, in refusing to take a motto, goes too far. The sentence is not a boast, because it is every man's duty in morality and religion*.

Indeed we differ here from what you have been told of the duke of *Dorset's* having given great satisfaction the last time he was with us. I wrote to a lady in *London*, his grace's near relation†, that she would no more continue the office of a go-between (as she called herself) betwixt the duke and me, because I never designed to attend him again; and yet I allow him to be as agreeable a person in conversation as I have almost any where met. I sent my letter to that lady under a cover addressed to the duke; and in it I made many complains against some proceedings, which I suppose he hath seen. I never made him one

* *Amicis prodesse, nemini nocere.* See Mr. *Pulteney's* letter, dated Dec. 21, 1736.

† See his last letter to lady B—— G——, dated Jan. 29, 1736.

request for myself; and if I spoke for another, he was always upon his guard; which was but twice, and for trifles.

The father of our friend in *France* * may outlive the son; so I would venture a wager, that if you pick out twenty of the oldest men in *England*, nineteen of them have been the most worthless fellows in the kingdom. You tell me with great kindness as well as gravity, that I ought, this spring to make a trip to *England*, and your motive is admirable, that shifting the scene was of great service to you, and therefore it may be so to me. I answer as an *Academic*, *Nego consequentiam*. And besides, comparisons are odious. You are what the *French* call *plein de vie*. As you are much younger, so I am a dozen of years older than my age makes me, by infirmities of mind and body; to which I add the perpetual detestation of all public persons and affairs in both kingdoms. I spread the story of Mrs. *Mapp* while it was new to us: there was something humorous in it throughout, that pleased every body here. Will you engage your friend *Carteret* to oppose any step towards arbitrary power? He hath promised me, under a penalty, that he will continue firm; and yet some reports

* ' The friend in *France* appears to be lord viscount *Bolingbroke*, whose father, Sir *Henry St. John*, Bart. had been created baron *St. John* of *Battersea*, and viscount *St. John*, July 2, 1715.

go here of him, that have a little disconcerted me. Learning and good sense he hath, to a great degree, if the love of riches and power do not overbalance.

Pray God long continue the gifts he hath bestowed you, to be the chief support of liberty to your country, and let all the people say, Amen.

I am, with the truest respect, and highest esteem,

Sir, your, &c.

LETTER CCCLXIV.

The Earl of O—— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Corke, March 15, 1736-7.

I Received your commands, by *Faulkner*, to write to you. But what can I say? The scene of *Corke* is ever the same; dull, insipid, and void of all amusement. His sacred majesty was not under greater difficulty to find out diversions at *Helvoetsluys*, than I am here. The butchers are as greasy, the quakers as formal, and the presbyterians as holy, and full of the Lord, as usual: all things are in *statu quo*; even the hogs and pigs gruntle in the same cadence as of yore. Unfurnished with variety, and drooping under the natural dulness of the place, materials for a letter are as hard to be found, as money, sense, honesty, or truth. But
I will

I will write on; *Ogilby*, *Blackmore*, and my lord *Grimstone* * have done the same before me.

I have not yet been upon the *Change*; but am told, that you are the idol of the court of aldermen. They have sent you your freedom. The most learned having read a most dreadful account, in *Littleton's* dictionary, of *Pandora's* gold box, it was unanimously agreed, not to venture so valuable a present in so dangerous a metal. Had these sage counsellors considered, that *Pandora* was a woman (which, perhaps, *Mr. Littleton* forgets to mention) they would have seen, that the ensuing evils arose from the sex, and not from the ore. But I shall speak with more certainty of these affairs, when I have taken my seat among the grey-beards.

My letters from *England* speak of great combustions there. *Absalom* continues a rebel to royal *David*: the *Achitophels* of the age are numerous and high-spirited. The influence of the comet seems to have strange effects already. In the mean time, here live we, drones of *Corke*, wrapped up in our own filth, *procul a Jove et procul a fulmine*. Heaven, and all good stars, protect you! For let the thunder burst where it will, so that you are safe, and unsinged, who cares whether *Persia* submits its government to the renowned *Kouli Khan*, or that beardless, unexperienced youth, the *Sophi*.

* The author of a play called, *Love in a Hollow Tree*.

At least, the vicar of *Bray* and I shall certainly be contented.

L E T T E R CCCLXV.

The Earl of O—— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Corke, March 18, 1736.

THIS is occasioned by a letter I have * received from Mr. *Pope*, of which I send you a copy in my own hand, not caring to trust the original to the accidents of the post. I likewise send you part of a fifth volume of *Curll's* Thefts, in which you will find two letters to you (one from Mr. *Pope*, the other from lord *Bolingbroke*) just published, with an impudent preface, by *Curll*. You see, *Curll*, like his friend the Devil, glides through all key-holes, and thrusts himself into the most private cabinets.

I am much concerned to find that Mr. *Pope* is still uneasy about his letters; but, I hope, a letter I have sent him from *Dublin* (which he has not yet received) has removed all anxiety of that kind. In the last discourse I had with you on this topic, you remember you told me, he should have his letters; and I lost no time in letting him know your resolution.

I have said so much on this subject, in the late happy hours you allowed me to pass with you at the deanry, that there is little occasion

* See the next letter.

for adding more upon it at present; especially as you will find, in Mr. *Pope's* letter to me, a strength of argument that seems irresistible. As I have thoughts of going to *England* in *June*, you may depend upon a safe carriage of any papers you think fit to send him. I should think myself particularly fortunate, to deliver to him those letters he seems so justly desirous of. I intreat you, give me that pleasure! It will be a happy reflection to me in the latest hours of my life; which, whether long or short, shall be constantly spent in endeavouring to do what may be acceptable to the virtuous and the wise. I am, dear Sir, your very faithful and obliged humble servant.

LETTER CCCLXVI.

Mr. POPE to the Earl of O——.

MY LORD,

AFTER having condoled several times with you on your own illness, and that of our friends, I now claim some share myself; for I have been down with a fever, which yet confines me to my chamber. Just before, I wrote a letter to the Dean, full of my heart; and, among other things, pressed him (which, I must acquaint your lordship, I had done twice before, for near a twelvemonth past) to secure me against that rascal printer, by returning me my letters, which (if he had valued so

much) I promised to send him copies of, merely, that the originals might not fall into such ill hands, and thereby a hundred particulars be at his mercy; which would expose me to the misconstruction of many, the malice of some, and the censure, perhaps, of the whole world. A fresh incident made me press this again, which I inclose to you, that you may shew him. The man's declaration, *That he had these two letters of the Dean's from your side the water*, with several others yet lying by, (which I cannot doubt the truth of, because I never had a copy of either) is surely a just cause for my request. Yet, the Dean, answering every other point of my letter, with the utmost expressions of kindness, is silent upon this; and, the third time silent; I begin to fear he has already lent them out of his hands: and, in whatever hands, while they are *Irish* hands, allow me, my lord, to say, they are in dangerous hands. Weak admirers are as bad as malicious enemies, and operate in these cases alike, to an author's disparagement or uneasiness. I think this I made the Dean, so just a request, that I beg your lordship to second it, by shewing him what I write. I told him, as soon as I found myself obliged to publish an edition of letters, to my great sorrow; that I wished to make use of some of these: nor did I think any part of my correspondencies would do me a greater honour, and be really a greater pleasure to me, than what might
 preserve

preserve the memory how well we loved one another. I find the Dean was not quite of the same opinion, or he would not, I think, have denied this. I wish some of those sort of people always about a great man in wit, as well as a great man in power, have not an eye to some little interest in getting the whole of these into their possession: I will venture, however, to say, *they* would not add more credit to the Dean's memory, by *their* management of them, than *I* by *mine*: and if, as I have a great deal of affection for him, I have with it some judgment, at least, I presume, my conduct herein might be better considered in.

Indeed, this silence is so remarkable, it surprises me: I hope in God it is not to be attributed to what he complains of, a want of memory. I would rather suffer from any other cause, than what would be unhappy to him. My sincere love for this valuable, indeed, incomparable man, will accompany him through life, and pursue his memory, were I to live a hundred lives, as many as his works will live: which are absolutely original, unequalled, unexampled. His humanity, his charity, his condescension, his candour, are equal to his wit; and require as good and true a taste to be equally valued. When all this must die (this last I mean) I would gladly have been the recorder of so great a part of it, as shines in his letters to me, and of which

my own are but as so many acknowledgments. But, perhaps, before this reaches your hands, my cares may be over; and *Curll*, and every body else, may say and lye of me as they will: the Dean, old as he is, may have the task to defend me.

L E T T E R CCCLXVII.

Lord C—— to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Arlington-street, March 24, 1736.

[This day attended the cause you recommended to me in your letter of the 3d of *January*: the decree was affirmed most unanimously, the appeal adjudged frivolous, and 100*l.* costs given to the respondent. Lord *Bathurst* attended likewise. The other lords you mention, I am very little acquainted with; so I cannot deliver your messages, though I pity them in being out of your favour. Since you mention *Greek*, I must tell you, that my son, not sixteen, understands it better than I did at twenty, and I tell him, study *Greek* καὶ οὐδὲν οὐδέποτε ταπεινὸν ἐνδυσμνήσῃ οὐτε ἀγὰρ ἐπιδυσμνήσεις τινός. He knows how to construe this, and I have the satisfaction to believe he will fall into the sentiment; and then, if he makes no figure, he will yet be a happy man.

Your late lord lieutenant * told me some time ago, he thought he was not in your fa-

* The duke of *Dorset*.

Yours,

vour. I told him I was of that opinion, and shewed him the article of your letter, relating to himself: I believe I did wrong. Not that you care a farthing for princes or ministers; but because it was vanity in me, to produce your acknowledgments to me for providing for people of learning, some of which I had the honour to promote at your desire, for which I still think myself obliged to you. And I have not heard, that since, they have disturbed the peace of the kingdom, or been *Jacobites*, in disgrace to you and me.

I desire you will make my sincere respects acceptable to Dr. *Delaney*. He sent me potted woodcocks in perfection, which lady *Granville*, my wife, and children have eat, tho' I have not yet answered his letter. My lady *Granville*, reading your postscript, bids me tell you, that she will send you a present; and, if she knew what you liked, she would do it forthwith. Let me know, and it shall be done, that the first of the family may no longer be postponed by you to the third place. My wife and lady *Worseley* desire their respects should be mentioned to you rhetorically; but as I am a plain peer, I shall say nothing, but that I am, for ever, Sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

When people ask me, how I governed *Ireland*? I say, that I pleased Dr. *Swift*.

Quæsitam meritis fume superbiam.

L E T T E R CCCLXVIII.

Lord B——— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR MR. DEAN, Cirencester, Oct. 5, 1737.

THat I often think of you is most certain, but if I should write to you as often, you would think me extremely troublesome. I was alarmed some time ago with hearing you were indisposed; but if later accounts are to be depended upon, you are now in perfect health. I should be heartily glad to have that news confirmed to me by two lines under your own hand: however, I write to you now under that supposition, for which reason I have cut out a little business for you.

That very pretty epistle which you writ many years ago to lord *Oxford*, is printed very incorrectly. I have a copy (of which I send you a transcript) which has some very good lines in it, that are not in the printed copy; and, besides, if you will compare it with the original, you will find you left off without going through with the epistle. The fable of the country and city mouse is as prettily told as any thing of that kind ever was: possibly if you look over your papers, you
may

may find that you finished the whole; if not, I enjoin you, as a task, to go through with it: and, I beg of you, do not suffer an imperfect copy to stand, whilst it is in your power to rectify it*. Adieu! and do me the justice to believe me, most faithfully, and unalterably, yours.

LETTER CCCLXIX.

The Chevalier RAMSAY to Dr. SWIFT.

REVEREND SIR,

At Paris, Nov. 29, 1737.

I Received only some weeks ago the works you were pleased to send me, and have perused them with a new pleasure. I still find in them all the marks of that original genius and universal beneficence which compose your character. I cannot send you, in return, any such valuable compositions of mine; but you will receive, by the first ships that go for *Ireland*, my history of the *maréchal de Turenne*, the greatest *French* hero that ever was. I shall be glad to know your opinion of the performance.

I am, with the greatest respect, veneration,

* On the back of the original letter, Dr. *Swift* hath observed that, upon receiving it, he added twenty lines to the poem. It is in imitation of the sixth *saïre* of the second book of *Horace*, and is printed, with the additional lines, in *Pope's* works, vol. vi. Dr. *Warburton's* edition.

and friendship, your most humble, and most obedient servant,

The Chevalier RAMSAY.

If you have any commands for me in this country, or for any of your friends, pray direct for me, under a cover. *A son Altesse Monseigneur le Comte d'Eureux, General de la Cavalliere a Paris.*

L E T T E R CCCLXX.

Lord B———— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Dec. 6, 1737.

I Received a letter from you at *Cirencester*, full of life and spirit, which gave me singular satisfaction; but those complaints you make of the deplorable state of *Ireland*, made me reflect upon the condition of *England*, and I am inclined to think it is not much better; possibly the only difference is, that we shall be the last devoured*. I have attended parliament many years, and never found that I could do any good; I have therefore entered upon a new scheme of life, and am determined to look after my own affairs a little. I am now in a small farm-house in *Derbyshire*, and my chief business is to take care that my agents do not impose upon my tenants. I am for letting them all good bargains, that my rents, may be

* The promise of *Polypheme* to *Ulysses*.

paid as long as any rents can be paid ; and when the time comes that there is no money, they are honest fellows, and will bring me in what corn and cattle I shall want. I want no foreign commodities ; my neighbour the duke of *Kingston* has imported one * ; but I don't think it worth the carriage.

I passed through *London* in my way here, and every body wondered I could leave them, they were so full of speculations upon the great event that lately happened † ; but I am of opinion some time will be necessary to produce any consequences. Some consequences will certainly follow ; but time must ripen matters for them. I could send you many speculations of my own and others upon this subject ; but it is too nice a subject for me to handle in a post-letter. It is not every body who ought to have liberty to abuse their superiors : if a man has so much wit as to get the majority of mankind on his side, he is often safe ; or, if he is known to have talents that can make an abuse stick close, he is still safer. You may say, where is the occasion of abusing any body ? I never did in my life ; but you have often told truth of persons, who would rather you had abused them in the grossest manner.

* ' *Madame la Touche*, a French lady.'

† The death of queen *Caroline*, on Sunday evening, Nov. 20, 1737.

I may say in parliament, that we are impoverished at home, and rendered contemptible abroad, because no-body will care to call upon me to prove it; but I do not know whether I may venture to put them in a letter, at least in a letter to a disaffected person; such you will be reputed as long as you live; after your death, perhaps, you may stand *rectus in curia*.

I met our friend *Pope* in town; he is as sure to be there in a bustle, as a porpus in a storm. He told me, that he would retire to *Twickenham* for a fortnight; but I doubt it much. Since I found, by your last, that your hand and your head are both in so good a condition, let me hear from you sometimes. And do not be discouraged that I send you nothing worth reading now: I have talked with no-body, for some time past, but farmers and plowmen; when I come into good company again, I may possibly be less insipid; but in whatever condition I am, I shall always be most ambitious of your friendship, and most desirous of your esteem, being most faithfully and sincerely, dear Sir, your obedient humble servant.

L E T T E R CCCLXXI.

The Chevalier RAMSAY to Dr. SWIFT.

At Paris, Feb. 20, 1738.

I Send you here inclosed the bill of loading for the small box of books I wrote to you of some time ago. I shall be glad to hear you received them, much more to know if the perusal pleased you. No man having a higher idea of your talents, genius, and capacity, than he, who is, with great respect, reverend Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

A. RAMSAY.

L E T T E R CCCLXXII.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAREST SIR,

May 17, 1739.

EVERY time I see your hand, it is the greatest satisfaction that any writing can give me; and I am, in proportion, grieved to find, that several of my letters to testify it to you, miscarry; and you ask me the same questions again, which I prolixly have answered before. Your last, which was delivered me by Mr. *Swift*, enquires where and how is lord *Bolingbroke*? who, in a paragraph in my last, under his own hand, gave you an account of himself; and I employed almost a whole letter on his affairs afterwards. He has sold *Dawley* for twenty-six thousand pounds, much

to

to his own satisfaction. His plan of life is now a very agreeable one, in the finest country of *France*, divided between study and exercise; for he still reads or writes five or six hours a day, and hunts generally twice a week. He has the whole forest of *Fonitain-bleau* at his command, with the king's stables and dogs, &c. his lady's son-in-law being governor of that place. She resides most part of the year with my lord, at a large house they have hired, and the rest with her daughter, who is abbess of a royal convent in the neighbourhood. I never saw him in stronger health, or in better humour with his friends, or more indifferent and dispassionate as to his enemies. He is seriously set upon writing some parts of the history of his times, which he has begun by a noble introduction, presenting a view of the whole state of *Europe*, from the *Pyrenean* treaty. He has hence deduced a summary sketch of the natural and incidental interests of each kingdom, and how they have varied from, or approached to, the true politics of each, in the several administrations to this time. The history itself will be particular only on such facts and anecdotes as he personally knew, or produces vouchers for, both from home and abroad. This puts into my mind to tell you a fear he expressed lately to me, that some facts in your history of the queen's last years (which he read here with me in 1727) are not exactly stated, and that he

he may be obliged to vary from them, in relation, I believe, to the conduct of the earl of *Oxford*, of which great care surely should be taken. And he told me, that when he saw you in 1727, he made you observe them, and that you promised to take that care.

We very often commemorated you, during the five months we lived together at *Twickenham*. At which place could I see you again, as I may hope to see him, I would envy no country in the world; and think not *Dublin* only, but *France* and *Italy* not worth the visiting once in my life.

The mention of travelling introduces your old acquaintance Mr. *Fervas*, who went to *Rome* and *Naples* purely in search of health. An Asthma has reduced his body, but his spirit retains all its vigour; and he is returned, declaring life itself not worth a day's journey, at the expence of parting from one's friends.

Mr. *Lewis* every day remembers you. I lie at his house in town. Dr. *Arbuthnot's* daughter does not degenerate from the humour and goodness of her father. I love her much. She is, like *Gay*, very idle, very ingenious, and inflexibly honest. Mrs. *Patty Blount* is one of the most considerate and mindful women in the world towards others, the least so with regard to herself. She speaks of you constantly. I scarce know two more women worth naming to you; the rest are ladies, run after music, and play at cards.

I always make your compliments to lord *Oxford* and lord *Masham*, when I see them. I see *John Barber* seldom; but always find him proud of some letter from you. I did my best with him in behalf of one of your friends, and spoke to Mr. *Lyttleton* for the other; who was more prompt to catch than I to give fire, and flew to the prince that instant, who was as pleased to please you.

You ask me how I am at court? I keep my old walk, and deviate from it to no court. The prince * shews me a distinction beyond any merit or pretence on my part; and I have received a present from him of some marble heads of poets for my library, and some urns for my garden. The ministerial writers rail at me; yet I have no quarrel with their masters, nor think it of weight enough to complain of them. I am very well with all the courtiers I ever was or would be acquainted with. At least they are civil to me; which is all I ask from courtiers, and all a wise man will expect from them. The duchess of *Marlborough* makes great court to me; but I am too old for her, mind and body; yet I cultivate some young peoples friendship, because they may be honest men: whereas the old ones experience too often proves not to be so. I having dropped ten where I have taken up one, and hope to play the better

* His late royal highness *Frederick* prince of *Wales*.

with fewer in my hand. There is a lord *Cornbury*, a lord *Polwarth**, a Mr. *Murray*†, and one or two more, with whom I would never fear to hold out against all the corruption of the world.

You compliment me in vain upon retaining my poetical spirit; I am sinking fast into prose; and if I ever write more, it ought (at these years, and in these times) to be something, the matter of which will give value to the work, not merely the manner. Since my protest (for so I call the *Dialogue* of 1738) I have written but ten lines, which I will send you. They are an insertion for the next new edition of the *Dunciad*, which generally is reprinted once in two years. In the second Canto, among the authors who dive in *Fleet-ditch*, immediately after *Arnall*, verse 300, add these:

Next plung'd a feeble, but a desp'rate pack,
With each a sickly brother at his back ‡;
Sons of a day! just buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the
mud.

* 'Now earl of *Marchmont*'

† The present lord *Mansfield*.

‡ 'They print one at the back of the other to send into the country. Mr. *Pope's MS. Note*. 'These were daily papers, a number of which, to lessen the expence, were printed one on the back of another. *Dunciad*, Dr. *Warb.* edit.'

Ask ye their names? I could as soon disclose

The names of these blind puppies as of those.

Fast by, like *Niobe*, her children gone,

Sits mother *Osborne*, stupefied to stone;

And needful *Paxton* * tells the world with tears,

These are, ah! no; these were my *Gazetteers*.

Having nothing more to tell you of my poetry, I come to what is now my chief care, my health and amusement. The first is better as to head aches; worse as to weakness and nerves. The changes of weather affect me much, otherwise I want not spirits, except when indigestions prevail. The mornings are my life; in the evenings I am not dead indeed, but asleep, and am stupid enough. I love reading still, better than conversation; but my eyes fail, and at the hours when most people indulge in company, I am tired, and find the labour of the past day sufficient to weigh me down. So I hide myself in bed, as a bird in his nest, much about the same time, and rise and chirp the earlier the next morning. I

* A solicitor, who procured and paid these writers, Mr. *Pope's MS. Note*. The line is now changed;

And monumental brass this record bears;
These are, &c.

often

often vary the scene (indeed at every friend's call) from *London* to *Twickenham*; or the contrary, to receive them, or be received by them. Lord *Bathurst* is still my constant friend and yours; but his country seat is now always in *Gloucestershire*, not in this neighbourhood. Mr. *Pulteney* has no country seat, and in town I see him seldom, but he always asks of you. In the summer I generally ramble for a month to lord *Cobham's*, the *Bath*, or elsewhere. In all those rambles my mind is full of the images of you and poor *Gay*, with whom I travelled so delightfully two summers. Why cannot I cross the sea? The unhappiest malady I have to complain of; the unhappiest accident of my whole life, is that weakness of the breast, which makes the physicians of opinion that a strong vomit would kill me. I have never taken one, nor had a natural motion that way in fifteen years. I went, some years ago, with lord *Peterborough* about ten leagues at sea, purely to try if I could sail without sea-sickness, and with no other view than to make yourself and lord *Bolingbroke* a visit before I died.

But the experiment, though almost all the way near the coast, had almost ended all my views at once. Well then, I must submit to live at the distance which fortune has set us at; but my memory, my affection, my esteem are inseparable from you, and will, my dear friend, be for ever yours.

P. S. This I end at lord *Orrery's*, in company with Dr. *King*. Wherever I can find two or three that are yours, I adhere to them naturally, and by that title they become mine. I thank you for sending Mr. *Swift* to me; he can tell you more of me.

London, May 19.

(A Second Postscript.)

One of my new friends, Mr. *Lyttelton*, was to the last degree glad to have any request from you to make to his master. The moment I shewed him yours concerning Mr. *M^cAulay*, he went to him, and it was granted*. He is extremely obliged for the promotion of *Lamb*†. I will make you no particular speeches from him; but you and he have a mutual right to each other, *Sint tales animæ concordēs*. He loves you, though he sees you not, as all posterity will love you, who will not see you, but reverence and admire you‡.

* Mr. *Alexander M^cAulcy* was soliciting for a seat in parliament, as one of the representatives of the university of *Dublin*: Mr. *Lyttleton* was then principal secretary to his late royal highness *Frederick* prince of *Wales*, who, as chancellor of it, was thought by Dr. *Swift* to be the most proper person to nominate.

† Dr. *Swift* had made Mr. *William Lamb* one of the vicars choral of his cathedral upon Mr. *Lyttleton's* recommendation.

‡ The letter to which this postscript and the next letter

L E T T E R CCCLXXIII.

GEORGE LYTTELTON, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Worcestershire, Aug. 4, 1739.

I Have just heard from town, that Mr. *Faulkner*, your bookseller at Dublin, has, by your order, sent me over your works. When I desired Mr. *Swift* to procure them for me, I did not expect the additional pleasure of owing them to your own kindness in so obliging a way. I will place them in my study next to Mr. *Pope*'s, which he too gave me himself; and can truly assure you, that, excepting that present, I never received one which I value so much.

I am sorry his royal highness's recommendation has been of so little use to your friend; and think, indeed, that the university owed more respect to their chancellor, though he had not been prince of *Wales*, than they have thought proper to shew. I made his royal highness your compliments, which he accepted with much satisfaction. I hope and believe he will make good the expectations he has raised among those, who are equally friends to him and their country. He is pleased to reckon you in that number, and desires to

letter relate, is in the volumes published by Mr. *Deane Swift*. It is dated by the editor "*May 10, 1739, at a conjecture.*"

preserve and increase your good opinion. I thank you for the promise you give me not to forget me, and beg you to remember me as one sincerely desirous to merit the continuance of your friendship, by all the services in the power of, Sir, your most obliged and most obedient servant,

G. LYTTLETON.

L E T T E R CCCLXXIV.

Lord CASTLEDURROW to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Dublin, Feb. 2, 1739.

SINCE I am forbidden your presence, I think I should be more explicit in my reason of thanks to you for Dr. *Delaney's* obliging present, than I can be in a verbal, crude, ill-delivered message by a servant. As I am not acquainted with the Doctor, I at first imagined boundless generosity distributed his book amongst the lords, and that it was sent me, as a member, though an unworthy one, of that august body. I soon found myself mistaken; and as all presents are enhanced in value proportionable to their manner of distribution, I thought it incumbent on me to thank him by letter, for having so obligingly distinguished me. He has honoured me with an answer to it, which highly elates me; for weak minds are easily made vain; but whose would not be so, on the compliment he makes me, on having read some of my letters to you? They were

wrote (as most of mine are) in the wantonness of fancy, without aiming at pomp of expression, or dress of words, lucky methods of gilding nonsense; yet, that he should approve, I will not wonder, when I consider the benignity of your friendship. Oh! is it not sometimes too strong a bias even for your judgment, that prompted you to think them worth his perusal? What am I now to do? I ought not to be silent; yet must I risque depreciating a favourable opinion he has conceived of me, by making myself farther known to him? Why, in prudence, no; in civility, yes. Under this dilemma give me your advice, as you are the origin of this favour. Or will you yield to what I suggest may not be improper? Take me under your protection (as soon as the weather will permit) in a warm hackney coach, which I shall take care to provide. Let us jumble together to his little paradise, which I long much to see, as well as to pay my debt due to his benevolence.

I am already alarmed with your excuse of deafness and dizziness. Yielding to such a complaint always strengthens it; exerting against it generally lessens it. Do not immerge in the sole enjoyment of yourself. Is not a friend the medicine of life? I am sure it is the comfort of it. And I hope you still admit such companions as are capable of administering it. In that number I know I am unworthy of rank: however, my best wishes shall attend you.

I have

I have inclosed some verses. The *Latin* I believe will please you ; one of the translations may have the same fortune, the other cannot. The verses written in the lady's book is, *A lamentable Hymn to Death*, from a lover, inccribed to his mistress. I had made the author of it vain (who I am sure had never read *Pope's Heloise to Abelard*) in telling him his six last lines seem a parody on six of *Pope's*. They are on the other side, that you may not be at a loss.

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy ;
In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee
round ;

From op'ning skies may streaming glories shine,
And saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

I think the whole letter the most passionate I ever read, except *Heloise's* own, on the subject of love. I am equally struck with *Cadmus to Vanessa*. I have often soothed my love with both, when I have been in a fit.

I will conclude with the above wish, and the assuring you I am, with great sincerity, as well as esteem, Sir, your most faithful, affectionate humble servant,

CASTLEDURROW.

My boy sends you his respects, and would fain pay them in person to you.

LET.

LETTER CCCLXXV.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

London, June 3, 1740.

I Had, some time ago, a letter from Mr. *Stopford*, who told me, that you enjoyed a better state of health last year than you had done for some years past. No one wishes you more sincerely than I do the continuance of it. And since the gout has been your phyfic, I heartily hope you may have one good fit regularly every year, and all the rest of it perfect health and spirits.

I am persuaded you will do me the justice to believe, that if I have not wrote to you for some time, it has proceeded from an unwillingness alone of engaging you in a very useless correspondence, and not from any want of real regard and true esteem. Mr. *Pope* can be my witness how constantly I inquire after you, and how pleased and happy I am, when he tells me, that you have the goodness frequently to mention me in your letter to him.

I fear you have but little desire to come among us again. *England* has few things inviting in it at present. Three camps, near forty thousand troops, and sixteen kings *, and most of them such as are really fit to be kings

* Sixteen lords of the regency, the king being abroad.

in any part of the world. Four millions of money have been raised on the people this year, and in all probability nothing will be done. I have not the least notion, that even our expedition under lord *Cathcart* * is intended to be sent any where; and yet every minister we have (except Sir *Robert*) very gravely affirms it will go; nay, I am afraid, believe it to. But our situation is very extraordinary; Sir *Robert* will have an army, will not have a war, and cannot have a peace; that is, the people are so averse to it, that he dares not make one. But in one year more, when by the influence of this army and our money he has got a new parliament to his liking, then he will make peace, and get it approved to, be it as it will. After which I am afraid we shall all grow tired of struggling any longer, and give up the game.

But I will trouble you with no more politics; and if I can hear from you in two lines that you are well, I promise you not to reply to it too soon. You must give me leave to add to my letter a copy of verses at the end of a declamation made by a boy at *Westminster-school* on this theme,

Ridentem dicere verum

Quid vetat?

*Dulce, Decane, decus, Flos optime Gentis Hiberniæ
Nomine quique avais, Ingenioque Celer;*

* Against *Carthage*. It went, and miscarried.

Dum

*Dum lepidò indulges Risu, et mutaris in Horas;
 Quò nova vis Animi, Materiesque rapit;
 Nunc gravis Astrologus, Cælo dominaris & Astris,
 Filaque pro libitu Partrigiana secas.
 Nunc Populo speciosa Hospes miracula promis,
 Gentesque Æquoreas, aeriasq; creas.
 Seu plausum captat queruli Persona Draperi,
 Seu levis a vacuo Fabula sumpta cado.*

*Mores egregius mira exprimis Arte Magister;
 Et vitam atque Homines Pagina uæque sap.
 Socraticæ minor est vis, & Sapientia C. it.
 Nec tantum potuit grande Platonis Opus.*

Mrs. Pulteney knowing that I am writing to
 you, charges me to present her services, when
 I assure you that I am most faithfully and sin-
 cerely your obedient humble servant,

W. PULTENEY.

LETTER CCCLXXVI.

The Earl of O ——— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Caledon, Dec. 17, 1740.

GREAT men like you must expect num-
 berless petitions; which, like *Jupiter*, you put
 to various uses; but wonder not, when there
 is a place vacant in your family, that every
 body is striving for the post. I mean your ca-
 thedral family; for we are told there is a va-
 cancy in the choir. I am desired to recom-

mend to you one * *James Colgan*, aged 25. His voice excellent, his behaviour good, his person indifferent, his recommendation to me irresistible. I beseech you let *Faulkner* give me an answer; for neither he nor I, nor the choir of lords, doctors, ——— commons, &c. are worth your while to give yourself one moment's uneasiness about, if you are not well, and I am more than afraid you are not; only I must be enabled to say, I have mentioned him to you. My frozen fingers will only serve me to present lady O——'s most humble service to you, and the best wishes, prayers, and acknowledgments of all this family. I am, dear Sir, your ever obliged and obedient humble servant.

* One of the vicars-choral of *Christ-church* and *St. Patrick's* cathedrals, remarkable for his fine manner of singing.

A P P E N D I X.

EXTRACT from Lord BOLINGBROKE'S WILL,
in which his Writings are bequeathed to
Mr. MALLET*.

AND whereas I am the author of the several books or Tracts following :

Remarks on the History of England, from the Minutes of Humphrey Oldcastle. In twenty-four letters.

A Dissertation upon Parties. In nineteen letters to Caleb D'Anvers, Esq;

The Occasional Writer. Number 1, 2, 3.

The Vision of Camilik.

An Answer to the London Journal of December 21, 1728, by John Trot.

An Answer to the Defence of the Inquiry into the Reasons of the Conduct of Great Britain.

A final Answer to the Remarks on the Craftsman's Vindication.

* The reasons for inserting this extract, and the two letters that immediately follow, may be seen in the note annexed to lord Bolingbroke's letter, dated Sept. 12, 1724, in this collection.

All which Books or Tracts have been printed and published; and I am also the author of

Four Letters on History, &c.

Which have been privately printed, and not published; but I have not assigned to any person or persons whatsoever the copy, or liberty of printing or reprinting any of the said books, or tracts, or letters. Now I do hereby, as far as by law I can, give and assign to *David Mallet*, of *Putney*, in the county of *Surry*, Esquire, the copy and copies of all and each of the before-mentioned books, or tracts, or letters, and the liberty of reprinting the same. I also give to the said *David Mallet*, the copy and copies of all the manuscript books, papers, and writings, which I have written or composed, or shall write or compose, and leave at the time of my decease. And I further give to the said *David Mallet* all my books, which, at the time of my decease, shall be in the room called my library.

L E T T E R CCCLXXVII.

Lord HYDE to DAVID MALLET, Esq;

Paris, March 7, N. S. 1752.

I Learn from *England*, Sir, that lord *Bolingbroke* has left his manuscripts to you *. His

* His lordship died Dec. 15, 1751. Lord *Hyde* having heard at *Paris* of lord *Bolingbroke's* legacy of all his writings, printed and manuscript, to Mr. *Mallet*, wrote from

friends must see with satisfaction those title-deeds of his reputation in the hands of the author of the life of the great lord *Bacon*; and you will have had the distinguished honour of having been guardian to the fame of two of the greatest geniuses which our country, and perhaps humanity, has produced; but with greater honour to you in this last instance, because you are such by the designation and choice of the author himself.

What works of his you may have for the public, I know not. That, for which I was solicitous, because I believe it would be most instructive to the world, and might be most for his honour, he told me himself he had laid aside; I mean the history of the great transactions of *Europe*, from the time when he began to consider and know them. There remains of that, I believe, no more than a summary review, which I had the good fortune some time ago to draw from him, upon an application which I made to him to direct me in the study of history. You will probably have seen that summary review, which is in a collection of letters upon history, which he did me the honour to write me. It is but a sketch of the work he had proposed to him-

from thence the above letter, the original of which was sent by the widow *Mallet*, with the manuscript of lord *Bolingbroke's* philosophical works to the *British Museum*, in order to justify her husband's integrity in the edition of them."

self; but it is the sketch of lord *Bolingbroke*. He will probably have told you, that those letters were by his direction delivered up by me to Mr. *Pope*, who burnt, as he told me, the manuscripts, and printed off, by a private press, some very few copies, which were to be considered still as manuscripts, one of which Mr. *Pope* kept, and sent another to lord *Bolingbroke*. Sir *William Wyndham*, lord *Bathurst*, lord *Marchmont*, Mr. *Murray*, and Mr. *Lyttelton*, I think, had each one. I do not remember to have been told of any copies given, except to myself, who have always preserved mine, as I would a MS. which was not my own, observing not only the restrictions which lord *Bolingbroke* himself had recommended to me, but securing likewise, as far as I could, even in case of my death, that this work should never become public from that copy, which is in my possession. I enlarge upon this, because I think myself particularly obliged, out of regard to lord *Bolingbroke*, to give this account of that work to the person whom he has intrusted with all his writings, in case you might not have known this particularity. And at the same time I think it my duty, to the memory of lord *Bolingbroke*, to myself, and to the world too, to say something more to you in relation of this work.

It is a work, Sir, which will instruct mankind, and do honour to its author; and yet I will

will take upon me to say, that for the sake of both, you must publish it with caution.

The greatest men have their faults, and sometimes the greatest faults; but the faults of superior minds are the least indifferent both to themselves and to society. Humanity is interested in the fame of those who excelled in it; but it is interested before all in the good of society, and in the peace of the minds of the individuals that compose it. Lord *Bolingbroke's* mind embraced all objects, and looked far into all; but not without a strong mixture of passions, which will always necessarily beget some prejudices, and follow more. And on the subject of *religion* particularly (whatever was the motive that inflamed his passions upon that subject chiefly) his passions were the most strong; and I will venture to say (when called upon, as I think, to say what I have said more than once to himself, with the deference due to his age and extraordinary talents) his passions upon that subject did prevent his otherwise superior reason from seeing, that even in a political light only he hurt himself, and wounded society, by striking at establishments, upon which the conduct at least of society depends, and by striving to overturn in mens minds the systems which experience at least has justified, and which authority at least has rendered respectable, as necessary to public order and to private peace, without suggesting to their minds a better, or indeed any system.

You

You will find, Sir, what I say to be true in a part of the work I mentioned, where he digresses upon the criticism of church history.

While this work remained in the hands only of those I have mentioned (except as I have been telling you, to himself and to them in private conversation) I have otherwise been silent upon that subject; but I must now say to you, Sir, that for the world's sake, and for his, that part of the work ought by no means to be communicated further. And you see that it is a digression not necessary to that work. If this digression should be made public, it will be censured, it must be censured, it ought to be censured. It will be criticised too by able pens, whose erudition, as well as their reasonings, will not be easily answered. In such a case, I shall owe to myself and to the world to disclaim publicly that part of a work, which he did me the honour to address to me; but I owe to the regard which he has sometimes expressed for me, to disclaim it rather privately to you, Sir, who are intrusted with his writings, and to recommend to you to suppress that part of the work, as a good citizen of the world, for the world's peace, as one intrusted and obliged by lord *Bolingbroke*, not to raise new storms to his memory. I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

HYDE.

LET-

L E T T E R CCCLXXVIII.

DAVID MALLET, Esq; to Lord HYDE.

MY LORD,

I Received a very real pleasure, and at the same time a sensible concern, from the letter your lordship has honoured me with. Nothing could be more agreeable to me than the favourable opinion of one, whom I have long admired for every quality that enters into an estimable and an amiable character; but then nothing can occasion me more uneasiness than not to be able to suppress that part of a work which you would have kept from public view.

The book was printed off before your lordship's letter reached my hands; but this consideration alone would have appeared trifling to me. I apprehend, that I cannot, without being unfaithful to the trust reposed in me, omit or alter any thing in those works, which my lord *Bolingbroke* had deliberately prepared for the press, and I will publish no other. As to this in particular, his repeated commands to me were, that it should be printed exactly according to the copy he himself, in all the leisure of retirement, had corrected with that view.

Upon the whole, if your lordship should think it necessary to disclaim the reflections on Sacred History, by which I presume is meant some public and authentic declaration, that
your

your notions on this head differ intirely from those of your noble friend ; even in this case I am sure you will do it with all the delicacy natural to your own disposition, and with all the tenderneſs to his memory, that the particular regard he always bore you can deſerve. I am, with the greateſt reſpect,

My Lord, &c.

LETTER CCCLXXIX.

Dr. SWIFT to WILLIAM PULTENEY*, Eſq;

SIR, Dublin, March 8, 1734.

MR. Stopford, going to *England* upon ſome particular affair, I gladly complied with his deſire, that I ſhould do myſelf the honour of writing to you, becauſe, as uſeleſs as I am, and although I ſhall never have the happineſs to ſee you, yet my ambition to have ſome ſmall place in your memory, will live as long as myſelf.

I will do an unmannerly thing, which is to bequeath you an epitaph for forty years hence in two words, *Ultimus Britannorum*. You never forſook your party. You might often have been as great as the court could make any man ſo; but you preſerved your ſpirit of liberty, when your former colleagues had utterly ſacrificed theirs; and if it ſhall ever begin to

* This letter, and the next, were communicated to the editor by general *Pulteney*.

breathe

breathe in these days, it must intirely be owing to yourself and one or two friends. But it is altogether impossible for any nation to preserve its liberty under a tenth part of the present luxury, infidelity, and a million of corruptions. We see the *Gothic* system of limited monarchy is extinguished in all the nations of *Europe*. It is utterly extirpated in this wretched kingdom, and yours must be the next. Such hath ever been human nature, that a single man, without any superior advantages either of body or mind, but usually the direct contrary, is able to attack twenty millions, and drag them voluntarily at his chariot wheels. But no more of this. I am as sick of the world as I am of age and disease, the last of which I am never wholly without. I live in a nation of slaves, who sell themselves for nothing. My revenues, though half sunk, are sufficient to support me in some decency. And I have a few friends of great worth, who, when I visit them, or they me, agree together in *discover* [*discovering*] our utter detestation of all proceedings both here and there. *Hæc est vita solutorum misera ambitione gravique.* I am under the displeasure of the court for fixing up a true whig epitaph in my cathedral over the burying place of old *Schomberg*, and for some other things of equal demerit or disaffection, wherewith I am charged; perhaps also for some verses laid to my charge, and published without my knowledge or consent, wherein

wherein you and another person are understood to be meant by initial letters.

I desire your pardon for the trouble I gave in recommending a gentleman to your protection, who hath an appeal before the house of lords, wherein I was prevailed on by an eminent person in the law, who by a miracle was raised to the bench in these very times, although he be a man of virtue and learning in a great degree. Dear Sir, you have nothing to desire in this world but good health, good times, the prosperity of your family (wherein you have my constant prayers) and deserving friends. I have often said, that I never knew a more easy man to live with than yourself; and if you had only a poor forty thousand pounds a year, I would command you to settle one thousand of it on me, to live in your next neighbourhood; but as for your friends at *Twickenham* and *Dawley*, I have told them plainly that they are both too speculative and temperate for me to accept their invitation, and infinitely too philosophical. The bearer, Mr. *Stopford*, hath such infinite obligations to you for your favours to him, and is in all respects so very deserving a gentleman, that I am sure you never repented the good office you have done him *it* [*at*] my commendation. But he only attends you on perfect gratitude: for he knows very well you are what is now called a disaffected person.

son. You are in the modern sense a friend to popery, arbitrary power, and the pretender; and therefore he has just politics enough not to trouble you with helping him by the hand to better preferment; and I pray God, while things continue as they are, that it may never be in your power to make a curate or an excise-man.

You will hear, perhaps, that one *Faulkner* hath printed four volumes, which are called my works; he hath only prefixed the first letters of my name; it was done utterly against my will; for there is no property in printers or booksellers here, and I was not able to hinder it. I did imagine, that, after my death, the several *London* booksellers would agree among themselves to print what each of them had by common consent; but the man here hath prevented it, much to my vexation, for I would as willingly have it done even in *Scotland*. All this has vexed me not a little, as done in so obscure a place. I have never yet looked into them, nor I believe ever shall. You will find Mr. *Stopford* the same modest, virtuous, learned man that you last saw him; but with a few more years, and a great deal more flesh, beside the blessing of a wife and children. I desire to present my humble service to *your*. I pray God bless and assist you in your glorious endeavours for the preservation of your country, and remain with the

truest respect, Sir, your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

You will see, by the many blunders in words, syllables, and letters, what a condition my giddy head is in.

L E T T E R CCCLXXX.

Dr. SWIFT to WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq;

S I R,

Dublin, May 12, 1735.

MR. *Stopford* landed yesterday, and sent me the letter which you were pleased to honour me with. I have not yet seen him; for he called when I was not at home. The reason why I ventured to recommend him to your protection, was your being his old patron, to whom he is obliged for all the preferment he got in the church. He is one of the most deserving gentlemen in the country, and hath a tolerable provision, much more than persons of so much merit can in these times pretend to, in either kingdom. I love the duke of *Dorset* very well, having known him from his youth, and he hath treated me with great civility since he came into this government. It is true, his original principles, as well as his instructions from your side the water, make him act the usual part in managing this nation, for which he must be excused: yet I wish he would a little more consider, that people here might have
some

some small share in employments civil and ecclesiastic, wherein my lord *Carteret* acted a more popular part. The folks here, whom they call a parliament, will imitate yours in every thing, after the same manner as a monkey doth a human creature. If my health were not so bad, although my years be many, I fear I might outlive liberty in *England*. It hath continued longer than in any monarchy, and must end as all others have done which were established by the *Goths*, and is now falling in the same manner that the rest have done. It is very natural for every king to desire unlimited power; it is as proper an object to their appetites as a wench to an abandoned young fellow, or wine to a drunkard. But what puzzles me is, to know how a man of birth, title, and fortune can find his account in making himself and his posterity slaves. They are paid for it; the court will restore what their luxury hath destroyed; I have nothing to object. But let me suppose a chief minister, from a scanty fortune, almost eaten up with debts, acquiring by all methods a monstrous overgrown estate, why he will still go on to endeavour making his master absolute, and thereby in the power of seizing all his possessions at his pleasure, and hanging or banishing him into the bargain. Therefore, if I were such a minister, I would act like a prudent gamester, and cut, as the sharper calls it, before luck began to change. What

if such a minister, when he had got two or three millions, would pretend conviction, seem to dread attempts upon liberty, and bring over all his forces to the contrary side? As to the lust of absolute power, I despair it can never be cooled, unless princes had capacity to read the history of the *Roman* emperors, how many of them were murdered by their own army; and the same may be said of the *Ottomans* by their janissaries; and many other examples are easy to be found. If I were such a minister, I would go farther, and endeavour to be king myself. Such feats have happened among the petty tyrants of old *Greece*, and the worst that happened was only their being murdered for their pains.

I believe in my conscience that you have some mercenary end in all your endeavours to preserve the liberty of your country at the expence of your quiet, and of making all the villains in *England* your enemies. For you almost stand alone, and therefore are sure, if you succeed, to engross the whole glory of recovering a desperate constitution, given over by all its other physicians. May God work a miracle, by changing the hearts of an abandoned people, whose hearts are waxen gross, whose ears are dull of hearing, and whose eyes have been closed; and may he continue you as his chief instrument, by whom this miracle is to be wrought.

I send this letter in a packet to Mr. *Pope*, and by a private hand. I pray God protect you

you against all your enemies; I mean those of your country; for you can have no other; and as you will never be weary of well doing, so may God give you long life and health the better to support you.

You are pleased to mention some volumes of what are called my works. I have looked on them very little. It is a great mortification to me, although I should not have been dissatisfied if such a thing had been done in *England* by booksellers agreeing among themselves. I never got a farthing by any thing I writ, except one about eight years ago, and that was by Mr. *Pope's* prudent management *from* [*for*] me. Here the printers and booksellers have no property in their copies. The printer applied to my friends, and got many things from *England*. The man was civil and humble, but I had no dealings with him, and therefore he consulted some friends, who were readier to direct him than I desired they should. I saw one poem on you and a great minister, and was not sorry to find it there.

I fear you are tired; I cannot help it; nor could avoid the convenience of writing, when I might be in no danger of post-officers. I am, Sir, with the truest respect and esteem, your most obedient and obliged humble servant,
J. SWIFT.

I desire to present my most humble respects to Mrs. *Pulteney*.

L E T T E R S

O F

U N C E R T A I N D A T E.

L E T T E R CCCLXXXI.

Countess of ORKNEY to Dr. SWIFT.

Indorsed '1712, I suppose.'

I Have had great satisfaction in the favour of your letter, though disappointed, since not occasioned by yourself. When one is too quick, misjudging commonly follows. At first I fear'd Mr. *Collier* was taken with a fit of an apoplexy; the next line I read, I wished he had one. If I did not apprehend, by your knowing me but a little, that I might grow troublesome where I distinguished, you should not want any conveniency to bring you hither to Mrs. *Ramsay* and I, who are both, without compliment, truly mortified, intending ever to be, Sir, your sincere humble servants,

Clusden, Monday.

E. ORKNEY.

ELIZ. RAMSAY.

We design to be at *Windsor* on *Wednesday*, where I hope you will meet me in the drawing-room, to tell me when you can dine with us.

L E T.

L E T T E R CCCLXXXII.

Countess of ORKNEY to Dr. SWIFT.

Monday Morning. Indorsed '1712, I believe.'

I Am sure you are very ill-natured (I would not have been so cross to you) to have known Mr. *Lewis* and me so long, and not have made us acquainted sooner, when you know too that I have been in search of a reasonable conversation. I have no way to excuse you but doubting his to be so agreeable at a second meeting, which I desire you will make when 'tis most convenient to both. It is not from custom I say I am extremely, Sir, your humble servant,

E. ORKNEY.

When you read this, I fancy you will think, What does she write to me? I hate a letter as much as my lord treasurer does a petition.

L E T T E R CCCLXXXIII.

Earl POULETT to Dr. SWIFT.

Sunday afternoon. Indorsed 'lord steward, 1713.'

I Was called away presently after chapel, upon some business which hindered my going
up

up stairs at *St. James's*, and occasions *Dr. Swift* the trouble of this, to make my excuse for not returning the paper, which I here send you; and though it is not in my power to serve you in any proportion to my unfeigned respects for you, yet I would not be wanting, on my part, in any opportunity where I can, to express myself, Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

POULETT.

L E T T E R CCCLXXXIV.

Lady M———— to Dr. S W I F T.

Indorsed 'Received, Feb. 1723-4.'

DEAR SIR,

'T IS impossible for you to imagine with what satisfaction I received your kind letter; and though I had been so long without hearing from you, I could never impute it to want of friendship, in one whose goodness to me has always been abundantly more than I could deserve. I had writ often to you; but having no safe conveyance, chose rather to inquire after your health and welfare of some people that could give an account of it. And I do assure you from the bottom of my heart, there is not a person living I have a greater friendship for than yourself, and shall have to the end of my life. Indeed now I can shew it
only

only in expressions; but I flatter myself you believe them sincere. I long to see you at my retired habitation, where you will meet with a most hearty welcome and faithful friends, and none more so, than her who is your most affectionate humble servant,

H. M——.

My lord, children, brother, and sister are your humble servants.

LETTER CCCLXXXV.

Dr. SWIFT to Lord ARRAN.

My LORD,

1729.

I Am earnestly desired, by some worthy friends of mine, to write to your lordship in favour of the bearer, Mr. *Moore*, minister of *Clonmel*, who will have the honour to present this letter to your lordship. Those rectorical tythes of *Clonmel* were granted to the church by letters patents from king *Charles* the second, with the perfect knowledge and full approbation of your great ancestor, the first duke of *Ormond*, then lord lieutenant of *Ireland*. Notwithstanding which, some of the former agents to your lordship's family have greatly distressed the incumbent ministers of *Clonmel*, which is generally believed to be without the knowledge of his

his present grace the duke your brother (whom God long preserve). But your lordship's present agent being extremely vigilant of all your lordship's interests, hath lately renewed the claim of the *Ormond* family to those tythes, and was at the last assizes, after a long hearing of six hours, nonsuited. The living of *Clonmel* is one of the largest and yet poorest parishes in this kingdom, being upon the whole (including the valuation of the houses) scarce worth one hundred pounds a year, out of which, a curate assistant being absolutely necessary on account of its extent, a salary of forty pounds must be paid.

My lord, your lordship's family hath been always distinguished for their favour and protection to the established church, under her greatest persecutions; nor have you in the universal opinion ever degenerated from them. Those tythes in and about *Clonmel* are very considerable, having never been let for above twenty-four pounds a year, made up of very small pittances collected from a great number of the poorest people; so that the recovery of them by an expensive law-suit, if it could be effected, would not be worth attempting.

Mr. *Moore* is recommended to me by several persons of great worth (as I have already observed) and I hope I have not hitherto forfeited the credit I had with you.

My

My humble request therefore to your lordship is, that the minister of *Clonmel* may, without disturbance, enjoy that small addition to his support, which the king and your grandfather intended for him.

I have always understood and believed, that the duke your brother's retiring hath not lessened your fortune, but increased it; and as to his grace, unless all our intelligence be false, he is as easy as he desires to be. I heard of several persons who have ventured to wait on him abroad, and it is agreed that his grace is perfectly easy in his mind and fortune.

Upon the whole, I do earnestly desire your lordship to resign those poor scraps of tythes in and about *Clonmel* to Mr. *Moore* and his successors, in a legal form for ever. Your loss will be at most but twenty-four pounds a year, and that with a thousand difficulties, infinitely below your generosity and quality.

I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER CCCLXXXVI.

To Dr. SWIFT.

Indorsed 'Lady Bolingbroke.'

MR. *Pope* m'a fait grand plaisir, monsieur, de m'assurer que votre santé est bonne ; et de me montrer dans une de vos lettres des marques de l'honneur de votre souvenir. Je trouve que vous prenez fort mal votre tems d'habiter votre *Dublin* pendant que nous habitons notre *Darwley*. Nous aurions eu grand soin de vous cet hiver, et nous aurions haï ensemble le genre humain, autant qu'il vous auroit plu, car je trouve qu'il n'embellit point au croître. On a fait deux pieces de theatre en *France*, tirée soit disant des idées de *Gulliver*. Je ne vous les envoie point, car elles sont detestables : mais cela prouve au moins, que ce bon voyageur a si bien reussi chez nous, qu'en a crû, qu'en mettant seulement son nom aux plus mauvaises pieces, on les rendroit recommandables au publique. Notre fermier vous embrasse : il a plaint et boude de ce que vous etiez parti sans qu'il ait pu vous dire adieu ; et de ce qu'il a vu une de vos lettres, ou vous ne dites pas un mot pour luy : mais je vous croye comme les coquettes, qui se fiant a leurs charmes ne s'embarassent pas de leurs torts. En effet ils vous feront pardonnés a la premiere lettre et encore plus aisement a la premiere esperance de vous revoir. Adieu, monsieur,

fieur, portez vous bien et nous ferons content. Je ne m'aviferay pas de vous mander des nouvelles de ce pays ci : Je suis étrangere de plus en plus, et je ne ferois tentée de me faire naturaliser, que dans ceux où je pourrois vivre avec vous.

LETTER CCCLXXXVII.

Duchess of HAMILTON to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR DEAN,

Wednesday.

WHEN we were together last, I remember we spoke of a certain stanza, which you suspected me parent of, by reason there were some things in it you were sure I would have said twelve years ago. If this be a rule, I am certain you are not dean *Swift* ; for twelve years ago your promised letter had not been so long in coming to me. All I can say is, I wish you had been twelve years ago what I wish you now, and that you were now what you was twelve years ago to your real friend and humble servant,

E. HAMILTON.

LETTER CCCLXXXVIII.

Duke of WHARTON to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR DEAN,

Monday Morning.

I Shall embark for *England* to-morrow. It would be necessary for me to take leave of lord *Molesworth* on many accounts ; and as

Young is engaged in town, I must infallibly go alone, unless your charity extends itself to favour me with your company there this morning.

I beg you would send me your answer, and believe me sincerely your faithful friend and servant,

WHARTON.

P. S. If you condescend so far, come to me about eleven of the clock.

LETTER CCCLXXXIX.

Monfieur VOLTAIRE to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Friday 16.

I Send you here inclosed two letters, one for Mr. *de Morville*, our secretary of state, and the other for Mr. *de Maisons*, both desirous and worthy of your acquaintance. Be so kind as to let me know if you intend to go by *Calais*, or by the way of *Rouen*. In case you resolve to go by *Rouen*, I will give you some letters for a good lady, who lives in her country castle just by *Rouen*. She will receive you as well as you deserve. There you will find two or three of my intimate friends, who are your admirers, and who have learned *English* since I am in *England*. All will pay you all the respects, and procure all the pleasures they are capable of. They will give you hundred directions for *Paris*, and provide you with all the requisite conveniencies. Vouchsafe to acquaint

quaint me with your resolution, I shall certainly do my best endeavours to serve you, and to let my country know, that I have the inestimable honour to be one of your friends. I am, with the highest respect and esteem, your most humble obedient faithful servant,

VOLTAIRE.

L E T T E R CCCXC.

Monfieur VOLTAIRE au Comte de MORVILLE,
Ministre et Secretaire d'Etat à Versailles.

MONSEIGNEUR,

JE me suis contenté jusqu'icy d'admirer en silence votre conduite dans les affaires de l'*Europe*; mais il n'est pas permis à un homme qui aime votre gloire, et qui vous est aussi tendrement attaché que je le suis, de demeurer plus long tems sans vous faire ses sinceres compliments.

Je ne puis d'ailleurs me refuser l'honneur que me fait le celebre monfieur *Swift*, de vouloir bien vous presenter une de mes lettres. Je fai que sa reputation est parvenue jusqu'à vous, et que vous avez envie de la connoitre. Il fait l'honneur d'une nation que vous estimez. Vous avez lu les traductions de plusieurs ouvrages qui lui sont attribuez. Eh qui est plus capable que vous, monseigneur, de discerner les beautez d'un original à travers la foiblesse des plus mauvaises copies. Je croi que vous ne ferez

pas fâché de dîner avec monsieur *Swift*, et monsieur le président *Henaut*. Et je me flatte que vous regarderez comme une preuve de mon sincère attachement à votre personne, la liberté que je prens de vous présenter un des hommes des plus extraordinaires que l'*Angleterre* ait produit, et le plus capable de sentir toute l'étendue de vos grandes qualitez.

Je suis pour toute ma vie, avec un profond respect et un attachement rempli de la plus haute estime, Monsieur, votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur,

VOLTAIRE.

LETTER CCCXCI.

Dr. SWIFT to Miss VANHOMRIGH *

Laracor, July 8, 1713.

I Stayed but a fortnight in *Dublin*, very sick; and returned not one visit of a hundred, that were made me; but all to the Dean, and none to the doctor. I am riding here for life; and I think I am something better. I hate

* This is the lady whom the Dean has celebrated by the name of *Vanessa*. She was the eldest daughter of *Bartholomew Vanhomrigh*, first a merchant of *Amsterdam*, and afterwards of *Dublin*, who was appointed commissary of the stores by king *William*, upon his expedition into *Ireland*. Her mother was the daughter of Mr. *Stone*, the commissioner, and niece to the accomptant-general of *Ireland*. For an account of this lady, and her epistolary correspondence with the Dean, see his life prefixed to his works,

the

the thoughts of *Dublin*, and prefer a field bed, and an earthen floor, before the great house there, which they say is mine. I had your last splenetic letter. I told you, when I left *England*, I would endeavour to forget every thing there, and would write as seldom as I could. I did, indeed, design one general round of letters to my friends; but my health has not yet suffered me. I design to pass the greatest part of the time I stay in *Ireland* here, in the cabin where I am now writing: neither will I leave the kingdom till I am sent for; and if they have no further service for me, I will never see *England* again. At my first coming, I thought I should have died with discontent; and was horribly melancholy while they were installing me, but it begins to wear off, and change to dullness. My river walk is extremely pretty, and my canal in great beauty; and I see trouts playing in it. I know not any one thing now in *Dublin*. But Mr. *Ford* is very kind, and writes to me constantly what passes among you. I find you are likewise a good politician; and I will say so much to you, that I verily think, if the thing you know of had been published just upon the peace, the ministry might have avoided what hath since happened: but I am now fitter to look after willows, and to cut hedges, than meddle with affairs of state. I must order one of the workmen to drive those cows out of my island, and make up the ditch again; a

work much more proper for a country vicar, than driving out factions, and fencing against them. I must go and take my bitter draught to cure my head, which is spoiled by the bitter draughts the public hath given me. So go to your dukes and duchesses, and leave me to goodman *Bamford*, and *Patrick Dolan*, of *Clanduggan*. Adieu.

L E T T E R CCCXCH.

Dr. SWIFT to Miss VANHOMRIGH.

Upper Letcomb, near Wantage, Berks,
June 8, 1714.

I Have not much news to tell you from hence, nor have I had one line from any body since I left *London*, of which I am very glad; but, to say the truth, I believe I shall not stay here so long as I intended. I am at a clergyman's house, whom I love very well; but he is such a melancholy thoughtful man, partly from nature, and partly by a solitary life, that I shall soon catch the spleen from him. Out of ease and complaisance, I desire him not to alter any of his methods for me; so we dine exactly between twelve and one. At eight we have some bread and butter, and a glass of ale; and at ten he goes to bed. Wine is a stranger, except a little I sent him; of which, one evening in two, we have a pint between us. His wife has been this month twenty miles off, at her father's, and will not return these ten days.

days. I never saw her ; and perhaps the house will be worse when she comes. I read all day, or walk ; and do not speak as many words as I have now wrote in three days : so that, in short, I have a mind to steal to *Ireland*, unless I find myself take more to this way of living, so different, in every circumstance, from what I left. This is the first syllable I have wrote to any body since you saw me. I shall be glad to hear from you, not as you are a *Londoner*, but as a friend ; for I care not three-pence for news, nor have heard one syllable since I came here. The pretender, or duke of *Cambridge*, may both be landed, and I never the wiser : but if this place were ten times worse, nothing shall make me return to town, while things are in the situation I left them. I give a guinea a week for my board, and can eat any thing.

LETTER CCCXCIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Miss VANHOMRIGH.

Aug. 1, 1714.

WHO told you I was going to *Bath* ? no such thing. I had fixed to set out to-morrow for *Ireland*, but poor lord *Oxford* desires I will go with him to *Herefordshire*, and only expect his answer whether I shall go there before, or meet him hereabouts ; or to *Wimple* (his son's house) and so go with him down ; and I expect to leave this in two or three days, one way

way or other. I will stay with him 'till the parliament meets again, if he desires it. I am not of your opinion about lord *Bolingbroke*; perhaps he may get the *staff*, but I cannot rely on his love to me: he knew I had a mind to be his historiographer, though I valued it not, but for the public service, yet it is gone to a worthless rogue that no-body knows*. I am writ to earnestly by *somebody* to come to town, and join with those people now in power, but I will not do it. Say nothing of this, but guess the person. I told lord *Oxford* I would go with him, when *he was out*; and now he begs it of me, and I cannot refuse him. I meddle not with his faults, as he was a minister of state; but you know his personal kindness to me was excessive: he distinguished and chose me above all other men, while he was great; and his letter to me the other day was the most moving imaginable. When I am fixed any where, perhaps I may be so gracious to let you know, but I will not promise. Adieu.

* He presented a memorial to the queen on the 15th of *April*, 1714, humbly desiring her majesty to appoint him historiographer; which does not seem to agree with his declaration in his letter to *Pope*, dated *Jan.* 10, 1721; that "this place was designed him, but that, as it was at the disposal of a person, who had not the smallest share of steadiness or sincerity, he disdained to accept it." See the memorial, in the volumes published by Mr. *Deane Swift*. See also Dr. *Arbutnot's* letter of *July* 17, 1714.

L E T T E R CCCXCIV.

Dr. SWIFT to Miss. VANHOMRIGH*.

Aug. 12, 1714.

I Had your letter last post, and before you can send me another, I shall set out for *Ireland*. I must go and take the oaths ; and the sooner the better. If you are in *Ireland* when I am there, I shall see you very seldom. It is not a place for any freedom ; but it is where every thing is known in a week, and magnified an hundred degrees. These are rigorous laws that must be passed through : but it is probable we may meet in *London* in winter ; or if not, leave all to fate, that seldom comes to humour our inclinations. I say all this out of the perfect esteem and friendship I have for you. These public misfortunes have altered all my measures, and broke my spirits. God Almighty bless you. I shall, I hope, be on horseback in a day after this comes to your hand. I would not answer your questions for

* It appears by a letter of the Dean's to Miss *Esber Vanbomrigh* that she was very uneasy on account of her mother's debts, who died in 1714; fearing that when the year was out, she would be obliged to satisfy the creditors. But the Dean tells her, " you can pay only " what you receive, you are answerable for no more." He tells her, that if she wants to borrow money, she may send to Mr. *Barber* or *Ben. Tooke*, which she pleases, and let them know, that whatever sum she wants he will stand bound for.

a mil-

a million: nor can I think of them with any ease of mind. Adieu.

LETTER CCCXCV.

Part of a Letter of VANESSA's from Dublin,
in 1714.

YOU once had a maxim, which was, to act what was right, and not mind what the world would say. I wish you would keep to it now. Pray what can be wrong in seeing and advising an unhappy young woman? I cannot imagine. You cannot but know, that your frowns make my life unsupportable. You have taught me to distinguish, and then you leave me miserable. Now, all I beg is, that you will for once counterfeit (since you cannot otherwise) that indulgent friend you once were, till I get the better of these difficulties.

LETTER CCCXCVII.

Miss VANHOMRIGH to Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, 1714.

YOU bid me be easy and you would see me as often as you could. You had better have said, as often as you could get the better of your inclinations so much; or as often as you remembered there was such a one in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made uneasy by me long. It is impossible to describe what I have suffered

ed since I saw you last. I am sure I could have bore the rack much better, than those killing killing words of yours. Sometimes I have resolved to die without seeing you more; but those resolves, to your misfortune, did not last long. For there is something in human nature, that prompts one so to find relief in this world. I must give way to it: and beg you'd see me and speak kindly to me, for I am sure, you'd not condemn any one to suffer what I have done, could you but know it. The reason I write to you is, because I cannot tell it to you should I see you. For when I begin to complain, then you are angry; and there is something in your looks so awful, that it strikes me dumb. Oh! that you may have but so much regard for me left, that this complaint may touch your soul with pity. I say as little as ever I can; did you but know what I thought, I am sure it would move you to forgive me, and believe, I cannot help telling you this, and live*.

* A letter from Dr. Swift, dated *Philipstown, Nov. 5, 1714*, says, that he was going to a friend upon a promise, being then a mile from *Trim*, when Miss *Vanbomrigh's* servant overtook him with a letter. She was then at *Kildrobid*, and would go to town on the *Monday* following, to her lodging in *Turnstill-Alley*. He concludes thus; "I have rode a tedious journey to-day, and can say no more. Nor shall you know where I am, till I come, and then I will see you. A fig for your letters and messages, Adieu."

L E T T E R CCCXCVII.

Dr. SWIFT to VANESSA.

May 12, 1719.

JE vos fais des complimens sur votre perfection dans la langue Françoise. Il faut vous connoître long temps avant de connoître toutes vos perfections; toujours en vous voyant et entendant, il en paroît des nouvelles, qui estoient auparavant cachées; il est honteux pour moy de ne scavoir que le Gascon et le Patois, au prix de vous. Il n'y a rien à redire dans l'ortographie, la propriété, l'élégance, le douceur et l'esprit. Et que je suis sot moy de vous repondre en mesme langage, vous qui estes incapable d'aucune sottise, si ce n'est l'estime qu'il vous plaist d'avoir pour moy; car il n'y a point de merite, ni aucun preuve de mon bon gout de trouver en vous tout ce que la nature a donnée a un mortel, je veux dire l'honneur, la vertue, le bons sens, l'esprit, le douceur, l'agrément et la fermeté d'ame; mais en vous cachant, commes vous faites, le monde ne vous connoit pas, et vous perdez l'eloge des millions de gens. Depuis que j'ay l'honneur de vous connoître j'ay toujours remarqué que ni en conversation particuliere, ni generale, aucun mot a echappé de votre bouche, qui pouvoit etre mieux exprimé. Et je vous jure, qu'en faisant souvent la plus severe critique, je ne pouvois jamais trouver aucun

aucun défaut en vos actions, ni en vos paroles : la coquetterie, l'affectation, la pruderie font des imperfections que vous n'avez jamais connues. Et avec tout cela, croyez vous, qu'il est possible de ne vous estimer au dessus du reste du genre humain. Quelles bestes en jupes font les plus excellentes de celles, que je vois semées dans le monde, au prix de vous : en les voyant, en les entendant, je dis cent fois le jour ; ne parlez, ne regardez, ne pensez, ne faites rien comme ces misérables. Quelle calamité de faire mépriser autans de gens, qui sans songer de vous, seroient assez supportables : mais il est temps de vous delasser, et de vous dire adieu : avec toute le respect, la sincerité, et l'estime du monde, je suis et seray toujours.

LETTER CCCXCVIII.

Miss VANHOMRIGH to Dr. SWIFT.

Selbridge, 1720.

BELIEVE me, it is with the utmost regret that I now complain to you, because I know your good nature such, that you cannot see any human creature miserable without being sensibly touched. Yet what can I do? I must either unload my heart, and tell you all its griefs, or sink under the inexpressible distress I now suffer by your prodigious neglect of me. It is now ten long weeks since I saw you ; and in all that time, I have never received but

one letter from you, and a little note with an excuse. Oh! have you forgot me? You endeavour by severities to force me from you. Nor can I blame you; for with the utmost distress and confusion, I beheld myself the cause of uneasy reflections to you: yet I cannot comfort you, but here declare, that it is not in the power of art, time, or accident, to lessen the inexpressible passion which I have for ——. Put my passion under the utmost restraint; send me as distant from you as the earth will allow, yet you cannot banish those charming ideas which will ever stick by me, whilst I have the use of memory: nor is the love I bear you only seated in my soul; for there is not a single atom of my frame, that is not blended with it. Therefore, do not flatter yourself that separation will ever change my sentiments: for I find myself unquiet in the midst of silence, and my heart is at once pierced with sorrow and love. For heaven's sake, tell me, what has caused this prodigious change in you, which I have found of late. If you have the least remains of pity for me left, tell it me tenderly. No—do not tell it so, that it may cause my present death. And do not suffer me to live a life like a languishing death, which is the only life I can lead, if you have lost any of your tenderness for me.

L E T T E R CCCXCIX.

Miss VANHOMRIGH to Dr. SWIFT.

Part of a Letter written in the Year 1720.

IS it possible, that again you will do the very same thing I warned you of so lately? I believe you thought I only rallied, when I told you the other night, that I would pester you with letters. Once more I advise you, if you have any regard for your quiet, to alter your behaviour quickly, for I do assure you, I have too much spirit to sit down contented with this treatment. Because I love frankness extremely, I here tell you now, that I have determined to try all manner of human arts to reclaim you; and if all those fail, I am resolved to have recourse to the black one, which, it is said, never does. Now see what inconveniency you will bring both yourself and me into. Pray think calmly of it, is it not much better to come of yourself, than to be brought by force, and that perhaps at a time when you have the most agreeable engagement in the world: for when I undertake any thing, I don't love to do it by halves.

L E T T E R C C C C.

Dr. S W I F T to Miss V A N H O M R I C H.

IF you write as you do I shall come the seldom, on purpose to be pleased with your letters, which I never look into without wondering how a brat that cannot read can possibly write so well. You are mistaken: send me a letter without your hand on the outside, and I hold you a crown I shall not read it. But raillery apart, I think it inconvenient, for a hundred reasons, that I should make your house a sort of constant dwelling-place. I will certainly come as often as I conveniently can; but my health and the perpetual run of ill weather, hinders me from going out in the morning; and my afternoons are taken up I know not how, that I am in rebellion with a dozen of people beside yourself, for not seeing them. For the rest, you need make use of no other black art besides your ink. It is a pity your eyes are not black, or I would have said the same: but you are a white witch, and can do no mischief. If you have employed any of your art on the black scarf, I defy it, for one reason—guess. Adieu.

L E T T E R C C C C I.

Dr. SWIFT to Miss VANHOMRIGH.

I Received your letter when some company was with me on *Saturday* night, and it put me in such confusion, that I could not tell what to do. This morning a woman, who does business for me, told me she heard I was in love with one—naming you, and twenty particulars; that little Master —— and I visited you; and that the archbishop did so; and that you had abundance of wit, &c. I ever feared the tattle of this nasty town, and told you so: and that was the reason why I said to you long ago, that I would see you seldom when you were in *Ireland*; and I must beg you to be easy, if, for some time, I visit you seldomer, and not in so particular a manner. I will see you at the latter end of the week, if possible. These are accidents in life that are necessary, and must be submitted to; and tattle, by the help of discretion, will wear off.

L E T T E R C C C C II.

Miss VANHOMRIGH to Dr. SWIFT.

Selbridge, 1720.

Tell me sincerely, if you have once wished with earnestness to see me, since I wrote to you: no, so far from that you have not once pitied me, though I told you how I was distressed,

treffed. Solitude is insupportable to a mind which is not easy. I have worn out my days in fighting, and my nights with watching, and thinking of—— who thinks not of me. How many letters shall I send you before I receive an answer? Can you deny me, in my misery, the only comfort which I can expect at present? Oh! that I could hope to see you here, or that I could go to you. I was born with violent passions, which terminate all in one, that unexpressible passion I have for you. Consider the killing emotions which I feel from your neglect of me; and shew some tenderness for me, or I shall lose my senses. Surely you cannot possibly be so much taken up, but you might command a moment to write to me and force your inclinations to so great a charity. I firmly believe, if I could know your thoughts (which no human creature is capable of guessing at, because never any one living thought like you) I should find you had often in a rage, wished me religious, hoping then I should have paid my devotions to heaven: but that would not spare you; for were I an enthusiast, still you'd be the deity I should worship. What marks are there of a deity, but what you are to be known by? You are present every where: your dear image is always before my eyes. Sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe I tremble with fear: at other times a charming compassion shines through your countenance, which re-

vives

vives my soul. Is it not more reasonable to adore a radiant form one has seen, than one only described?

L E T T E R CCCCIII.

Part of an answer from CADENUS to VANESSA.

IF you knew how many little difficulties there are in sending letters to you, it would remove five parts in six of your quarrel. But since you lay hold of my promises, and are so exact to the day, I shall promise you no more, and rather chuse to be better than my word than worse. I am confident you came chiding into the world, and will continue so while you are in it. I wonder what *Mobkin** meant by shewing you my letter. I will write to her no more, since she can keep secrets no better. It was the first love-letter I have writ these dozen years; and since I have so ill success, I will write no more. Never was a belle passion so defeated. But the governor, I hear, is jealous; and upon your word, you have a vast deal to say to me about it. Mind your nurse keeping: do your duty, and leave off your huffing. One would think you were in love, by dating your letter *August 29*, by which means I received it just a month before it was written. You do not find I answer

* Miss Mary Vanhomrigh.

your

your questions to your satisfaction: Prove to me first that it was even possible to answer any thing to your satisfaction, so as that you would not grumble in half an hour. I am glad my writing puzzles you, for then your time will be employed in finding it out: and I am sure it costs me a great many thoughts to make my letters difficult. Yesterday I was half way towards you where I dined, and returned weary enough. I asked where that road to the left led, and they named the place. I wish your letters were as difficult as mine, for then they would be of no consequence, if they were dropped by careless messengers. A stroke — signifies every thing that may be said to *Cad*—— at beginning or conclusion. It is I who ought to be in a huff, that any thing written by *Cad*—— should be difficult to *Skinage*.

LETTER CCCCIV.

Dr. SWIFT to VANESSA.

October 15, 1720.

I Sit down with the first opportunity I have to write to you, and the Lord knows when I can find conveniency to send this letter; for all the morning I am plagued with impertinent visits, below any man of sense or honour to endure, if it were any way avoidable. Dinners and afternoons and evenings are spent abroad in walking, to keep off and avoid spleen

spleen as far as I can : so that when I am not
 so good a correspondent as I could wish, you
 are not to quarrel and be governor ; but to
 impute it to my situation, and to conclude in-
 fallibly, that I have the same respect and
 kindness for you I ever professed to have,
 and shall ever preserve, because you will al-
 ways merit the utmost that can be given you,
 especially if you go on to read and still further
 improve your mind, and the talents nature
 hath given you. I am in much concern for
 poor *Mobkin* ; and the more, because I am sure
 you are so too. You ought to be as chearful
 as you can, for both our sakes, and read plea-
 sant things that will make you laugh, and not
 sit moping with your elbows on your knees
 on a little stool by the fire. It is most infal-
 lible that riding would do *Mobkin* more good
 than any other thing, provided fair days and
 warm cloaths be provided : and so it would to
 you ; and if you lose any skin, you know *Job*
 says, skin for skin will a man give for his life.
 It is either *Job* or *Satan* says so, for ought you
 know. I am getting an ill head in this curs-
 ed town, for want of exercise. I wish I were
 to walk with you fifty times about your gar-
 den, and then drink your coffee. I was sit-
 ting last night with half a score of both sexes
 for an hour, and grew as weary as a dog.
 Every body grows silly and disagreeable, or
 I grow monkish and splenetic ; which is the
 same thing. Conversation is full of nothing
 but

but South Sea, and the ruin of the kingdom and scarcity of money.

L E T T E R C C C C V.

Dr. SWIFT to VANESSA.

Gallstown, near Kinnegad, July 5, 1727.

IT was not convenient, hardly possible, to write to you before now, though I had a more than ordinary desire to do it, considering the disposition I found you in last ; though I hope I left you in a better. I must have you take more care of your health by company and exercise, or else the spleen will get the better of you, than which there is not a more foolish and troublesome disease, and what you have no pretences to in the world, if all the advantages of life can be any defence against it. *Cadenus*—— assures me, he continues to esteem and love, and value you above all things, and so will do to the end of his life ; but at the same time intreats that you would not make yourself or him unhappy by imaginations. The wisest men of all ages have thought it the best course to seize the minutes as they fly, and to make every innocent action an amusement. If you knew how I struggle for a little health, what uneasiness I am at in riding and walking, and refraining from every thing agreeable to my taste, you would think it but a small thing to take a coach now and then, and

and converse with fools or impertinents to avoid spleen and sickness. Without health you will lose all desire of drinking coffee, and be so low as to have no spirits. Pray write to me cheerfully, without complaints or expostulations, or else *Cadenus* shall know it, and punish you. What is this world without being as easy in it as prudence and fortune can make it. I find it every day more silly and insignificant, and I conform myself to it for my own ease. I am here as deeply employed in other folks plantations and ditches as if they were my own concern; and think of my absent friends with delight, and hopes of seeing them happy, and of being happy with them. Shall you, who have so much honour and good sense, act otherwise, to make *Cad—* and yourself miserable. Settle your affairs, and quit this scoundrel island, and things will be as you desire. I can say no more, being called away. *Mais soyez assurée, que jamais personne au monde n'a été aimée, honorée, estimée, adorée par votre ami que vous.* I have drank no coffee since I left you, nor intend it till I see you again: there is none worth drinking but yours, if myself may be the judge. Adieu.

LETTER CCCCVI.

Dr. SWIFT to VANESSA.

Clogher, June 1, 1722.

THE weather has been so constantly bad that I have wanted all the healthy advantages of the country, and it seems likely to continue so. It would have been infinitely better once a week to have met at *Kendal*, and so forth, where one might pass three or four hours in drinking coffee in the morning, or dining *tête à tête*, drinking coffee again till seven. God send you through your law suit, and your reference. And remember that riches are nine parts in ten of all that is good in life, and health is the tenth; drinking coffee comes long after, and yet it is the eleventh; but without the two former you cannot drink it right: and remember the china in the old house, and *Rider-street*, and the colonel's journey to *France*, and the *London* wedding, and the sick lady at *Kensington*, and the indisposition at *Windsor*, and the strain by the box of books at *London*. Last year I writ you civilities, and you were angry. This year I will write you none, and you will be angry; yet my thoughts were still the same — *Croyez que je serois toujours tout ce que vous desirez.* Adieu.

L E T T E R CCCCVII.

Dr. SWIFT to VANESSA.

Loughgall, County of Armagh, July 13, 1722.

I Am well pleased with the account of your visit, and the behaviour of the ladies. I see every day as silly things among both sexes, and yet endure them for the sake of amusement. The worst thing in you and me is, that we are too hard to please; and whether we have not made ourselves so, is the question; at least I believe we have the same reason. One thing that I differ from you in, is, that I do not quarrel with my best friends. I believe you have ten angry passages in your letter, and every one of them enough to spoil two days apiece of riding and walking. We differ prodigiously in one point: I fly from the spleen to the world's end; you run out of your way to meet it. I doubt the bad weather has hindered you much from the diversions of your country house, and put you upon thinking in your chamber. The use I have made of it, was to read, I know not how many diverting books of history and travels. I wish you would get yourself a horse, and have always two servants to attend you, and visit your neighbours; the worse the better: there is a pleasure in being revered; and that is always in your power, by your superiority of sense, and an easy fortune. The

best maxim I know in this life is, to drink your coffee when you can; and when you cannot, to be easy without it: while you continue to be splenetic, count upon it, I will always preach. Thus much I sympathize with you, that I am not chearful enough to write; for I believe coffee, once a week, is necessary to that. I can sincerely answer all your questions as I used to do; but then I give all possible way to amusements, because they preserve my temper, as exercise does my health; and without health and good humour I had rather be a dog. I have shifted scenes oftener than ever I did in my life, and I believe have lain in thirty beds since I left town, and always drew up my cloaths with my left hand; which is a superstition I have learned these ten years. I long to see you in figure and equipage. Pray do not lose that taste. Farewel.

L E T T E R CCCCVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Miss VANHOMRIGH.

Aug. 7, 1722.

I AM this hour leaving my present residence; and if I fix any where shall let you know it.

A long vacation.—Law lies asleep, and bad weather. How do you wear away the time? Is it among the groves and fields of your country seat, or among your cousins in town, or thinking in a train that will be sure to vex
you,

you, and then reaping, and forming teasing conclusions from mistaken thoughts. The best companion for you is a philosopher; whom you would regard as much as a sermon. I have read more trash since I left you, than would fill all your shelves, and am abundantly the better for it, though I scarce remember a syllable. What a foolish thing is time; and how foolish is man, who would be as angry if time stopt, as if it passed. But I will not proceed at this rate; for I am writing, and thinking myself fast into the spleen, which is the only thing I would not compliment you by imitating. So adieu till the next place I fix in.

L E T T E R CCCCIX.

By Dr. SWIFT; but when or to whom written is uncertain.

EVERY squire, almost to a man, is an oppressor of the clergy; a racker of his tenants; a jobber of all public works; very proud; and generally illiterate. Two neighbouring squires, although they be intimate friends, relations, or allies, if one of them want one hundred foot of the other's land contiguous to his own, which would make any building square, or his garden uniform (without the least inconvenience to the other) he shall be absolutely refused; or (as the utmost mark of friendship) shall be forced to pay for it twenty times

more than the value. This they call, paying for your conveniency: which is directly contrary to the very letter of an ancient heathen maxim in morality—That whatever benefit we can confer upon another, without injuring ourselves, we are bound to do it to a perfect stranger. The squires take the titles of great men, with as little ceremony, as *Alexander* or *Cæsar*. For instance the great *Conolly*—the great *Wesely*—the great *Damer*.

A fellow, whose father was a butcher, desiring a lawyer to be a referee in some little brangle between him and his neighbour, complained that the lawyer excused himself in the following manner:—Sir, I am your most humble servant; but dare not venture to interfere in the quarrels of you great men.—Which I take to be just of a piece with *Harlequin's* swearing upon his honour. Jealousies, quarrels, and other ruptures, are as frequent between neighbouring squires, and from the same motives: the former brangling about their mears and bounds, as the others do about their frontiers. The detestable tyranny and oppression of landlords are visible in every part of the kingdom.

L E T T E R CCCCX.

Dr. SWIFT to JOHN TEMPLE, Esq;

S I R,

Dublin, 1736.

THE letter which I had the favour to receive from you, I read to your cousin, Mrs. *Dingley*, who lodges in my neighbourhood. She was very well pleased to hear of your welfare; but a little mortified that you did not mention or enquire after her. She is quite sunk with years and unwieldiness; as well as a very scanty support. I sometimes make her a small present, as my abilities can reach; for I do not find her nearest relations consider her in the least.

Jervas told me that your * aunt's picture is in Sir *Peter Lilly*'s best manner, and the drapery all in the same hand. I shall think myself very well paid for it, if you will be so good, as to order some marks of your favour to Mrs. *Dingley*. I do not mean a pension, but a small sum to put her for once out of debt: and if I live any time, I shall see that she keep herself clear of the world; for she is a woman of as much piety and discretion as I have known.

* Picture of lady *Giffard*, sister to Sir *William Temple*.

I am sorry to have been so much a stranger to the state of your family. I know nothing of your lady, or what children you have, or any other circumstances; neither do I find that Mr. *Hatch* * can inform me in any one point. I very much approve of your keeping up your family-house at *Moor-park*. I have heard it is very much changed for the better, as well as the gardens. The tree on which I carved those words, *factura nepotibus umbram*, is one of those elms that stand in the hollow ground just before the house: but I suppose the letters are widened, and grown shapeless by time.

I know nothing more of your brother, than that he hath an *Irish* title (I should be sorry to see you with such a feather) and that some reason or other drew us into a correspondence, which was very rough. But I have forgot what was the quarrel.

This letter goes by my lord *Castledurrow*, who is a gentleman of very good sense and wit. I suspect, by taking his son with him, that he designs to see us no more. I desire to present my most humble service to your

* Mr. *Hatch* of *Dublin*, was agent for Mr. *Temple's* affairs in *Ireland*, as well as for the estate of his brother *Henry* lord *Palmerston*, to whom the Dean wrote an angry letter in 1725.

Lady

Lady *, with hearty thanks for her remembrance of me.

I am, Sir, your most humble faithful servant,

J. SWIFT.

* Mr. Temple was the nephew, and his lady the grand-daughter, of Sir William Temple, by an only son, who died young. She was coheirefs with Dorothy, wife of Nicholas Brown, of Shrubland-hall, in Suffolk, esquire.

A TRANS.

A

TRANSLATION
OF THE
FRENCH LETTERS in this Work.

LETTER CCCCXI.

Mr. Le CLERC to Mr. ADDISON.

SIR,

Amsterdam, Feb. 12, 1709.

I Did myself the honour to write to you at the beginning of the present year, to beg you would be so good as to inform me of a particular affair, of which it behoved me to get the earliest intelligence; and yet I have had no answer from you. I have only been informed that you have resigned the post you lately held, in order to go over to *Ireland* as secretary to lord *Wharton*. I wish you joy upon this event, presuming that the latter employ is preferable to the former; though I am very sensible that I shall be a loser by your removal.

Still

Still I wish you all manner of satisfaction in your new office; and heartily pray that God may crown all your enterprizes with success. The favour I begged of you, was to send me the family name, and titles, of my lord *Halifax*, and to ask himself, if you thought proper, whether he would permit me to dedicate my *Livy* to him. As you had signified to me by Mr. *Phillips*, that you had forgot the sheet which I wanted in Mr. *Rymer's* collection, I had sent you word that it is the sheet 107, or the four pages immediately preceding the index of names in the first tome. If you have got it since, be so good as to send it to Messrs. *Toutton* and *Stuiguer*, carefully folded up, and directed to me. I suppose this letter will find you still at *London*, because it is reported that lord *Wharton* will not set out till towards the month of *April*. There is nothing new here, in the republic of letters, worth your notice. The Jesuits of *Paris* have passed a severe censure on father *Harduin's* opinions, and obliged him to retract them in a very ignominious manner. We shall see what will be the consequence. I should be glad could I be of any service to you here; you would then see how sincerely I am, Sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

J. LE CLERC.

L E T T E R CCCCXII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. GIRALDI*.

SIR,

Dublin, Feb. 25, 1714-15.

I Take the liberty to recommend to you the bearer, Mr. *Howard*, a learned gentleman of good family in this country, who intends to make the tour of *Italy*, and being a canon in my deanry, and professor of a college in this university, would fain be confirmed in his heresy by travelling among catholics. And after all, Sir, it is but just that since you have borrowed our *English* frankness and sincerity to ingraft on your *Italian* politeness, some of us tramontanes should make reprisals on you by travelling. You will also permit me to beg you will be so kind as to present my most humble duty to his royal highness the grand duke.

With regard to myself, I will be so free as to tell you, that two months before the queen's decease, finding that it was impossible to reconcile my friends of the ministry, I retired to a country house in *Berkshire*; from whence, after that melancholy event, I came over to *Ireland*, where I now reside upon my deanry, and with Christian resignation wait for the destruction of our cause and of my friends, which the reigning faction are daily contriv-

* Mr. *Giraldi* was secretary to the duke of *Tuscany*.

ing. For these gentlemen are absolutely determined to strike off half a dozen heads of the best men in *England*, whom you intimately knew and esteemed. God knows what will be the consequence. For my part, I have bid adieu to politics, and with the good leave of the honest men who are now in power, I shall spend the remainder of my days in my hermitage, and attend intirely to my own private affairs. Adieu, Sir, and do me the justice to believe, that I am, with great respect, Sir, yours, &c.

L E T T E R CCCCXIII.

The Abbé des FONTAINES to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Paris, July 4, 1725.

I Have the honour to send you the second edition of your work, which I have translated into *French*. I should have sent you the first, had I not been obliged, for reasons which I am not at liberty to tell you, to insert a passage in the preface, which you would not have been pleased with, and which I inserted much against my inclinations. As the book has made its way without opposition, these reasons no longer subsist, and I have expunged this passage in the second edition, as you will find. I have likewise altered the passage relating to my lord *Carteret*, concerning which I had received false intelligence. In many parts you will easily see that my translation is
not

not exact; but what pleases in *England* has not always the same effect in *France*; either because our manners are different, or because the allusions and allegories, that strike people in one country, do not make the same impression in another; or, in fine, because the two nations do not always agree in taste. My intention was to present my countrymen with a book, which might be of use to them; and this has made me take some liberties in varying from the original. I have even been so free as to make some additions, according as I found my imagination raised by yours. To you only I am indebted for the honour this translation does me; a translation that has been sold with amazing rapidity, for there have been already three editions of it. I have conceived so high an esteem for you, and so greatly am I obliged to you, that if you are not intirely satisfied with the suppression I have made in this edition, I am still ready to go any farther length, in order to cancel the memory of that part of the preface: as for the rest, I beg you will pay due attention to the justice I have done you in that very preface.

We flatter ourselves that we shall soon have the honour of seeing you in this capital. All your friends are impatient for your arrival. Nothing else is talked of; and all *Paris* expects this agreeable event. Do not defer giving us this pleasure; you will see a nation that holds you in the highest esteem. In the mean

mean while I claim the honour of your friendship, and beg you will be persuaded, that no one respects you more than myself; being, with the profoundest regard and esteem, Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

The Abbé des FONTAINES.

Dr. *Arbutnot* has been so good as to undertake to deliver this letter to you, together with the copy of your work, which I have the honour of sending you.

LETTER CCCCXIV.

Dr. SWIFT's Answer.

SIR,

IT is above a month since I received your letter of the 4th of July; but the copy of the second edition of your translation is not yet come to hand. I have read the preface to the first; and give me leave to tell you, that I was very much surprized to find that, at the same time you mentioned the country in which I was born, you also took notice of me by name, as the author of that book, though I have had the misfortune of incurring the displeasure of some of our ministers by it, and never acknowledged it as mine. Your behaviour, however, in this respect, though somewhat exceptionable, shall not prevent me from doing you justice. The generality of translators are very lavish of their praises on such

works as they undertake to render into their own language, imagining perhaps that their reputation depends in some measure on that of the authors, whom they have thought proper to translate. But you were sensible of your own abilities, which render all such precautions needless. Capable of mending a bad book, an enterprize more difficult than to write a good one, you have ventured to publish the translation of a work, which you affirm to abound with nonsense and puerilities, &c. We think with you, that nations do not always agree in taste; but are inclined to believe, that good taste is the same, wherever there are men of wit, judgment, and learning. Therefore, if the *Travels of Gulliver* are calculated only for the *British* islands, that voyager must certainly be reckoned a paltry writer. The same vices and follies prevail in all countries, at least in all the civilized parts of *Europe*: and an author, who would sit down to write only for a single town, a province, a kingdom, or even a century, so far from deserving to be translated, does not deserve to be read.

This *Gulliver's* adherents, who are very numerous here, maintain that his book will last as long as our language, because he does not derive his merit from certain modes of expression or thought, but from a series of observations on the imperfections, follies and vices of mankind.

You may very well judge, that the people I have been speaking of, do not approve of your criticisms; and you will doubtless be surprized, when I inform you, that they regard this sea-surgeon as a grave author, who never departs from his character, who uses no foreign embellishment, and never pretends to set up for a wit, but is satisfied with giving the public a plain and simple narrative of the adventures that befel him, and of the things he saw and heard in the course of his voyages.

With regard to the article relating to lord *Carteret*, without waiting for any information whence you borrowed your intelligence, I shall take the liberty to tell you, that you have written only one half of the truth; and that this real, or supposed Drapier, has saved *Ireland*, by spiriting up the whole nation to oppose a project, by which a certain number of individuals would have been enriched at the public expence.

A series of accidents have intervened, which will prevent my going to *France* at present, and I am now too old to hope for any future opportunity. I am sensible that this is a great loss to me. The only consolation that remains, is to think that I shall be the better able to bear that spot of ground, to which fortune has condemned me. I am, &c.

L E T T E R CCCCXV.

Lady BOLINGBOKE * to Dr. SWIFT.

Dawley, Feb. 1, 1726-7.

I Have been told, Sir, that you complain of having received no letters from me. You do me wrong : I treat you as one of the deities, who keep an account with mankind of their intentions. It is about ten years since I proposed writing to you ; before I had the honour of knowing you, the idea which I had formed of your gravity restrained me : since I have had the honour of seeing you, I never could find spirit enough to venture upon it. A certain gentleman, named *Gulliver*, had put this poor imagination of mine, which is so depressed by the air of *London*, and by conversations of which I know only the sound, a little in motion ; I was desirous of seizing the moment, in order to write to you, but I fell ill, and have been so perpetually for these three months. I avail myself therefore, Sir, of the first return of my health, to thank you for your reproaches, which I am very proud of, and to say a word

* Second wife of lord viscount *Bolingbroke*, born in *France*. She had been second wife of the marquis de *Villette*, chef d'escarde, nephew or cousin to madam *De Maintenon*. See *Voltaire's Siecle de Louis XIV.* tom. II. p. 106. edit. *Amst.* 1764. She died *March* 18, 1749. Lord *Bolingbroke* survived her, dying *December* 15, 1751, aged 78.

to you concerning my friend *Gulliver*. I learn, with great satisfaction, that he has just been translated into *French*; and as my residence in *England* has considerably increased my love for my own country and its inhabitants, I am delighted that they now can participate in the pleasure which that good gentleman has given me, and that they can profit by his discoveries. I am not without hopes, that the twelve ships which *France* has just fitted out, may be destined for an embassy to the nation of the *Houyhnhnms*. In that case I would propose to you, that we should make the voyage together. In the mean time I am pleased with a workman of your country, who, in order to furnish the ladies with fans, which you know, Sir, are much used here, has made some, wherein all the adventures of your faithful traveller are represented. You may easily judge what a share he will have in their conversation. This, indeed, will be of great prejudice to the rain and fine feather, which filled up a part of it? and as to myself in particular, I shall be deprived of the words *very cold* and *very warm*, the few expressions I understand. I reckon to send you some of those fans by one of your friends. You may make a merit of them with your *Irish* ladies, if you have any occasion for them; which I imagine you have not, at least if they think like the *French* ladies. His lordship of *Darwley*, Mr. *Pope*, and myself are taken up here in drinking, eating, sleeping,

or doing nothing, except praying to God for your welfare. Return this spring to see us; my lord expects your coming with impatience, that he may kill the weightiest ox and the largest hog on my farm: both shall be served up whole on your reverence's table, for fear that my cook should in any manner disguise them. You will shine among us at least as much as among your own prebends, and we shall be no less solicitous to please you. I will dispute that point with every body, being, of all persons living, Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant.

LETTER CCCCXVI.

Lady BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Indorsed 'Lady Bolingbroke.'

MR. *Pope* has given me great pleasure, by assuring me that you are in good health, and shewing me a mark of your kind remembrance in one of your letters. I find you are very much dissatisfied with being confined to *Dublin*, while we reside at *Dawley*. We should have taken great care of you this winter, and joined together in our aversion to mankind, as much as you pleased; for I do not find they much improve upon a near acquaintance. The *French* have lately formed in *France* two theatrical pieces, which are said to have been drawn from *Gulliver*. They are
such

such wretched stuff, that I shall not send them to you ; but it is at least an indication of your honest traveller's having had such success amongst us, that the name of *Gulliver* is sufficient to recommend the most paltry performance to the public. Our farmer embraces you : he complains of your going away without giving him an opportunity to take leave of you, and of your omitting to mention a word concerning him in one of your letters ; but I fancy you are like the coquettes, who, presuming on the power of their charms, are indifferent how far they may offend. I can assure you, that all trespasses will be forgiven you upon the receipt of the very first letter, and still more readily upon the first hope that we shall see you again. Adieu ; take care of yourself, and we shall be satisfied. I have no notion of sending you any news from this country : I am here a stranger more than ever ; and I should never think of being naturalized in any other spot, but where I could spend my days in your company.

L E T.

L E T T E R CCCCXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to VANESSA.

May 12, 1719.

I Compliment you on your perfection in the *French* language. It is necessary to know you long, in order to know all your accomplishments: by perpetually seeing and hearing you, new ones appear, which before were concealed. It is a reproach to me, that I know only the Gascon and Patois in comparison to you. There is nothing to be objected, either as to the orthography, propriety, elegance, ease, or spirit. And what a blockhead am I to answer you in the same language, you who are incapable of any folly, unless it be the esteem that you are pleased to entertain of me; for it is no merit, nor any proof of my good taste, to find out in you all that nature has bestowed on a mortal, that is to say, honour, virtue, good sense, wit, sweetness, agreeableness, and firmness of soul; but by concealing yourself, as you do, the world knows you not, and you lose the eulogy of millions. Ever since I have had the honour of knowing you, I have always remarked, that neither in private, nor in general conversation, has one word ever escaped you, which could be better expressed. And I protest, that after making frequently the
most

most severe criticism, I never have been able to find the least fault, either in your actions or your words. Coquetry, affectation, prudery, are imperfections which you never knew. And with all this, do you think it possible not to esteem you above the rest of human kind? What beasts in petticoats are the most excellent of those, whom I see dispersed throughout the world, in comparison of you! On seeing, on hearing them, I say a hundred times a day, speak not, look not, think not, do nothing like those wretches. What a misfortune to be the occasion of bringing down contempt on so many women; who, but for the thoughts of you, would be a little tolerable! But it is time to put an end to this trouble, and to bid you adieu. I am, and ever shall remain, with all possible respect, sincerity, and esteem,

Yours.

L E T.

L E T T E R CCCCXVIII.

Mr. VOLTAIRE to the Count de MORVILLE,
Minister and Secretary of State at Versailles.

MY LORD,

June, 1727.

Hitherto I have confined myself to a tacit admiration of your management of the public affairs of *Europe*; but it is impossible for a person, who has your glory so much at heart, and for whom you have a sincere affection, to keep silence any longer, and not to present his sincere compliments to you upon the wisdom of your conduct.

Besides, I could not decline the honour, which the celebrated dean *Swift* does me, in offering to deliver this letter to your lordship. I am sensible that he is already known to you by fame, and that you are desirous of his acquaintance. He does honour to a nation, whom you highly esteem. You have perused the translations of several pieces attributed to him; and who is more capable than you, my lord, of discovering the beauties of an original, even through the veil of an inelegant version? I apprehend you will not be sorry to dine in company with dean *Swift*, and the president *Henault*; and I also flatter myself, that the liberty I take in introducing to your acquaintance one of the most extraordinary men

men that *England* ever produced ; one who is most capable of forming a just idea of your truly great qualities, will be considered by you as a token of my sincere attachment to your person.

I shall ever remain, with the most profound respect and esteem, my lord, your lordship's most obedient humble servant,

VOLTAIRE.

I N D E X.

I N D E X.

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